

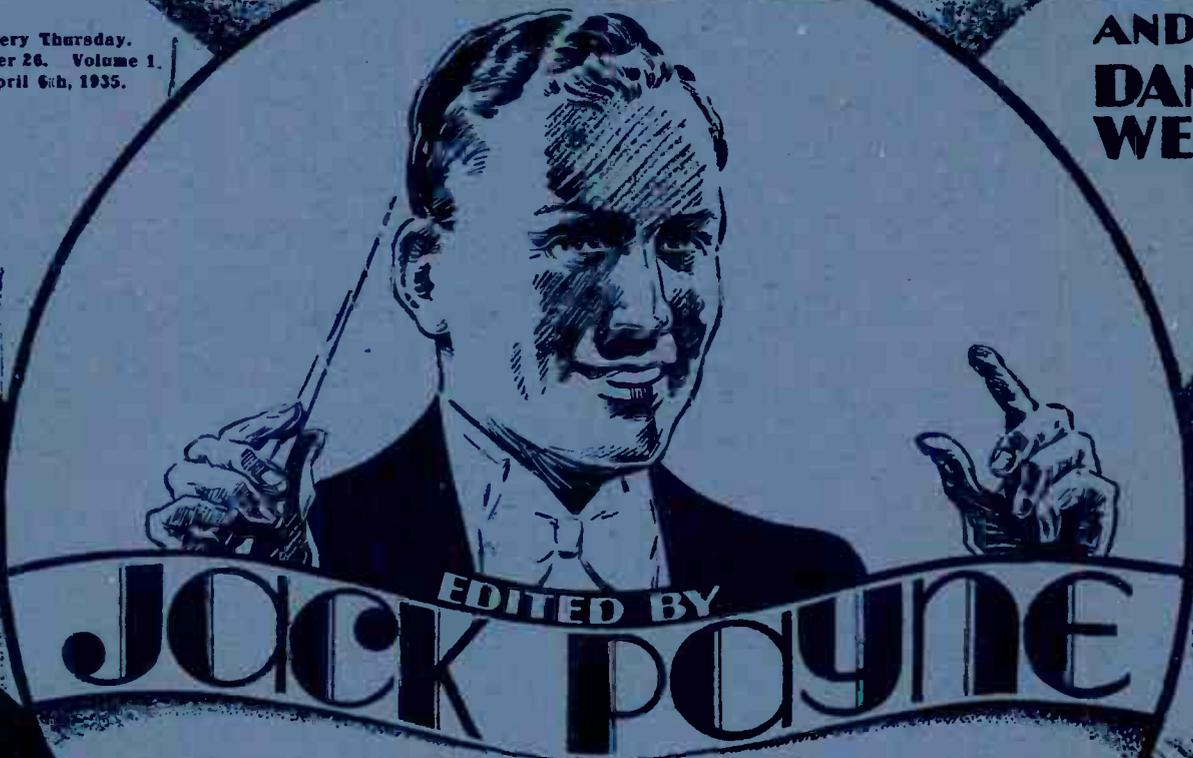
No. 26. SEVEN SONG "HITS" WITHIN

POPULAR MUSIC

3^d

Every Thursday.
Number 26. Volume 1.
April 6th, 1935.

AND
DANCING
WEEKLY



SEVEN BIG WINNERS

Way Down South in North Carolina
Three Of Us
This Is The Rhythm For Me
I'm Going To Meet My Jolly Old Girl
In A Gondola
I Will Have A Real Good Time
The Shamrock You Wore In Your Hair

COOMBES

NEXT WEEK: "He Didn't Even Say Good-bye" and "Lady Rainbow"

Your Favourite Radio Song Stars

As The
"Mike"
Sees Them.

YOU know their voices. You probably do not have to look at your newspaper or wait for the announcer, to learn who it is singing through the old home set. But I wonder if you would know your radio song and dance favourites if you actually saw them in action before the microphone in the studio?

How about anticipating television and having a look at the radio stars as the *mike* sees them? Come with me.

We are in a warehouse underneath the arches of what is left of Waterloo Bridge. This is officially known as the B.B.C. Number Ten Studio, in other words the radio home of Henry Hall and the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra.

Right as we go in the inner door we almost fall over H. H.'s boys sitting on a platform and surrounded by tall screens. There is Henry, standing at a small flat-topped conductor's desk, right next to the microphone. He faces the boys, in the middle of their semi-circle.

He gives a quick glance up to the wall on his left. A red light flashes, once—Henry's hand goes up in a kind of fascist salute; twice—his fingers spread out; thrice—his hand sweeps downward; "It's Always Time for Dancing," the first few bars. Then the red light glows steadily. Henry Hall is on the air.

That Hand-in-Pocket Habit.

Signature tune over, H. H. steps up to the mike, and bending down slightly in an easy confidential way makes his first announcement.

And it is ten to one that he will slip his left hand in his trouser pocket.

Most radio broadcasters, men that is, seem to do this. Probably it is because they carry a script in the right hand, and it gives you a sense of ease to put your unoccupied hand in your pocket.

Sometimes when H. H. is making an announcement he stands with his left hand held up, for the boys to see, and as he says his last word he cuts it down as a starting signal. That means there is no waste of time in starting the next number.

In a number with a vocal trio, for example, where a close watch must be kept on the balance of the band and voices, H. H. picks up a thin white baton and conducts with it.

Len Bermon's Smile.

He does not stand up in front of the band all the while, though. Every few minutes he dashes swiftly out to his listening-room to hear how things are going. Then he may come back to take up the baton for more emphatic conducting.

Among the band, Len Bermon usually sits at his drums moving his head in time to his rhythm, and smiling to himself. He, too, usually slips his left hand into his pocket when he is doing a vocal at the mike. Dan Donovan holds his music up with both hands, or if he is not using his "dots," he sometimes clasps his hands together over his lower waistcoat buttons.

Naturally H. H., Manager-announcer George Hodges, and the two crooners are perfectly at ease with Mr. Mike. They stand very close to him and smile gently at him.

Jack Jackson is another who talks gently and cheerfully up against the mike.

For his trumpet solos Jack gets so close to it and plays so softly that you can hardly hear him six feet away. Alberta Hurter, for

some time his croonette, sings very very softly, with her mouth sideways to the mike.

I don't think Compère-producer John (Songs From) Watt could get a word out unless his left hand were comfortably stowed away in his trouser pocket. He usually stands with his feet apart and his head held up to the mike, and his script, carefully typed out, held well up in his right hand.

While waiting for his next announcement he often leans against Harry Pepper's piano. Very much at home with the mike is John.

So is Anona Winn, who is very short and petite, and tip-tilts her head of blonde hair up to the hanging apparatus that carries her soft voice all over the country. Anona woos the mike. She smiles at it, sends expressions chasing across her face as she sings to it.

What Crooners Look Like.

Eve Becke, tall, willowy, stands quietly at the mike, and sings with effortless ease. Sometimes she cups her left hand over her ear to get an idea of how she is sounding. Occasionally she clasps her hands in front of her, or raises them slightly in a graceful gesture.

The Carlyle Cousins stand with their heads close together, right up against the mike, and even with three of them the sound they make is almost inaudible to anybody standing a few feet away.

Greta Keller croons so softly and confidentially for the ears of the mike only that even the orchestra can't hear her, so they have to reverse the usual order of things and let Greta keep time with the band instead of the band keeping step with her. That's real crooning for you.

Stanley Holloway, singing a good baritone song, stands a couple of feet away from the mike, and leans his head forward towards it.

Kitty Masters clasps her hands in front of her and wears rather an anxious expression as

By H. W. SHIRLEY LONG



Close-ups of Harry Roy, in action, John Watt, waiting his cue for compère, and Alberta Hurter, Jack Jackson, and Fred Latham, doing a vocal.

she croons to Mr. Mike, varied by a smile in the more tender or expressionful parts of her numbers. She likes to have the mike below the level of her mouth.

In the days when they used to use a "box microphone" at the B.B.C., Jack Payne, when he was doing a vocal, would lean right over the glass box and almost bury his head in his arms.

Lots of variety artists still like a bit of stage atmosphere when they are broadcasting. Harry Tate, for example, always wears his famous moustache when at the mike, even though nobody would know if he did not wear and waggle it in his inimitable manner. Nellie Wallace likes to wear a "bit of fur," and when Clarice Mayne is doing her Marie Lloyd impressions she must wear her fur "tippet" round her neck.

Max Miller, the comic, does his funny hand and arm gestures when he is broadcasting. They are second nature to his act. And Stainless Stephen, who does sing a song sometimes, always wears a north country bowler hat with a brass chain round it!

Jack Hulbert addresses the mike in his usual hearty fashion, pointing a long Hulbert finger at it, and looking down at it from his Hulbertian height. Brother Claude stands by deferentially, and rather nervously.

Harry Roy fairly ogles the microphone. All Harry's well-known eye-play is there as he stands half hidden by the instrument.

What shall we see with television?

Coming Shortly!
"TIGER RAGAMUFFIN,"
the Story of Harry Roy.

THREE OF US

CHARLES O'FLYNN
LEE DAVID &
PETE WENDLING

Words and Music by

Tune Uke in D
A D F# B

Key G  :s :s :m :m

Allegro moderato



1. Speak - ing of Blue
2. We're just per - fect



Emi Ami D7 G Emi C7 A7 D

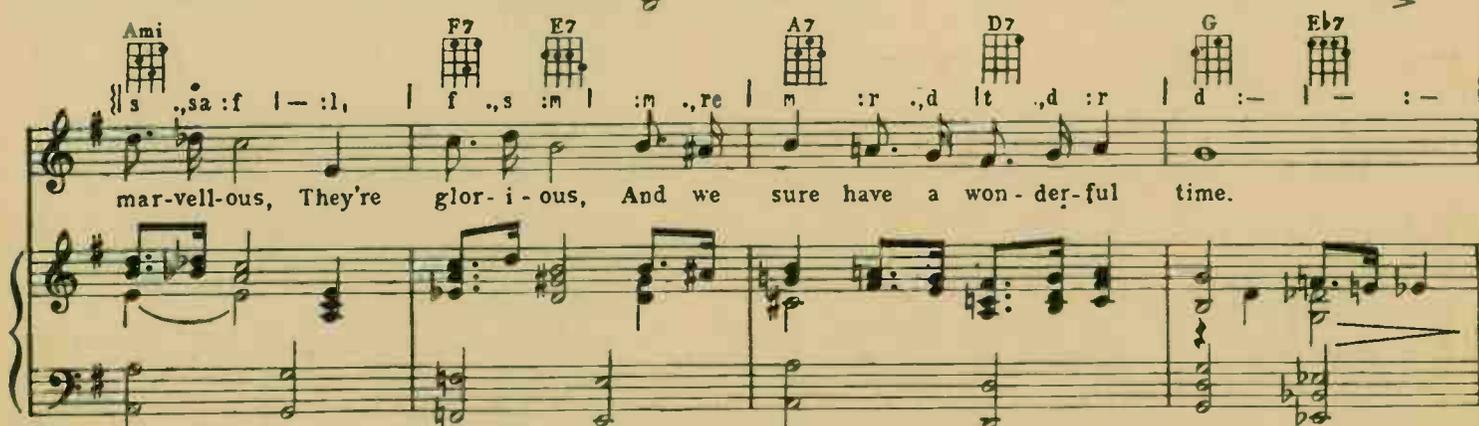
Heav - ens, I'm tick - led pink with mine, Looking through our win - dow, This is what you'll find.
part - ners, As hap - py as can be, What a com - bin - a - tion, Me and com - pa - ny

CHORUS



dim D7 D+ G dim G G7

THREE OF US, There's THREE OF US. We love each oth - er more the more we see of us, It's



Ami F7 E7 A7 D7 G Eb7

mar - vell - ous, They're glor - i - ous, And we sure have a won - der - ful time.

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The image shows a musical score for guitar and voice. It consists of two systems of music. Each system includes a vocal line with lyrics, a guitar line with chord diagrams, and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are: "Used to be just two of us, But Cupid is-nt stu-pid, and he knew of us, And right-a-way that luck-y day, All the world heard the wed-ding bells-chime. One year of sweet de-light, And We heard a ba-by's cry, announcing Then one night, my how the time can fly. THREE OF US, There's THREE OF US, Im hap-py now to wor-ry bout the THREE OF US If threes a crowd, I'm might-y proud, Of the hap-pi-est crowd in the world world —". The guitar part includes chord diagrams for Am, G, D, D7, A7, E7, B7, and C. The piano part includes dynamic markings like *dim* and *sfz*. The score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#).

THIS IS THE RHYTHM FOR ME

Words by
REN MONKMAN

TUNE UKE IN B♭
4th 3rd 2nd 1st
B♭ B♭ G C

Arranged for Uke by
ALVIN D. KEECH

Music by
W. L. WILLIAMSON

Rhythmically

The musical score is written for guitar and voice. It consists of several systems of music. The vocal line is written in a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B♭) and a 2/4 time signature. The guitar accompaniment is written in a treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 2/4 time signature. The lyrics are: "You have heard of all these fun - ny rhy - thms, — Rhythms that make you sway. You have danced to all these fun - ny rhy - thms, — Whistled them day by day. But here's a rhy - thm that you'll never forget, The hottest rhythm that you've ever heard yet. Listen to this trick - y lit - le rhy - thm — Rhythm that makes you say — Oh!

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CHORUS

Try this, it's got kick, it's not slow, you can't stick, — you must go!
 It's just the rhythm for me.

This heat, it's got style, it's got heat, you must smile, it's complete,
 This is the rhythm for

We've heard enough of Charles-ton beating,
 This rhythm has got

cen - tral heat-ing.
 Just think, it's got these, it's got those, it's got me, — An' who knows? It's just the

rhyth-m, the on-ly rhyth-m,
 This is the rhyth-m for me.



Here's Gertrude Lawrence looking rather severely at the mike during a recording session. She's filming in a new musical picture now.

HOWARD JACOBS, the band-leader who doesn't care for crooners, is reckoned to be the world's greatest saxophone player. He can make a sax sing, so why should he worry about vocalists?

Howard earns £100 a week in his Berkeley Hotel job.

We have already told you about the curious formation of his lip muscles, and how they help him to get such an astonishing tone. The other night we were watching his hands. They are really very beautiful hands, and Howard uses them like lightning.

Typewriter Technique.

Howard told us that the reason for his speed was the fact that he learned typing as a lad. He did it solely to acquire speed and flexibility for sax tooting, but such a fast worker was he that he went on to win a state championship for typing, with a speed of 124 words a minute.

It happened like this: Howard was something of a boy prodigy on the piano. He used to give classical pianoforte recitals back home. Then he fell for a saxophone and took that up. Well, he had pretty quick-moving fingers then, what with his piano-playing, but not quick enough, the youthful Howard decided.

Plays Notes That Don't Exist!

Then one day he was giving a recital at a big business college, and the principal decided to honour the young sax virtuoso by showing him round the college.

When they came to the typing class, where fingers flew over the keys, young Howard stopped and looked very closely. This was a finger technique, if you like.

So to the surprise of the principal he enrolled in the college then and there, and concentrated on typing. The state championship followed a year later.

To-day Howard can play an octave above the actual register of the saxophone, and can also play chords on it, though the sax is only a "single-note" instrument. When, as often happens, he gets up to a C sharp above the high C, he is playing notes that do not exist on the instrument! And that is playing . . .

"Dual Personality" Jean.

"At the piano—Jean Melville" is one of the best-known tags in radio billing matter. Jean, who is a permanent member of the Light Entertainment Department of the B.B.C., is on hand for any kind of variety playing and accom-

THE SONG and DANCE

Secrets of a Famous "Sax" Player

PARADE

panying. She must play millions of notes a year, and the total number of times she has faced the mike during her seven years at the B.B.C. is beyond count.

Jean understands fully the by no means easy art of playing for the mike. You'd be surprised at the difference between a mike artiste and a platform artiste in piano technique. Radio playing demands a quite different touch, a much lighter and sharper touch.

Jean has it to a nicety.

"Why—It's Jean!"

The other day, we hear, Jean was filling in a wait at rehearsal by doing her favourite off-duty amusement—playing Liszt on the studio piano.

A B.B.C. official walked in, heard the playing and stood entranced by the technique of the lone pianiste. The girl had her back to him,



Billy Mayerl—and a piano. The world's largest piano, in fact, as we explain on this page. (Below) Sydney Kyte, Piccadilly Hotel broadcaster, a new portrait.

so he could not see who she was. He wondered considerably who it could be. Some new star?

Then Jean turned round, and the official got the shock of his life. He did not know about this dual personality of Jean, the ever-ready.

Jean, like the late Raic de Costa and Peggy Cochrane, started out as a classical player. She still plays at concerts when she has time.

World's Smallest Violin.

Our charming American cousins get a whole lot of stimulation out of owning "the world's largest . . ." or "the world's smallest . . ." And now it's spread to violins. Our American sleuth tells of a violin, perfect in shape and tone, that weighs rather less than one thirty-second of an ounce, and which is $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches long. Whilst for real "he-man" violinists there is a companion fiddle which is $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches long! And recently on the air there was played a violin that is sixteen feet long! We pass on this information, for immediate attention, to Mr. George (Falstaff) Robey, whose delight it is to make violins!

And Largest Piano.

And now, in our light-hearted way, we look forward with some zest to America taking up the challenge of "the world's largest piano." You see, to celebrate the Silver Jubilee a British

firm has built an immense silver piano which is to be used by the B.B.C. in the new studios that are being built at Maida Vale.

We are still swooning at the Brobdingnagian dimensions of this super piano. Length twelve feet, weight nearly two tons, longest bass string eleven feet. It took over a year to make, and twelve men were needed to carry it to the lorry which transported this large piece of instrument to the St. George's Hall, where Billy Mayerl used it for a recent broadcast. Previously, Billy had had the honour of playing it to the Queen at the British Industries Fair. Billy tells us that this piano inspires him in a big way. We think of having a larger one built for the office. . . .

More Songs From the Films.

We have been keeping our ears open wide along the windings of Tin Pan Alley, and have caught the sounds of the new songs to be featured in forthcoming films.

You will be hearing "The Rhythm of the Rumba" soon. It comes from the Raft-Lombard-Margo picture, "Rumba." Also in it are "The Magic of You," "I'm Yours To-night," "Your Eyes Have Said."

Then there are a batch of numbers from the new Chevalier film, "The Man from the Folies Bergere." "I Was Lucky," "Rhythm of the Rain," "You Took the Words Right Out of My Mouth" are the three big hits from that.

Then you'll soon be humming "I Think I Can" and "Pull Down the Blinds" from Jack Buchanan's "Brewster's Millions."

THE CALL BOYS.



||s :- |fe :s, |s :- |s :- |s, :m :d |s :- | - :s :s, |s, :r :t, |s :- | - :r :- |d :- | - :s |

I'm going to meet my JOLLY OLD GIRL — Ather jol-ly old gar - den gate. —

— And on the gate I'm going to swing, my Kate to and fro — And then if she starts

gig-gil-ing, - well "WHOOPSA-DAI-SY" o-ver she'll go Then I'm going to kiss my JOL-LY OLD GIRL —

1 2

By her jol-ly old gar - den gate. — gate. —

fz

Bagpipes For Dance Bands?

"Tail" of Lupino Lane's Shirt

FIRST on the list of most-played-over-the-air songs in those delighted States last month was none other than "The Isle of Capri."

Labelled "most tuneful new numbers" by leading American radio critic are "Always" and "Then I'll Be Reminded of You." Both written for B.B.C. radio shows by Kenneth Leslie-Smith, English composer.

Harry Roy has sixteen of his own compositions published.

Bertini rarely misses a home match of Blackpool F.C.



Lady with the wink is Mathea Merryfield, fan dancer in "Jubilee Revue."

Willie Mars, fourteen-year-old member of the Hughie Green gang, still insists on wearing his chocolate basket when he broadcasts. Willie used to sell chocolates on Ladbroke railway station.

Wonder if a dance-band will ever feature the bagpipes? The pipes look like having a boom thanks to the interest of the Prince of Wales. Both the Prince and the King have pipe music played to them every day by Scottish pipers. American bands are scrambling after the Prince's pipe march, "Mallorca."

Henry Hall has taken up riding again. Just getting over the stage where he could not sit down comfortably on Monday mornings after Sunday's equestrian jaunt!

GEOERGE HODGES, announcer and manager to H. H., is of a Bristol family, but was born in Cardiff. He is one of the very earliest members of the B.B.C. staff in the west country. Radio veteran.

Those piano-accordion solos you hear in the Hall broadcasts are played by Andy Hodgkiss, recent addition to band.

Henry Hall himself, incidentally, is an expert on the concertina. Would be a swell trumpeter, too, if he had time for practice.

Composer Mark Lubbock claims to be the only Old Etonian to have been a stage dancer. Maybe he's right, but hasn't Ronald Frankau ever shaken an ankle?

Now reposing amongst a girl fan's souvenirs. Portion of Lupino Lane's shirt. Captured by girl during an all-in wrestling match at Lawrence Wright's party a week or so back.

Favourite sound of Richard Whiting, Paramount composer. Whistling. It was a newspaper boy whistling to a companion who gave Whiting the melody theme of "Japanese Sandman."



Seen in earnest conversation at a musical jamboree. Nat ("Hotter-than-the-Hottest") Conella and Emyln Williams, Gaumont-British actor and scriptist. Perhaps Emyln is going to act the part of Nat in a story written by Emyln round a trumpeter with music written by Nat? Or perhaps not. . . .

All the members of the B.B.C. orchestra have to buy their own instruments. Except the pianist. And does Bert Read ebortle?

BERYL ORDE, imitatrix, likes her "Tallulah" impersonation less than any of her others. Favourite—"Our Gracie."

Frank Jagger, Maestro of Music at Tilley's, Newcastle, once ran concert parties in India.



Here are some keys that defeat Garland Wilson, star pianist with Jack Payne's Radio Party.

Derek McCulloch, lyric-writer of "In a Gondola," in this issue, is Moc of the B.B.C. Children's Hour.

Mathematical calculation by Billy Hill. (You know, the "Wagon Wheels" fellow.) One English cigarette is worth five American ones. Thanks for the testimonial, Billy.

Noel Gay, whose music is caressing the ears of audiences at both "Stop Press" and "Jack O' Diamonds," once resolved never to compose after ten-thirty p.m. A case of "Love Thy Neighbour." But two nights later he had an inspiration, and "Something About a Soldier" was born at four-thirty in the morning!

EXCUSE me a minute, gentlemen. Something for the ladies. If you have to keep your nails short (piano-playing or typing) you can make 'em look long by varnishing them all over. Leave neither tips nor half-moons. A hint from Eileen Joyce, radio pianist.

Leslie Holmes, bachelor, cannot darn or sew. Result, as soon as a hole appears in a sock or shirt he has to throw it away. Leslie is the official patron saint of Gentlemen's Outfitters!

Quickest way to the heart of Patrick Waddington. Via chocolate soufflé.

Best Dressed Band Leader?

The Wisecrack of the Week.

Denis O'Neil, favourite warbler from Eain, studied to be a doctor.

Overheard at dance. First Delightful Feminine Fan (in eager whisper): "Ambrose is here. And he's dancing!" Second D.F.F.: "Where is he?" First Ditto: "I've lost him now. Look for the best dressed man in the hall." And there were about two thousand men there. What a compliment! Has Ambrose claimed Roy Fox's title?



Banjoist Ken Harvey, on the road after his "Crazy Show" triumph.

Take a look at Tom Arnold's "Jubilee Revue," you musicians. Ken Harvey, the banjo sensation, is featured. "Jubilee Revue" is an adaptation of the last Palladium Crazy Show.

John Watt thinks that Rudi Grasl, the human orchestra man, is going to be a big hit. John put him on the air first.

Betty Stockfeld's sister Freda is in the cast of the Whitley revue, "Stop Press." Anne Clare, daughter of Mary (Cavalcade) Clare, is one of Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies. Experts predict a big future for both.

"Showboat" is to be made into a film. Warners are going to make "Radio Jamboree" a sort of "Big Broadcast" picture. Rudy Vallée in the lead.

ROSALIND (Dancing Daughters) Wade is experimenting with a new metal sole for the dancing shoes of her girls. Will bring out the tap better.

When the Wade troupe goes out on tour and to America, Rosalind herself will be the solo dancer in front of her team. This is a new departure.

Donald Novis, America's "heart-throb caroller," is not a bit superstitious. Walks under ladders and fondles black cats whenever possible. Still sings as guest soloist in Pasadena Church choir when in California.

CLEAN FUN DEPARTMENT

Latest Beatrice Lillie wisecrack: Gushing female runs up to Bee and says, "Oh, Miss Lillie, I hate having to bother with agents and auditions. Is there any other way of getting on the stage?"

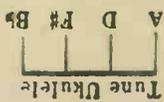
"Well, you could climb over the orchestra pit," flashed La Belle Bee.

Recording Needle.

IN A GONDOLA

Words by
DEREK McCULLOCH

Music by
CECIL HARRINGTON



Valse moderato

PIANO

Symbols for Banjo or Guitar

1. You and I held you fast, and love, Sky and stars above.

2. While I held you fast, Hours were speed-ing past.

You in my arms lay dream-ing, While all the world lay sleep-ing.

Cup-id was bus-y Your heart was in my.

All the world was drift-ing by, Neath that soft It-a-lian sky.

keep-ing, You just crowned a mel-o-dy, As wedd'f - ted laz-i - ly.

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"I WILL HAVE A REAL GOOD TIME"

Words and Music by

REG WILLIAMS

Brightly

Piano

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes with accents, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment. The piece concludes with a final chord marked *fz* and a fermata over an octave 8.

Key F

I've a lit - tle mot - to, and I'll tell it now to you.
 Now you've heard my mot - to, al - ways keep it in your mind,

The first system of the song features a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The piano part begins with a *p* dynamic. The melody is simple and follows the rhythm of the lyrics.

It's a sim - ple mot - to, this is all you have to do.
 It will help you when you try to leave your cares be - hind.

The second system continues the vocal and piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support for the vocal line, maintaining the same rhythmic and melodic structure.

Don't give way to an y - thing, and if things do go wrong.
 Life is far too short to wor - ry - live just for to - day -

The third system concludes the vocal and piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord, and the vocal line finishes with a fermata.

||r :m lfe :s | l :fe lm :r | m :r lm :fe | s :- l . ||

Sim - ply smile at ev - 'ry - thing and sing this lit - tle song
Store a - way your trou - bles in the lum - ber room, and say:

CHORUS

|| d :- lt :d | r :- ld :r | m :- lr :m | f :- lm :f | s : ld .d |

Make up your mind, leave your trou - bles be - hind SAY "I WILL HAVE A

|| d :- lr :- | d :- l - :- | - :- l - :- | d :- lt :d | r :- ld :r |

REAL GOOD TIME." Don't get the blues, say "Good-

|| m :- lr :m | f :- lm :f | s : ld :d | d :- lr :- | d :- l - :- |

-bye" to bad news. And you WILL HAVE A REAL GOOD TIME.

WILL HAVE A REAL GOOD TIME.

|| 2

-ray, it is my luck-y day, And I WILL HAVE A REAL GOOD

Lots all shout and sing to - geth - er. Hip! Pip! Hoo-

Nev - er mind a - bout the wea - ther.

THE SHAMROCK YOU WORE IN YOUR HAIR

ROBERT HARGREAVES &
S. J. DAMRELL.

Written & Composed by

Tune like in C
G C E A

Slowly.

Oh, Kath - leen, I'm
'Tis "Saint Pat - ricks

think - ing a - bout ye,
And the years that have stretch'd 'twixt we
"Day" in the morn - ing,
And the years that have stretch'd 'twixt we
fresh sham - rock with

two, pride,
As I gaze on the sweet as
But it won't be as
keep - sake you gave me,
er,

To re - mind me of Ire - land and
The leaves are all with - ered and
you dried

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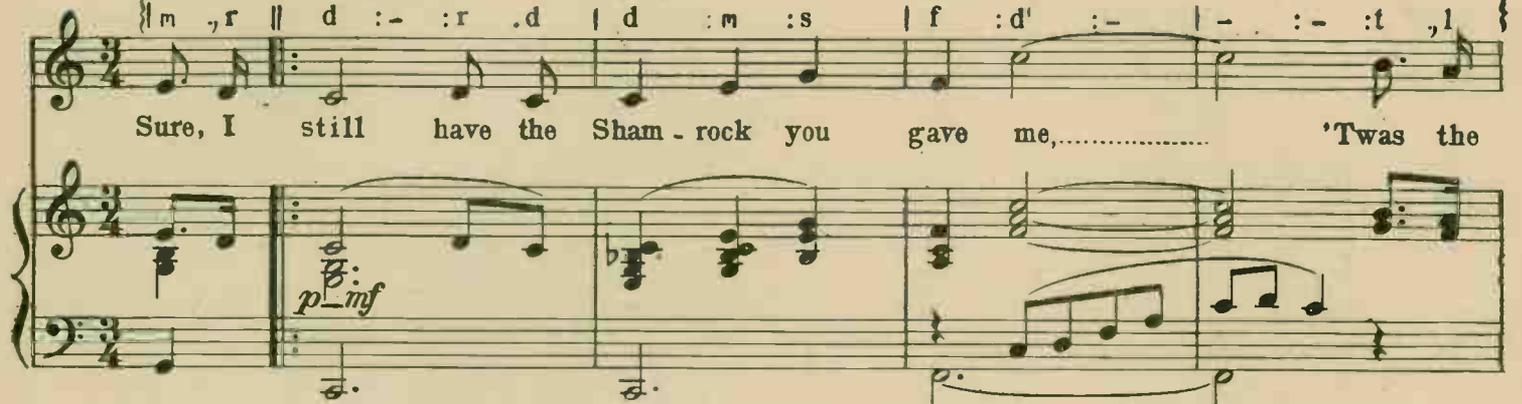
19, Denmark St., London W C 2

REFRAIN.





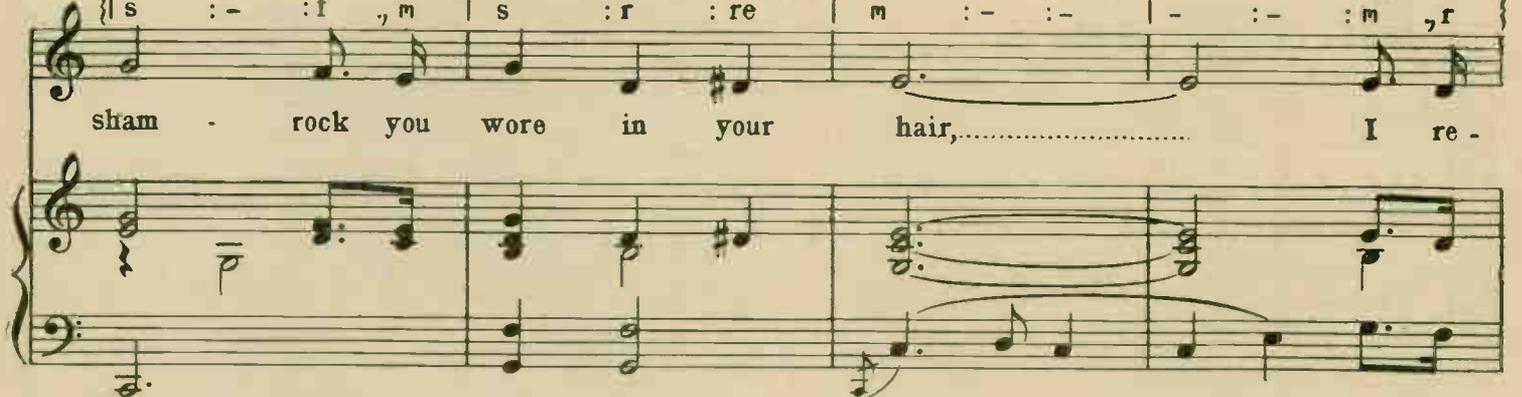
Sure, I still have the Sham - rock you gave me,..... 'Twas the








sham - rock you wore in your hair,..... I re -







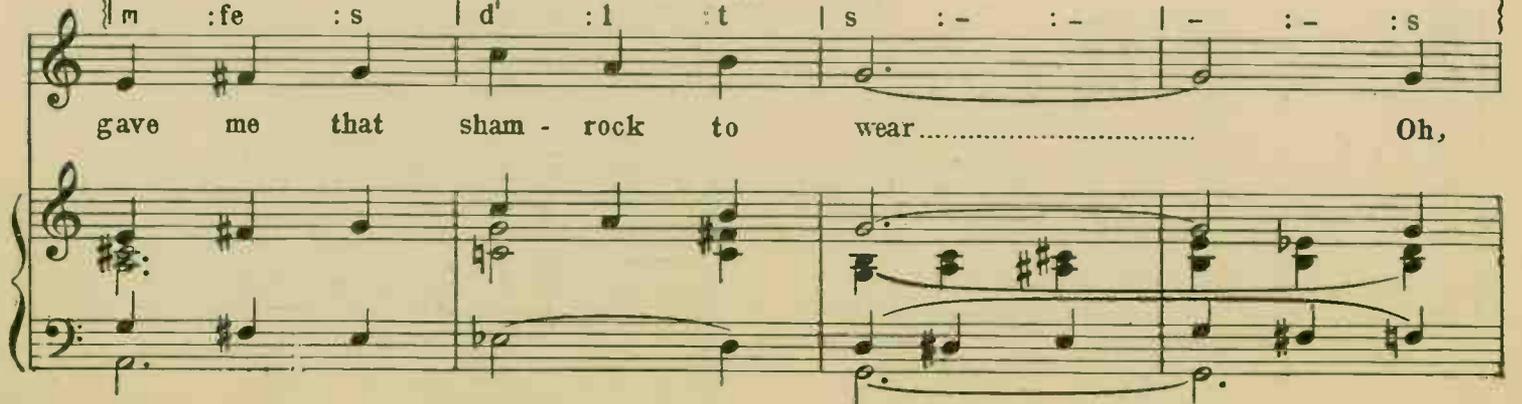
- mem - ber the prom - ise you made me,..... When you







gave me that sham - rock to wear..... Oh,



Kath - leen, Ma - your - neen, 'tis rest - ing..... Close to the

place you both share,..... For it's next to my

heart that I'm wear ing..... The sham - rock you

wore in your hair. Sure, I hair.....

D.C.

SONG WRITERS ON PARADE

HORACE RICHARDS Presents

"YOUNG KING COLE"

Here is The Story of COLE PORTER, Author of "Miss Otis Regrets," "Night and Day," "What is This Thing Called Love?" and Many Other Hits



Cole Porter—godfather to Miss Otis!

THE unfortunate Cochran-Equity dispute may rob us of one of the major song-and-dance excitements of the year, the production in London of "Anything Goes."

Cole Porter's latest musical show has set Broadway rhapsodising, and if it reaches the London stage it will do the same for us. That's a promise.

To me, and many others, Cole Porter is one of the most stimulating figures in the song-composing world. A new Porter number is an event, like a new Coward play, a new John Tilley monologue, a new Silly Symphony.

Maybe it's because he's different. With sublime cheek he has thumbed his nose at convention and created a song-vogue that sets its own standard. Round the comet of Cole Porter lesser song-writers—successful enough in their own modest way—circle like watery stars. There are a mass of song-writers. There's only one Cole Porter.

Poor little Rich Man. Sympathy's easy for the man with no money and less opportunity. Spare a tear for The Man Who Was Too Well Off. They thought he was just a gilded amateur, a play-boy, a dilettante. "Cole Porter?" they used to say in the American Blue Book circles. "Yeah, he's a nice guy. Pity he will try and write songs."

But now the laugh's on them. . . .

"He Was a Farmer's B-hoy!"

Cole Porter was born on a farm in Indiana, forty-three years ago. His well-to-do farmer father wanted him to be a lawyer, and he went to Yale and later to Harvard Law School with that in mind. Cole's secret ambition was to be a Handsome Young Man on a Flying Trapeze, but you can't learn that sort of thing at either Yale or Harvard. Incidentally, Cole soon found out that he, personally, could not learn law at Harvard, either.

While at Yale he wrote a couple of football songs, "Bingo" and "Bulldog," which are still sung wherever Yale men meet, though by general opinion neither is very good.

He left Harvard Law School and joined the Fifteenth Regiment of the French Army. He came out of the War with a knapsack filled with songs, but no clear idea of earning a living as a song-writer. There was no actual necessity, because there has never been any lack of money in the Porter bank balance, and he further consolidated his platinum-lined future when he married Linda Lee Thomas, heiress to millions.

The music germ must have been working pretty violently in his blood, because it was soon after "The Wedding March" had been played over Cole and his bride that he wrote a song called "Old-Fashioned Garden." This number sold two million copies, and the moguls of Tin Pan Alley began to take notice.

Then he wrote the first of his musical shows to reach Broadway. "See America First," it was called, but Broadway fans decided to see the show last, and it closed down after just a week. But successes were to follow. "Hitchy Koo," "Greenwich Village Follies," and "Paris" came next, and Cole Porter was beginning to live down his Park Avenue reputation and take his place with the premier tunesmiths of the United States.

We first became really conscious of Cole in this country when Cochran staged "Wake Up and Dream," in 1929. The star number of that show was "What is This Thing Called Love?" It was startling, effervescent, a new rhythm. It set people talking.

He followed this success with "Fifty Million Frenchman," "The New Yorkers," "Nymph Errant," "Gay Divorce," and now "Anything Goes." Each show has advanced him farther in his career. Each show has contained at least one tune that has made the name "Cole Porter" news. Think only of "Night and Day," that haunting melody which, with the release of the Astaire-Rogers film, has achieved a fresh lease of life. This is his favourite of all his numbers. And "You're The Top," the sensation of "Anything Goes," is another smash-hit.

Cole Works Backwards.

And the funny thing is that Cole Porter loathes Broadway and the entire atmosphere of that section of the world which has brought him fame. He is happiest in his Paris studio, a hide-out to which he goes to work whenever possible. Or in his villa at Cannes. You see, Porter is a true cosmopolitan. He can hang up his hat in almost any part of the Continent, and he is home.

His Paris studio and his pent-house in New York are both sound-proof, because he does most of his composing after midnight. His methods, by the way, are strange, and will be of interest to you, sir, and to you, madam, and to all the thousands of people who burn the midnight oil writing songs.

First he must get his title. From that the melody emerges, and he writes it down, leaving spots throughout in which the title will be dropped. Then, delving into his rhyming dictionary (Noel Coward uses one as well!) he sets about the lyric. Does he start with the first line? Oh, no! I told you Porter was different. He starts with the *last* line and works back.

Hear him talking about his songs. "They say my songs are super-sophisticated. But I hate the thought of that. In the lyrics I have done for 'Anything Goes' I have tried to get the same sympathetic note and universal appeal that Irving Berlin achieves so marvelously."

He has done it, too. In the deft, sparkling

lyric of "You're the Top," for instance, there is no reference that cannot be as easily understood in the suburbs and provinces as in the narrowest confine of Mayfair.

One of the biggest sensations of this dapper, nattily dressed, dark young man with the vital brain was written as a joke at a party. That song was "Miss Otis Regrets." It tickled the funny-bones of some of the theatrical folk who were at the party, and it became well known on Broadway long before it was published. A few sheet copies were then printed, and, to everybody's surprise—including Cole himself—this satiric ditty swept both America and Britain.

And he has followed it up with another classic, "Mrs. Lowborough-Goodby," a sarcastic "bread-and-butter" song which expresses just the note that we often want to hit when writing one of those "Thank You" letters after a week-end. But you have to be a Cole Porter to turn it into a top-line song.

Now, in this year of grace, Cole Porter is a fashion. He averages a new show every two years, and to do it he suddenly disappears from New York and slips off either to the Continent or for a sea trip. In fact, he slips off far more than is liked by the friends who like to bask in his witty company. But as he always comes back with new and lilting melodies and slick, polished lyrics they've decided that it's worth it.

He's likely to be even more busy in the near future. The film-world is drawing him into its dollar-lined meshes. "Anything Goes" is to be turned into a film with Crosby and W. C. Fields starring, and Sam Goldwyn has signed him up to do a new Broadway show for Eddie Cantor. That's progress

Missing—a Piano!

Just now he is enjoying a world tour. Well, maybe "enjoying" is not the correct word. No one is quite sure whether he has gone away to work or whether it is merely to mourn in private. You see, Cole has lost a piano. Like Irving Berlin, he has a pet piano on which he has done most of his best work. A little battered, perhaps, is that piano: which comes from being shipped from New York to Paris, or Cannes, or wherever he happens to be going to work. But, nevertheless, Cole loves his piano. And now it's missing from its usual storage place.

It was last heard of in Marseilles, and Cole is stepping off his ship to check up on the tragedy. Until he gets his piano back I doubt if he'll ever be able to concentrate on the Cantor show.

Yes, the Rich Young Man has won through despite his burden of £ s. d. And now if a song's got the name "Cole Porter" on it "Anything Goes," and Porter is definitely "The Top."

Rich and expensive tastes, the ability to write songs well enough to gratify those tastes, a lovely wife, friends drawn from the real artistic circles and the bluest-blooded aristocrats of Britain, America and the Continent

That's the happy lot of Cole Porter, the man who wanted to be a circus performer and nearly became a lawyer.

By the way, if you want to hear his voice, you can. H.M.V. have just issued a record on which Cole sings his two latest numbers, "Mrs. Lowborough-Goodby" and "Two Little Babes in the Wood." As a crooner Cole is no Crosby, but no other man can bring out the brilliant edge of his own lyrics as can Cole Porter.

NEXT WEEK

A New Song Specially Written for "Popular Music" by Jimmy Kennedy (of "Capri" fame)

"OLD SWEETHEART DAYS"

Personal Introductions to
ERIC MASCHWITZ & WYNNE AJELLO

This Is

JOE LOSS

The Youngest "Big-Time" Band-leader

Introduced to you

by Arthur W. Willcox

It is just over a year since Joe Loss and I sat in a little tea-shop in Tin Pan Alley, discussing the B.B.C.

"If only they would give me a chance!" he complained. "I keep writing letters to them, but without result. Other bands manage to get their opportunities, some of them less well-known. How does it happen?"

I confessed complete bewilderment. The ways of the British Broadcasting Corporation have always been shrouded in mystery to even greater intellects than mine.

Three days ago we sat in the same tea-shop, Joe and I. He was showing me some examples of the enormous fan-mail which is forwarded to him at the Astoria from the B.B.C. There was plenty of it. From England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales. From enthusiastic Dutchmen, from French people, Belgians and others. One letter came from Nigeria.

On Joe's middle finger sparkled a large diamond ring. His clothes were evidently tailored by masters of their art.

By the kerb outside stood his car—an affluent-looking vehicle.

All of this an indirect gift from the British Broadcasting Corporation. The kind of present they have within their power to bestow upon any young dance-band director whose music appeals to their highly sensitive ears.

Here before me was one of their youngest protégés. A youth of no more than twenty-five, enjoying fame, good fortune, and the favour of thousands. I looked regretfully at my long, grey beard as it trailed in the dust.

It was because the B.B.C. looked kindly upon him that Joe was able to top a music-hall bill at top-of-the-bill figures, the first time he ever appeared on the stage.

An excellent fairy godmother to have.

Joe Loss is actually the youngest dance-band director in the West End. Like so many others who achieve success in popular music, he is Jewish.

Short in build, with almond-shaped eyes, high, prominent cheekbones, large mouth and nose.



Happy Joe Loss!
And why not?
Aged twenty-five and soaring into the front rank of his profession. He can afford to smile!

thought his (Joe's) band very good, or that an arranger told him he possessed one of the best bands in the country.

Should you happen to be any authority at all on dance music, and compliment him on his fine orchestra, he'll smile rather bashfully, and say "It's very nice of you to say so."

Has not the time nor the inclination to get swollen-headed over his sudden ascension to the stary firmament. The reason for this is that he was born in the East End of London, left school at an early age to play the violin in a cinema orchestra, graduated early to the West End, and has been working like a Trojan to consolidate his position ever since. Is not quite satisfied with himself. Thinks he can do even bigger things, with which opinion I am entirely in agreement.

He learned to play the fiddle when still at school. He did so at his parents' request.

Like most small boys, Joe much preferred getting out amongst the lads, and playing football, or throwing stones through windows. So he had to be locked in a room for one hour every day to practise. When his father decided that there had been no sounds coming from inside the room for long enough, he went inside and made them himself—with the assistance of a carpet slipper!

In this somewhat unconventional but effective manner, Mr. Loss, Senior, impressed Joseph with the importance of the violin as opposed to the breaking of shop windows and being pursued down alleyways by the local policeman.

His early efforts have certainly borne fruit.

Not only does Joe draw hundreds of customers daily into the West End Astoria, but he also has a great number of important and highly paid private engagements from time to time. He is regarded as a friend by these musical weather-vanes, the song-pluggers. He has learned to smoke big, fat cigars, and to call big, fat, important people by their first names.

What is more important still, he has not forgotten the first names of his former friends . . .

Not good-looking admittedly, but there's a certain smoothness of bearing and good-natured confidence in his own ability which is infinitely more valuable than a film-star profile.

His manners, too, are invariably as perfect as the parting in his sleek, black hair.

Occasionally, Joe gets rattled over something, and then you have to look out. It is soon done with however, and every one of his boys respects him highly. Joe's success is their success. They are loyal to a degree.

Still rather naive, and not quite able to realise that he is amongst the giants, Joe will turn round to you and say most excitedly that some other famous leader dropped in on him, and

NEXT THURSDAY'S ALL-STAR PROGRAMME!

OUR BRILLIANT FEATURES

A Personal Introduction to ERIC MASCHWITZ, one of Radio's Big Men, by H. W. Shirley Long.

Horace Richards visits WYNNE AJELLO and tells you all about this popular star.

LARRY ADLER, Harmonica King, gives you an easy lesson on the Mouth-organ.

COMING SHORTLY—HARRY ROY'S LIFE-STORY!!!

OUR SPARKLING SONGS

OLD SWEETHEART DAYS LADY RAINBOW
HE DIDN'T EVEN SAY GOOD-BYE
OH, SUZANNE! ROLL ALONG, KENTUCKY MOON
THE CLOSER THEY NESTLE TOGETHER

PICTURES, GOSSIP, and CHORDS—OF COURSE!

NEXT WEEK'S BIG "HIT" PROGRAMME

CHORUS

He Didn't Even Say Good-bye, She never knew the reason why, After telling her to love her He

**HE DIDN'T EVEN
SAY GOOD-BYE**

**LADY
RAINBOW**

sky where lived a pretty LADY RAINBOW There came a shower in-to her bow-er For a cloud had whispered she had kissed a

CHORUS

Day is done and here am I, A-lone and you know why. Roll a-long, roll a-long, Kentuck-y

**ROLL ALONG,
KENTUCKY
MOON**

**THE CLOSER
THEY NESTLE
TOGETHER**

REFRAIN

On a night made for love and the moon up a-bove, Then the clo-er they nes-tle to-

REFRAIN

OH SU-ZANNE! OH SU-ZANNE! you're our Cherie! OH SU-ZANNE! OH SU-

OH SUZANNE!

OLD SWEETHEART DAYS

*A new and exclusive number
specially written for Popular Music Weekly
by*

JIMMY KENNEDY (Author of Isle of Capri, etc.)

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No. 31.

HOME JAMES, AND DON'T SPARE THE HORSES"

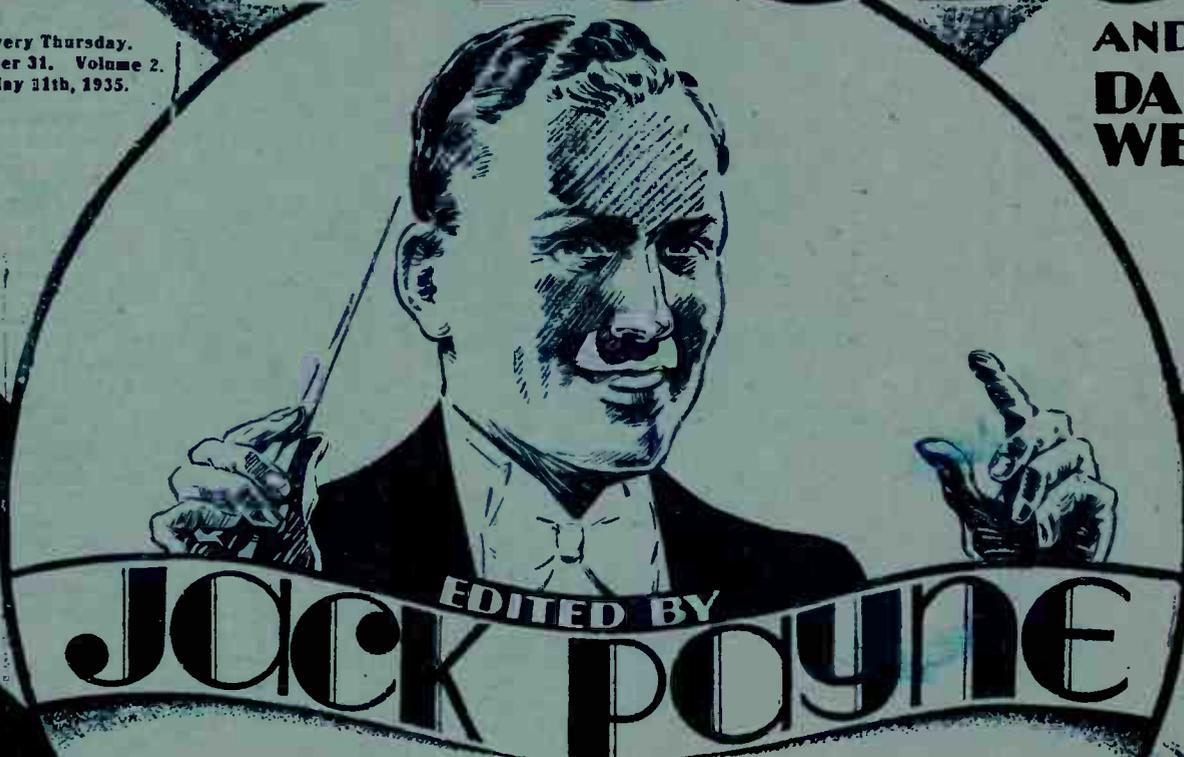
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May 11th, 1935.

AND
DANCING
WEEKLY



OUR BIG SCOOP PROGRAMME

HOME JAMES, AND DON'T SPARE THE
 HE FORGOT TO COME BACK HORSES
 YOU'RE GONNA LOSE YOUR GAL
 HE'S DEAD BUT HE WON'T LIE DOWN
 SPANISH EYES
 TINY LITTLE LETTERS

COOMBES

Next Week: "BON SOIR" & "THE TOWER OF LONDON"

Let's Make It A Dancing Jubilee

Says W. H. HEATH

Eight Times Amateur
Ballroom-Dancing
Champion of the
World

THOUSANDS of people are learning to dance in order to be able to enjoy to the full the many dances which will be held in connection with the Jubilee. They are wise. Dancing offers the best means of celebrating this great occasion in a fitting manner.

From the earliest times dancing and jubilation have gone hand-in-hand; for the dance is an expression of joy. That is, indeed, how dancing began; but it has developed into much more as the years have passed.

Thus those who learn to dance for Jubilee time will find that they have acquired something extremely valuable—a key to many pleasures long after the special Jubilee functions have finished.

For instance, dancing has become a sport as well as a pastime. Every week there are hundreds of dance competitions held in this country; thousands of keen dancers take part in them, while tens of thousands of people enjoy looking on—for a good dance competition is a thrilling spectacle.

From the ordinary dance competition designed to discover the best couples among the entrants it was a logical and inevitable step to proceed to team dancing; and this Jubilee year will occupy a very special place in dance history because it has witnessed the coming, on a fairly extensive scale, of matches between dance teams.

Dancing League Matches.

In previous years there has been a certain amount of team dancing, but the whole thing has, prior to this present season, been looked upon more as a novelty than anything else. But this year team dancing has been seriously taken up in a large number of districts, and it is clearly destined to develop.

Many dance halls now have their chosen teams, consisting of the best dancers regularly attending the halls which they represent. These teams dance in matches against other teams in the district. Needless to say, these team matches always arouse a good deal of interest; they enable large numbers of people to see for themselves how good amateur dancers can become, provided they put in sufficient practice, and this naturally encourages many to take up dancing in earnest.

This year, too, there has been a further important step forward on the sporting side of dancing by the creation of district leagues and dance teams. A North-East Dance League Team has been formed in the Newcastle area, and other neighbourhoods are quickly following Newcastle's lead. It seems that we may see, before long, dance leagues in most neighbourhoods of any size, possibly with first and second divisions in some cases, and conducted very much like our football leagues.

Recently I was one of an English Amateur team which danced against a Danish team of Copenhagen, and I am glad to say we secured the victory, although only by one point. There



Mr. W. H. Heath with his niece, who is his competition partner.

Mr. W. H. Heath is a well-known London builder and municipal councillor, who, after a life of strenuous sport, took up ballroom dancing as exercise and a hobby. He was forty-two years old then. Since that time he has won the Amateur Ballroom Dancing Championship of the World eight times. He has been partnered by his daughter and his niece. In this article Mr. Heath has some interesting news about dancing developments.

recreation for the middle-aged, as well as for the younger folks.

Jubilee celebrations are bound to mean a further impetus to dancing—indeed, so much has long been apparent from the arrangements made by dance halls and hotels to include dancing in their festivities, and from the many who are taking lessons in dancing. And it is safe to say that Jubilee year will stand out as one of the most important in the advance of modern ballroom dancing.

For in this year of Jubilee we have already seen the triumph, on the Continent, of English couples in the world's most important dancing competitions,

both amateur and professional. The results of these big dancing contests have demonstrated unmistakably to all the world that English dancers and English dancing are supreme. That is why we have teachers from all over the world coming regularly to this country in order to learn our style and methods.

Jubilee has brought many thousands of visitors to our shores. Some of these have already taken steps to acquaint themselves with our English style of dancing. They have heard much about it; they want to study it at close quarters; they seek to acquire the ability to practise and enjoy it.

They are impressed by its fine, flowing movement. They find delight in its smooth, easy, rhythmic motion. They are certain to add to the number of enthusiastic adherents of the English style of dancing, and to further its development in their own countries when they return.

At this time of Jubilee, when we are all anxious to show our visitors the best that is British, we must lose no opportunity to acquaint them with our English style. It is something of which we can be proud; something which is typical of us, and expressive of our national characteristics.

Let us, then, put joy into Jubilee by making it a Dancing Jubilee. In this way we can not only make the most of the celebrations; we can also further a recreation which is healthful and pleasant, and which is, at its best, nothing less than a great national art.

Never Too Old To Dance.

Before leaving the sporting side of dancing, I should like to correct a common misapprehension which remains, notwithstanding the success in competitions of many not-so-young dancers. It is the belief that only the young can hope to attain a high standard of dancing efficiency.

There's many a man, well on in middle age, not only entering, but winning, competitions at the present time. Among the competitions held are Veteran's Competitions, which are only open to those above a certain age; but many of these "veterans" enter ordinary competitions against dancers of all ages, and they walk away with the prizes, too!

For my part, I only took up dancing when I began to feel a little too old for most sports, and I've never regretted it. At the age of forty-two I discovered that dancing offered me a means of pleasant recreation and of valuable exercise, and my experience since then has compelled me to look upon dancing as the ideal

NEXT WEEK

The Lovers Waltz : The Tower of London : Out in the Cold, Cold Snow : Antonio.

Harry Roy's Last Article : Gossip : Articles : Pictures.

HOME JAMES, AND DON'T SPARE THE HORSES,.....
 HOME JAMES, AND DON'T SPARE THE HORSES,.....
 I'm ru-ined as ru-ined can be.....
 He'll stand up 'cause he can't sit down.....

||: s : - . : fe | s : - . : d | f : m : - . : l | s : - . : f | m : s : - . : f | d : - . : s : - . : ||

HOME JAMES, AND DON'T SPARE THE HORSES,.....
 HOME JAMES, AND DON'T SPARE THE HORSES,.....
 This night has been ru-ined for me,..... Oh,
 Drive right thro' the main part of town,..... Oh,

||: s : - . : fe | s : - . : d | f : m : - . : l | s : - . : f | m : s : - . : f | d : - . : s : - . : ||

CHORUS

And in ac - cents loud and clear, she told him where to go,..... Oh!
 As they threw him in the brougham she said 'I wen-ty - three skid-oo?' Oh!

||: s : - . : fe | s : - . : d | f : m : - . : l | s : - . : f | m : s : - . : f | d : - . : s : - . : ||

out of the hall:..... She swept down the steps so maj - es - tic,.....
 sock on the ear..... He swept down the steps so maj - es - tic,.....
 To her foot - man standing be - And her foot - man boot - ed him

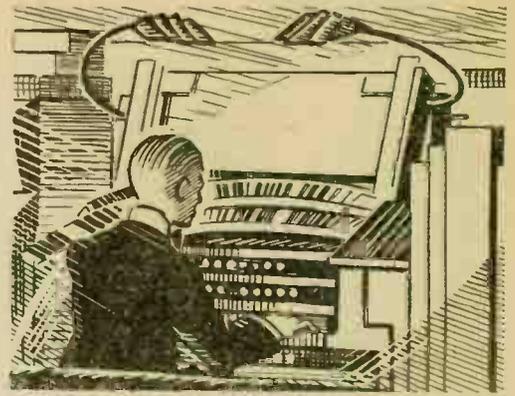
||: s : - . : fe | s : - . : d | f : m : - . : l | s : - . : f | m : s : - . : f | d : - . : s : - . : ||

He heed - ed not at all..... So she in her best Sun - day bust - le.....
 And says "For - give me, dear"..... And as he tried to em - brace her,..... she gave him a
 went flounc - ing

||: s : - . : fe | s : - . : d | f : m : - . : l | s : - . : f | m : s : - . : f | d : - . : s : - . : ||

JACK COURTNEY, ORGANIST AT THE REGAL CINEMA, MARBLE ARCH, REVEALS SOME SECRETS of the CINEMA ORGAN

To BARRY WELLS



Do you remember some of the smaller cinemas in the past, never-now-lamented silent days? How the entire programme was often shown to the accompaniment only of a quavery piano? And then the "one-man orchestra" had its big moment, a ten-minutes' interlude when it entertained us with "excerpts from its repertoire."

Then came trios. Then, to get more "body," a harmonium was added. And then in America the Wurlitzer was invented. The "one-man orchestra" still flourishes in most cinemas, but with a difference. A £20,000 difference, in fact. That, for instance, was the cost of the giant Christie Unit organ on which Jack Courtney plays at the famous Regal Cinema, Marble Arch, London.

Don't be deceived when you listen to folk like Reginald Dixon and Reginald New playing. It's not as easy as it sounds, for theirs is the art that conceals art.

"I'll take you to the console," says Mr. Courtney. We are now some ten to twelve feet below the floor level of the cinema. An electrically controlled lift raises the organ from its nesting-place to a place in the limelight.

And there is the organ, a bewildering array of different coloured stops—the complicated, delicately made instrument that is truly a "one-man orchestra."

"There are 295 stops on this Christie organ," Jack assured me, "and altogether there are 400 different controls." He said it casually.

Suddenly I remembered that he knows the situation of every one of those keys. Think, you typists, of trying to memorise the keys of an ordinary typewriter. Remember how difficult it was, at first? There are only forty-six keys on an ordinary typewriter.

"Besides all the ordinary stops, such as you'll find on any large organ, there is the most com-

plete array of 'effects' stops that one could desire," Mr. Courtney remarked. "Remember that the prime difference between a cinema organist and a church organist is that the former relies primarily on 'effects.'"

It is common knowledge that it is easy to produce a realistic storm on an organ. There are rain, wind and thunder stops, which make a storm child's play.

But in addition there is every conceivable noise that one can wish for, from a cock-crow to the breaking of crockery! Do you want to hear an aeroplane landing? That stop over there will do the trick. Jack Courtney is playing a Russian melody? That stop marked "sleigh-bells" will add the required atmosphere.

Motor-horns, hooters, angry waves, surf, fire-alarms, the noise of a hammer on an anvil, Turkish gongs (whatever they may be!), cymbals, castanets, bass drum, side drum, kettle-drum, police whistles, telephone-bell. . . .

You want the best noises; the cinema organ has 'em. . . .

"You'll appreciate the range of this marvellous instrument when I tell you that one can switch from peals of thunder to a perfect reproduction of the faint sound made by the plucking of violin strings," Jack Courtney told me.

The Regal organ is the only one in the world equipped with a full octave carillon. This cost £3,500 to instal, and the largest bell weighs six and a half hundredweights.

The first cinemas that bravely forsook the piano for an organ—long before the days of the present giant Wurlitzers and Christies—instal instruments that were often hand-pumped. But there's nothing like that nowadays. The organ is controlled by a pneumatic electrical action, run by a five and a half horsepower motor and a couple of generators.

Besides the 295 stops to consider, Mr. Courtney is faced with three keyboards on which he has to keep his eye.

Sufficient, in completely non-technical language to explain that with certain stops down Mr. Courtney can produce an entirely different sound on the top keyboard from the lower keyboards. That's just a sample of the complications of this art.

The sounds of an organ are produced by various pipes of different sizes and shapes, and they are made to "speak" by means of air under pressure. The sounding of the pipes is made by the use of keys, some controlled by the hands, others by the feet.

Each pipe sounds only one note. Several pipes in a rank producing sounds of similar quality, but of different pitch, are referred to as a stop. Most people think that the small tabs or knobs which the organist taps down or pulls out are the "stops." That is not so. Each of these tabs or knobs is only part of a separate stop, and until these tabs are tapped no sound can be emitted from the organ.

In such a short space it is naturally impossible to attempt to describe in any detail how an organ works or how it is played. But some of the facts explained here may at least help to increase our admiration for the maestros of that modern marvel, the cinema organ.

HOME JAMES, AND DON'T SPARE THE HORSES

EXTRA VERSES AND CHORUSES

We're still in the Gay Nineties,
Our hero's hitting the booze.
Because he and his loved one is parted,
He's living now on the loose.
He feels his disgrace very keenly,
Because he has no wedding ring.
He's lost the Belle of the village
And now he's a broken thing.
But in life Fate plays its part,
Our hero's crossing the street,
A team of fast bays knocks him over,
And steps on his face with their feet.
The lady who sat in the carriage,
Looked down at the man there in pain,
And when she saw whom they had hit,
She said "Run over him again."

We're still in the Gay Nineties,
Our hero's a villain right now,
He's angry with his former sweetheart,
And means to kick up a row.
He's hired a very good lawyer,
One who has never won a case,
And he's going to sue the lady
Whose horses stepped in his face.
They serve her with a summons,
She feels that he will win,
So in order to save her fortune
She decides to go with him.
She marries him right where she finds him,
Fast asleep on the court-room floor,
And as they poured him in the brougham,
You hear above his snore :

OH ! HOME JAMES, AND DON'T SPARE THE HORSES,
He's cut up as though with a knife,
OH ! HOME JAMES, AND DON'T SPARE THE HORSES,
His beauty's been ruined for life.

OH ! HOME JAMES, AND DON'T SPARE THE HORSES.
My husband is just a bit tight,
OH ! HOME JAMES, AND DON'T SPARE THE HORSES,
He will sleep in the stable to-night.



Harry Roy on his world travels. Characteristic pictures taken in (left) Hobart, and (centre and right) South Africa, seven years ago, before Harry was a radio star.

The Sort of Girl I Would Marry: by Harry Roy

"WHAT an amazing thing this broadcasting is! After every broadcast thousands of people think it worth while to take the trouble to write to me. How I find the time I don't know, but I make a point of reading every one of those letters. Not only are they invaluable to me as an indication of what my fans are listening to, what they like, and what they don't like, but I look upon the letters as a link with all my fans, as proof that I am doing my job properly, and that my job is giving pleasure to so many people.

"You'd be amazed at some of the curiosities that find their way into my post-bag. Each dip into it is a new adventure and offers strange sidelights on the fact that there's nowt so queer as folk."

"A large percentage of my post consists of breezy 'Good-luck' messages. Specially do I like getting notes from patients in hospitals . . . they are usually so gay and courageous and inspiring.

"Then, of course, there are the thousands of requests for photographs and autographs. In six weeks this year I have sent out over fifteen thousand photographs.

"That's swell. I flatter myself that none of you would want my photograph if I had not been able to give you some pleasure on Friday nights. So the more the merrier.

"WHEN there are those letters, also very welcome, that contain constructive criticisms of my broadcasts and shows. They tell me the numbers you like best, and your reasons. They tell me which 'gags' go over well, and which are not so hot. Such letters often threaten me with the most ferocious forms of torment if, for instance, I dare to omit 'Three Fat Girls' from my programme! Funny, incidentally, how certain numbers become linked with certain bands.

"It seems to me that a new generation will have to arise before we can give up playing 'Three Fat Girls,' 'Nobody's Sweetheart,' 'Somebody Stole My Girl,' and, of course, the 'old faithful' among hot numbers, 'Tiger Rag.'

"O.K.! My motto is give the public what they want . . . else they'll give you what you don't want—the icy glance, the frozen mitt. Then, of course, you never know when your post-bag is going to reveal something really startling and out of the way in fan mail.

"There was one I had recently. It was

Continuing
"Tiger Ragamuffin"
 Harry Roy's Own Story,
 told to Horace Richards.

about seven feet long and written by a woman, of course! It was a message in which were cleverly worked the titles of most of the more popular numbers that I have featured for the past few years.

"School children often surprise me, too. A week or so ago I received a tiger's tooth set in brass, which now occupies a place of honour over there on the mantelpiece.

"WHAT do you know about that for a piece of clever workmanship, eh? And the letter made me sit up, too. The small boy who sent it to me had stolen it from his school museum and broken out of his dormitory at night to graft it in brass in the school workshop! He probably had to pay for his temerity with six of the best. That's what I call honest-to-goodness, hundred per cent fan-worship!

"Another time I had a request for a photograph from a girl at a boarding school. I sent her one, and a little while afterwards I received another letter from her asking for another photograph. She explained that she had had the first one under her pillow, but it was found and confiscated by one of the mistresses.

"A few days later the original photograph was sent to me by the mistress asking me if I would autograph it for her!

"There is only one section of my fan-mail that I do not like. It irritates me, and sometimes even sickens me. These letters I call 'crush-letters,' and I never answer them. They are from girls and women who address me in most endearing terms, and you'd be amazed at the lack of reticence and modesty shown by these unknown and unwelcome admirers.

"Almost every one of these letters contains a proposal of marriage, and as a result I am a kind of fugitive from a jane-gang!

"The idea that Harry Roy is a bachelor seems to shock and annoy these stupid women. The real reasons that I am a bachelor are these: (a) I have not, so far, met the right girl, and (b) I have had no time to get married, anyway.

Both simple enough reasons, when you come to analyse them.

"Certainly I would never marry a girl who could bring herself to write one of these 'crush-note' to me. What sort of girl am I looking for, by the way?"

"WELL, I've explained that I've had no time to give the matter much thought. But it would not worry me whether she were blonde, brunette or red-headed so long as she had certain qualifications. She must be easy-going and not possessive. If I suddenly dropped in late at night with a batch of the boys she must not be taken by surprise, but must rally round and get us supper without grumbling and moaning under her breath. 'You might have warned me.'

"It would be fatal if she were possessive. A band-leader is necessarily tied to his job, and he can only give part of his life to his wife. So the future Mrs. Harry Roy will have to be sympathetic and understanding, and not feel that I'm neglecting her if I'm sometimes too tired or too preoccupied to pay her the little attentions that women love.

"She would also have to be keen on sport. A girl who did not like speeding (outside those dreadful gong areas!) would have little in common with me. And, of course, cricket. I'm told there are girls who are bored when they watch cricket! Well, my wife would not only have to watch cricket and like it, but I don't think I would be interested in any girl who couldn't make some sort of show at the game herself. Think how useful it would be to have a wife who could stand up to your bowling so that you could polish up your right-hand spins!

"They are some of the qualifications needed by the girl I shall eventually marry. In case any of the fair readers of POPULAR MUSIC WEEKLY have those qualifications, let me hasten to add that I am not contemplating matrimony for some years.

"Frankly, I have neither the time nor the inclination. I've just moved into a new bachelor flat in Park Lane, and I've had a grand time furnishing it and seeing to such things as curtains, carpets and so on. I'm sure that the feminine touch couldn't improve it! Anyway, in case I need any feminine help I have arranged that the next flat shall be occupied by the most important woman in my life—my mother!"

NEXT WEEK: *The Life I Lead, and Good-Night Everybody.*

Gracie Fields' Big Comedy Hit!

HE FORGOT TO COME BACK

Written and Composed by

H.M.V. Record B 4101

WILL E. HAINES,
JIMMY HARPER
& MAURICE BERESFORD

Moderato

ad lib.

KEY Eb

VOICE

I was young and heal-thy un-til love came. And played that old game on
Something should be done protecting fe-males. From be-ing preyed on by

PIANO

me. I was gay and weal-thy then the Squire came. And now the whole World blames me.
men. Why should we be play-things for these he-males. Once more the woman pays a-gain,

Why should this love such sor-row bring? Oh, Death! Oh, Death! Where is thy sting?
Why should I suf-fer like I do? I'm hu-man, just like you and you.

CHORUS

He spoke to me a-bout a wed-ding ring. Or-dered the par-son and the choir to sing. He remembered almost
One night he took me wand'ring in the fog. We stopped to have one at the "Bull and Frog" Then he went outside to see a

8

la - tion now's on - ly chewing chewing gum Cos he for - got to come back.
 poor lad's dead or else they've got him safe in side. Cos he for - got to come back.

1 2

do!

He used to call me lit - tie su - gar plum
 Kiss me and hug me un - til I was numb. My con - so -
 He said he'd love me, love me 'til he died.
 Swore he would nev - er, nev - er leave my side. Per - haps the

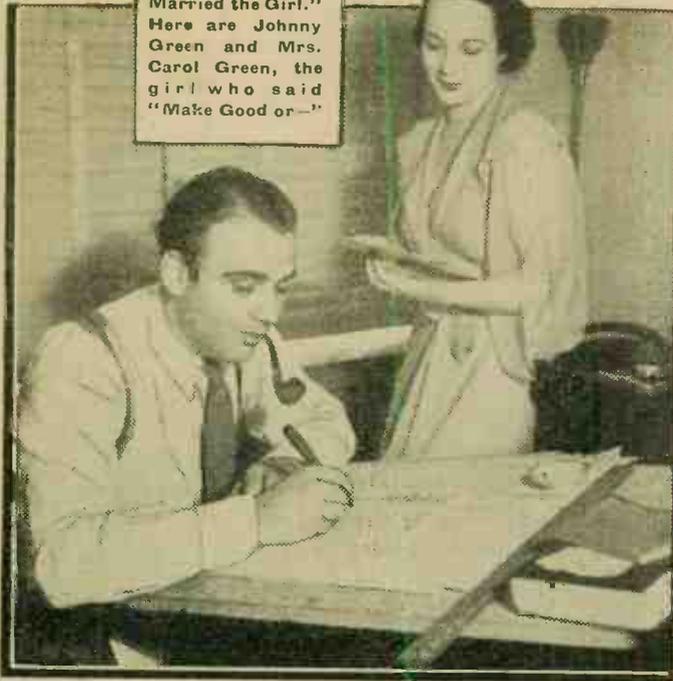
En - er - y! En - er - y! Can't you hear your ba - by calling you
 En - er - y! En - er - y! Write to me and tell me what to

24

have a lit - tie guest. And a man called Drage said he would do the rest. But he for - got to come back
 float just like a duck. Then he crept be - hind and pushed me in the muck. And he for - got to come back

ev - ry lit - tie thing. But he for - got to come back.
 man about a dog. And then for - got to come back.
 He planned to build a co - sy lit - tie nest. We both agreed to
 Once by the duckpond he said "Try your luck come for a swim you'll

"And So He Married the Girl." Here are Johnny Green and Mrs. Carol Green, the girl who said "Make Good or—"



"I Won't Marry You Until You Make Good as A Song-Writer"—

Is what The Girl said to Johnny Green. So he took the plunge and to-day is one of the leading hit-writers. H. W. Shirley Long tells the story in another "Song-writers on Parade" article.

The person who effected the startling change in the affairs of young Mr. Green, then aged twenty-two, was Miss Falk. You see, she forthwith became Mrs. Johnny Green, and with her spur behind him Johnny came into his proper heritage.

To-day Johnny writes song hits that circle the world, conducts a very clever dance band in a swagger Fifth Avenue hotel, appears also on the radio in his own half-hour each week, and is a musical adviser to the broadcasting studios to boot. In other words, Johnny, who might have been a stock-broker, is one of popular music's greatest figures.

Mrs. Carol Green guessed right that evening six years ago. And it has all happened quite simply and easily. Johnny just "got there."

Of course, he had music to his finger-tips, and loads of talent. It was there all the time. But what was he doing in a stockbroker's office? Well, his father is a well-to-do New York business man, a real estate agent, and he was very much opposed to the idea of his son going in for music as a career.

So he made Johnny promise to go into business. Which Johnny did until he met Carol.

As a matter of fact he started to study music at the advanced age of eight. Then, at the very exclusive school which he attended he formed an orchestra and conducted it, and, showing a foretaste of the future, even got it on the radio in New York.

But Papa Green didn't care for all this music. Mrs. Green, Johnny's mother, did, however. So there was a little family disagreement, and Papa Green compromised. . . . Johnny went right on studying music under several leading teachers in New York. Johnny's mother was always in sympathy with him over music.

Then he went up to Harvard University, but he still kept to his music, writing songs, playing, and conducting whenever he got a chance.

He used to come to New York and haunt Tin

Pan Alley during his holidays, taking his songs. His work impressed such a prominent leader as Guy Lombardo, the Ambrose of America, who gave him work as an arranger for his famous Royal Canadians band.

That was Johnny Green's break. He learned all about song-writing from the inside during that time, and wrote four songs. He took them to Gertrude Lawrence, at that time a Broadway musical star. "Gee" was going home to London, and she took Johnny's songs with her. She sang them here, too.

One in particular was a terrific success. It was "Body and Soul." You may remember that it was Lew Stone's arrangement of this number which brought him to the front.

"Body and Soul" certainly made Johnny Green, then aged twenty.

But, true to his promise to his father, he still remained on Wall Street, doing musical work—accompanying Gertrude Lawrence and other stars, for example—in the evenings. This lasted two years.

Then he met Carol Falk . . . and in a few months married her . . . and became a full-time song-and-dance man. First he was made musical director for Paramount films; then he went on the air; on the music-hall stage; into movies, making musical "shorts"; then he formed his own hotel dance band, for broadcasting, too. And all the while he was writing song hits.

Beyond that he also ventured into the realm of more serious music, and wrote a concert piece called "Night Club" suite. Johnny's ambition is to write something more serious, but always in the very modern manner.

In fact, Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Green are typical young moderns. Gay, hard-working, fond of parties, living in a modern, smart home, and being surrounded by a crowd of clever musicians and writers.

They call them "the mad Greens" in New York, because they have unconventional, happy-go-lucky ways. They work feverishly when the mood is on them and play the rest of the time.

Johnny is nearly six feet tall, brown curly hair, brown eyes. Likes tennis, travelling in ships, eating spaghetti. Might be a brilliant writer if he were not a musician. I'm glad he's a musician.

It was a typical New York party in a skyscraper apartment. People laughing, talking, glass in hand. A young man seated idly at the piano, fingers strolling gently over the keys and drawing soft rhythms that set your shoulders moving subtly.

The girl who came in was very beautiful, young and gay. Dark, bright eyes, milk-white skin, black hair. Her name was, then, Carol Falk.

"Who's that at the piano?" she asked.

"I think he's something on Wall Street," said the hostess in the vague way of a hostess who doesn't quite know who is who yet.

"Well, a man who can play like that shouldn't be wasting his time on Wall Street," said Miss Falk.

Later in that party the pianist and Carol Falk met. The name of the young man on Wall Street was Johnny Green.

You know him to-day as the composer of such hits as "Body and Soul," "I Cover the Waterfront," and "Easy Come, Easy Go." One of the biggest songwriters of to-day in fact.

Miss Falk was right. Johnny was wasting his time on Wall Street, juggling with stocks and shares when he should have been juggling with melody in Tin Pan Alley.

Radio's New Star Band-Leader.

Emilio Colombo, of the "Red Sarafan."

AFTER the Café Collette and the Chateau de Madrid comes the Red Sarafan, radio's latest "night spot." Russian atmosphere, Russian music, Russian singers, Russian guests in a Russian café. . . . Genuine, too, for the leader of the orchestra is Emilio Colombo.

He was Court Violinist to the Tsar in the days when old St. Petersburg was the smartest, gayest, most sophisticated capital after dark.

The most amusing places to go to then were the cafés and gipsy encampments on the Isles of Neva, where, in the early hours, royalty, aristocrats, soldiers and courtiers used to gather to listen to the extraordinary music of the gipsy bands.

It was gay, haunting gipsy music, played without scores, impromptu melody from the heart. Nothing like it could be heard anywhere else on earth.

One of the favorite of those gipsy orchestras was the one led by Emilio Colombo, Court Violinist. Colombo could play the Russian traditional music in a way that sped to the hearts of his hearers.

Then—revolution. Colombo managed to escape, taking his precious violin and his unique talent. And hidden away in the violin was a tiepin, set with rubies and diamonds, a present from the Romanoffs.

To-day Emilio Colombo, famous as a dispenser of melody in London's big hotels, and now the B.B.C.'s new star, still has that tiepin, relic of his days as Court Violinist and gipsy serenader on the Isles of Neva.

This week Colombo brought back to life those old days in the new B.B.C. programme feature, "The Red Sarafan." His orchestra, all Russian, played the same tunes that were played to the Russian courtiers in the early hours of the morning in the cafés. Little of that music exists on paper, but Colombo has remembered it and written it down anew for our delectation in this radio day and age.

The combination of instruments, new and novel to us, is also the combination that was used in those far-off days. For you musicians here it is: four violins, one piano, one cello, one double bass, one harp, one oboe, one bassoon, one guitar, four balalaika, one bass balalaika. And the violin of Emilio Colombo.

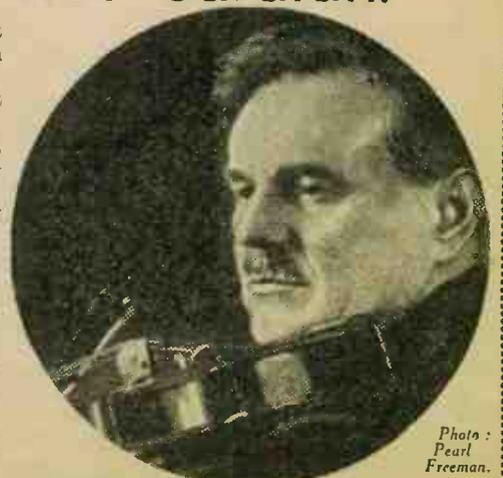


Photo: Pearl Freeman.

Emilio Colombo, regular broadcaster from the Hotel Metropole, London, and leader to the new "Red Sarafan" Russian orchestra.

YOU'RE GONNA LOSE YOUR GAL

Words by
JOE YOUNG

Tune Ukulele
F B \flat D G

Music by
JAMES V. MONACO

Moderato (With a good swing)

The piano introduction consists of two systems of music. The first system is in the key of B-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time. It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The melody starts with a quarter rest, followed by a quarter note B-flat, a quarter note D, and a quarter note F. The bass line starts with a quarter note B-flat, a quarter note D, and a quarter note F. The second system continues the melody and bass line, with the melody moving to a half note G and a quarter note F, and the bass line moving to a half note G and a quarter note F. The introduction ends with a fermata over the final notes.

* B \flat E \flat 7 B \flat B \flat E \flat 7 B \flat

Key B \flat | m : m lma : d .l, | - .l, : - : - | m : m lma : d .l, | - : - | - : -

1. Flirt - in' with the dev - il, — You'll get in the deep. —
 2. Flow - ers need the sun - shine, — And the morn - ing dew. —

The piano accompaniment for the first two lines of the song is in the key of B-flat major and 4/4 time. It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The melody starts with a quarter note B-flat, a quarter note D, and a quarter note F. The bass line starts with a quarter note B-flat, a quarter note D, and a quarter note F. The piano accompaniment is marked with a piano (p) dynamic.

Dmi Faug5 F G7 C7 F7

| m : m lre : t, .r | - .r : - | - : - | t, .t, : - t, | - : l, | r ||

Wa - ter finds its lev - el, — Bit - ter tears — you'll weep.
 I need lov - ing some - time, — So I'm warn - ing you.

The piano accompaniment for the last two lines of the song is in the key of B-flat major and 4/4 time. It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The melody starts with a quarter note B-flat, a quarter note D, and a quarter note F. The bass line starts with a quarter note B-flat, a quarter note D, and a quarter note F. The piano accompaniment ends with a fermata over the final notes.

* Symbols for Guitar & Banjo

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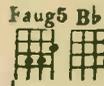
LAWRENCE WRIGHT MUSIC CO. LTD

Denmark St. London. W. C. 2. Cables "Vocable London." Telegrams "Vocable Westcent London"

CHORUS





s, :fe, .s, | m .r :-d || :-:-:- | .s, :fe, .s, | t, .l, :-s, | :-:-:- | :-:-:- }
 YOU'RE GON-NA LOSE YOUR GAL, — You don't know who's your gal.



p-f









m :m | m :m | m .r :-t | :-s, | ma :ma | ma :ma | .ma .d :-ta, | :-la, | m :m | m :m }
 Act - ing like a two-time lov - er, Keep - ing kiss - es un - der cov - er You'll wake up and











m .m :-f | :-m | .r :de .r | m .r :-d | :-s, :fe, .s, | m .r :-d | :-:-:- }
 soon dis - cov - er YOU'RE GON-NA LOSE YOUR GAL. You're gon-na fret a - way, —












s, :fe, .s, | t, .l, :-s, | :-:-:- | :-:-:- | :-:-:- | m :m | m :m | m .r :-t | :-s, }
 You're bound to get that way. — How can you be so con - ceit - ed?








ma :ma | ma :ma | ma .d :-ta, | :-la, | m :m | m :m | m .m :-f | :-m }
 Take a heart and then mis - treat it. You can't have your cake and eat it;





Mary Ellis, singing actress, star of the Ivor Novello Drury Lane Show, "Glamorous Night" and "Paris in Spring."

THE SONG and DANCE PARADE.

Henry Hall's Golf Cup : Ivor Novello's New Leading Lady

Mary Ellis—Singing Actress.

Brightest star in the song-and-dance firmament right now is Mary Ellis, dark, attractive girl who is leading lady in the Drury Lane show, "Glamorous Night," by Ivor Novello, and in the new picture, "Paris in Spring." She is enjoying a double success.

Mary calls herself a "singing actress." Reason is that although she has a glorious voice and has made several big hits in musical shows and opera, she only took up singing in the first place as a short cut to real acting on the stage.

"I didn't want opera or musical comedy as a career," she told us the other day.

method of making human faces out of liquid rubber. Mary says the likeness is uncanny. Maybe, but we personally prefer Mary Ellis herself, having met her.

Will Hay's "Uke."

You will soon be seeing Will Hay, music-hall and radio star, in pictures. He is one of the score of stars in "Radio Parade." Will reveals himself as a great comedy actor in this picture.

As you probably know already, he is a very keen astrologer. Got his own star-gazing telescopes at home. He is also an air pilot, and holds a ticket.

The other night he told us something else. Another side to his versatility. He is very fond of playing the ukulele. We gather, from other sources, that Will is pretty good at it, too.

That makes him another almost-a-musician, so he goes on this page.

GOLF and filming occupy the minds and attention of Henry Hall and his B.B.C. boys at the moment. The golf is really an antidote, for this is a pretty hectic time for them, what with their usual broadcasting and trips out to Elstree for their picture.

The sudden rush of golf to the head is due to Henry. Knowing how keen all the boys are on the royal and ancient game, the B.B.C. maestro announced that he would put up a silver cup for competition among the band.

So a grand competition has been arranged, and soon we shall know who is the best golfer at Number Ten studio. H.H. himself, incidentally, is no mean swinger with a club.

Left-handed Dan.

All the boys are polishing up their swings, and in a quiet corner of the vast Waterloo Bridge studio we saw them wagging clubs whilst waiting to go on the air the other afternoon.

Dan Donovan, singer, is faced with a pretty problem. You see, he is left-handed in everything, but to be a left-handed golfer means that you must have special clubs. Now Dan is considering the fact that if he uses right-handed clubs he might be able to improve his play, for in golf the left hand is really the stronger.

Dan's naturally strong left hand may, he feels, give him an advantage. So he is busy trying to swing with his stance reversed. Dan is a good golfer, anyway, so he may bring off a coup and lift the cup.

Mickey Mouse—Band-leader.

We saw the new all-coloured Mickey Mouse picture the other eve, "The Band Concert," and in view of the importance of the debut of a new combination we give you the line-up of Mickey's All-Maestro Band:

Giddy Goat on cornet, Goof on trumpet, Clarabelle Cow on flute, Horace Horsecollar on drums and effects, Paddy the Pig on tuba. Comedy is in the hands of Donald Duck, who nearly steals the show. Every man a virtuoso . . .

Dodging Parental "No."

"You see, my parents were against my stage ambitions, so I thought I would dodge that by taking up singing. My mother was a musician, and I felt that she would not object to that."

That short cut took Mary Ellis three years, and in that time she became a star with the New York Metropolitan Opera Company. Then she switched to the legitimate stage, and played the lead in the original production of "Rose Marie."

Wurlitzer Man.

The other night we had a chat with Jack Courtney, the organist at the Regal Cinema, Marble Arch, London.

Jack, who is a tiny little fellow, has been twenty years in music. But there have been many interludes in his musical career, and at different times he has been in the Marines, run his own dance-band, been a tram-conductor,



Here they are! The latest band! Mickey Mouse and his Maestros in the new coloured "Band Concert" film.

Work in real drama followed, and she became a Theatre Guild star. Then she came to London and played the lead in "Music in the Air" for Coehran. Now she is singing in films and stage shows again.

Farmer Ellis.

In Hollywood Mary refused to talk about her private life and shocked the movie newshawks. But she told us that she is fond of tennis, ping-pong, reading and farming. She owns and runs a sixteen-acre farm in Sussex, and is one of the best-known women farmers in the south. Her vegetables, fruit and flowers have won many prizes.

In Hollywood Mary was the first star to have one of the new masks made of her face. The make-up wizards there have invented a new

a hotel proprietor, a poultry farmer and a bell-boy on American trains!

He has the distinction of having opened the first five Wurlitzer organs in this country, and has played at most of the leading cinemas here.

"Effects" by Jack Courtney.

For some years he was in Florida and New York, and returned to England about three years ago.

His worst experience was when playing in a cinema with his organ lights out, a huge black rat suddenly leapt upon him out of space!

And his greatest triumph was during an old Charlie Chaplin film, Charlie was having a bad time over the rail of a ship during a storm, and Jack portrayed the sound of mal-de-mer so effectively on his organ that a lady in the front row had to leave the cinema urgently!

The Call Boys.

WHO IS YOUR FAVOURITE BAND-LEADER?

Prizes for Telling "Popular Music Weekly"

Who, among all the famous radio and stage band-leaders, is your special favourite? Why do you prefer one above the others? Is it personality, looks, voice, playing?

We invite readers to tell us, on postcards only, their favourite band-leader, and the reasons for their choice.

For the four best postcards on the subject of "My Favourite Band-leader—and Why," every week, we will pay half-a-crown each, and print the winners in "Popular Music Weekly."

Address your postcards to "Band-leader," Popular Music Weekly, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4.

HE'S DEAD BUT HE WON'T LIE DOWN

Written and Composed by



WILL E. HAINES
MAURICE BERESFORD
& JAMES HARPER.

Moderato (Not fast.)

PIANO

KEY G.

My sis-ter's new chap is a hundred and three, He's the old-est young man in Town, And he's
In a pic-ture show once, full of pas-sion and love, He said "Be Missus Sep-ti-mus Brown" And al-
Now Sep-ti-mus Brown has a large fam-i-ly, It's the big-gest one for miles a-round, He's had

real cold stor-age meat from his head right to his feet, She's his
though he'd got the cramp he said "Vamp me, dar-ling, Vamp" HE'S DEAD BUT HE WON'T LIE DOWN, Now
chil-dren by the score and he thinks he'd like some more, He

own Ju-li-et and he's her Ro-me-o. Though his real name is Sep-ti-mus Brown, From his
late last night in the old Cem-et-ree, With all the pret-ty tombstones round, Sis-ter
played in the fi-nal for the foot-ball cup He's the, fin-est cen-tre-forward in town, He just

|| s .s :n .r' l d :d .d | d .d :d .d | s, :s, | r :r .r l f :t, | d :- l- :d |

soul ro-mance has fled, but she loves his old bald head,
 said "Oh Do be-have" then they both fell in a grave, HE'S DEAD BUT HE WONT LIE DOWN. HE
 scored the win-ning goal, then went off to draw the dole.

Chant. || f : l :f | n : l :n | te :te :te | n :r | s :- l- | s :- l- :s, .s, | d .d :d l d :d .d |

1st & 2nd times Last time For Finish

WONT LIE DOWN. HE'S DEAD BUT HE WONT LIE DOWN. DOWN. On his fu-ne-ral day he was

(HE WONT) (LIE DOWN)

D. S. %

|| r .r :t, .t, l d :d .d | f .f :f .f | n :d | r :- l- :s, s | s .s :n .r l d :d :d | d .d :d .d | s :s |

man-y miles away, Drinking doubles at the "Rose and Crown" Under-tak-er's had to wait, 'cos he d quite forgot the date, HE'S

|| r :r .r l f :t, | d :- l- :s | d d :d l d :d | r :t, .t, l d :d .d | f :f .f | n :d |

DEAD BUT HE WONT LIE DOWN. The an-gels have kept his seat up a-bove, But there's rust on his gold-en

|| r :- l- :s .s | s .s :n .r l d :d .d | d .d :d .d | s :s | r :r .r l f :t, | d :- l- :d |

crown, Judgment day may come a-long but he'll still be go-ing strong. HE'S DEAD BUT HE WONT LIE DOWN.

creac *mf*

World Radio History



Jack Payne in a spot of bother with Jimmy James, the inebriated one, in the Payne "Radio Party."

OVER 10,000 orchestrations of the Jimmy Kennedy-Peter Maurice Jubilee song, "Let Us Sing Unto Their Majesties," have been shipped to all parts of the world.

Richard Tauber to make another picture at Elstree for B.I.P.

Al Berlin, twenty-one-year-old Birmingham leader, booked for Bright on this summer, and several shows in London at movie houses.

Maurice Elwin very pleased with his new croonette discovery, Barbara Palmer.

That new face in the Les Allen Melody Four is Nobby Knight, junior. Plays sax, clarinet and violin. In place of Dick Johns, trumpeter.

Roy Fox is conducting crooning contests in the big towns where he plays on his nation-wide tours. One or two promising discoveries.

Crooner with Tommy Finnigan's Ritz, Manchester, band is Mona Brandon.

British film, "Death at Broadcasting House," now going the rounds, has several song-and-dance stars. The band is led by Percival Mackey. Eve Becke sings, and Elizabeth Welch, too. Chappie D'Amato, late of the Hyllton and Jackson outfits, plays the guitar, and Ord Hamilton the piano.

ORD HAMILTON conducted the band for the Embassy, London, revue, "Let's Go Gay." The Radio Three made a hit in that show, too. We prophesied as much. . . .

Gracie Fields is very curious of namesake Grace Moore. Our Gracie has a deep-rooted ambition to sing serious songs in a straight way. Wishes she could change places with the "One Night of Love" star.

She has recorded the theme song from that picture, and enjoyed it very much. Gracie was supposed to sing straight songs in her latest picture, but at the last minute they were cut out. Gracie very sorry. Cheer up, Gracie; your chance will come.

Grace Moore, by the way, is coming to London to sing at the Covent Garden Opera season.

.....LINE-UPS.....

LOU PRAEGER'S BAND

SAXES: Fredcy Gardner and Teddy White (alto, baritone, clarinet), Roy Martin (tenor, clarinet), Alf Morgan (baritone).

BRASS: Harry Owen and Dick Kyte (trumpets), "Miff" Smith (trombone).

RHYTHM: George Weedon (piano), Harry Pike (guitar), Pote Stutely (bass), Johnny Marks (drums, xylophone, etc.).

CHORDS

—By—

Recording Needle

Novelist Ursula Bloom confesses to a hatred for the "hey-nunny-nunny" type of music. Reason: her father used to sing folk-songs!

Carl Brisson has opened an office in Hollywood, and from there he will run his chain of London restaurants, his block of flats in Copenhagen, and his fun club, which is 60,000 strong and maintains a charity ward in a London hospital.

WHEN aged two-and-a-half Annette Keith tap-danced at a matinee for children. An adult performer asked her how she liked being on the stage. "I like it," lisped Annette, "but not in front of children!"



George Burns and Gracie Allen . . . crazy . . . 600 foot of column three.

Dick Powell—maybe we've told you he's a screen crooner—has a new craze. Polb. "Papa" Warner, his employer, wants Dick to give it up. Thinks he'll have an accident.

Twice Ann Penn has imitated artistes on the air who have arrived late for broadcasts. In neither case have listeners-in "twigged." . . .

As we prophesied (habit of ours) little Sybil Jason, seven-year-old song-and-dance star niece of Harry Jacobson, Savoy pianist, has gone to Hollywood. Another Shirley Temple. Or maybe the first Sybil Jason. . . .

Bing Crosby not to sing in opera. No, sir, he is sticking to crooning.



Lawrence Wright and Marie Burke are both proud owners of Golden Retrievers bred by Peggy Cochran.

Reggie Dixon, Blackpool's organ wizard, is left-handed at everything except golf.

Harry Leader, whose band is being heard frequently on Empire radio programmes, does a daily "bike" spin.



Marion Harris, lyric writer of "My Kid's a Crooner," at the "mike" in a recording session.

The number of comedians who once worked with Charlie Chaplin is amazing. Here's another—Willie Cave, well-known in Bournemouth. He started with Fred Karno the same week as Chaplin.

Favourite rôle of Tessa Deane: When she played lead in "Silver Wings," opposite Harry Welchman.

Robert Hale's pathetic memory of a "benefit" he had during a tour. The first three hundred to enter the gallery received a cigar, with the manager's compliments. Alas, they were a job lot salvaged from a fire, and when the recipients lit their cigars the smell and smoke were so thick that the artistes could not carry on with the show!

WILL MAHONEY, who was in pantomime with Helen Giddand, thinks she is one of the finest song-and-dance heroines he has ever worked with. She may be making a film with Will.

Who is the champion dart-player in the song-and-dance world? Well, a match between Hal Swain, the band-leader, and Michael Carr would be a tight thing. Both Yorkshiremen, too. Any challenges?

Add favourite dishes: Gracie Fields, pickled cabbage. Grace Moore, pineapple mousse and tuna salad. And ice-cream sodas. Grace Moore adores cooking.

BUD FLANAGAN and Chesney Allen—"Oi!"—going to New York to appear with our own Beatrice Lillie at the roof Night Club of Radio City. Very swell joint. . . .

Nineteen years with Messrs. Lyons. That's the record of Jacques Brown, leader of State Café orchestra in Dale Street, Liverpool.

First Prize for Daring awarded to Bert Thomas, Palais-de-Dause, Birmingham, leader. Once rode pillion on a "Wall-of-Death" motor-bike.

.....CLEAN FUN DEPARTMENT.....

CREDIT this week's wise-crack to those prize lunatics Burns and Allen, the radio and screen comics. It seems that Bing Crosby wanted an autographed picture of the pair for the big collection on the walls of his room.

He asked Gracie, the "dumb-bell" of the act, for the picture.

It duly arrived at Bing's home. Its inscription read:

"To George Burns and Gracie Allen. Love from Bing Crosby."

What a woman!



The Great Human Family

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the savages of Borneo and Java, human nature is human nature, though it may express itself in quaint attire, manners and customs that seem strange to our ordered democracy, social licence and social restrictions that seem illogical but are yet rooted in the blood, religious beliefs whose prejudices and hatreds astonish by their puerility our wide human tolerance.

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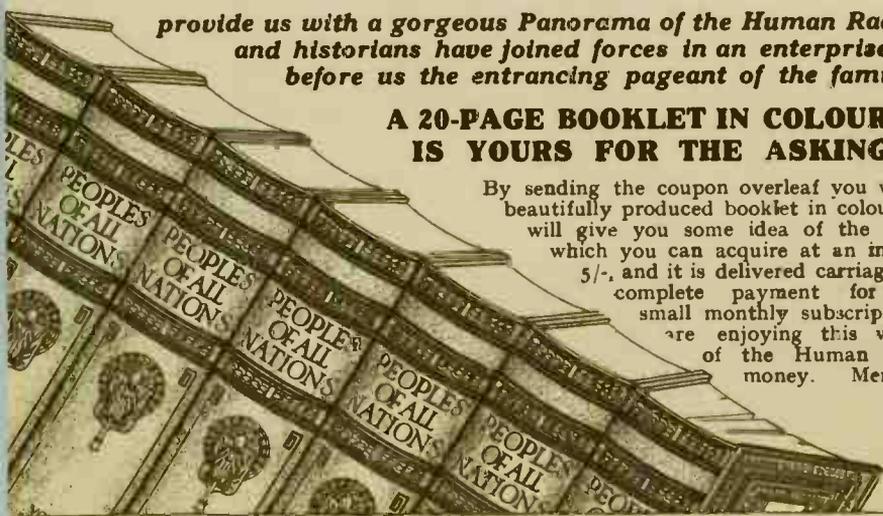
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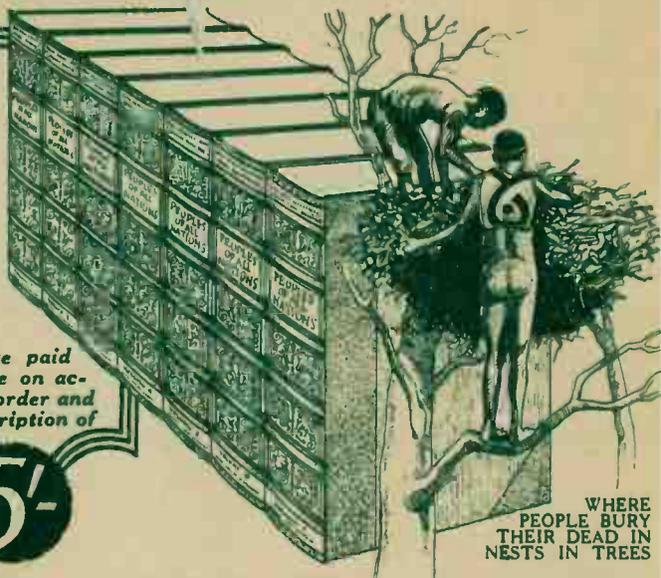
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SPANISH EYES

Lyric by
MAX KESTER

Tune Uke in D
A D F# B

Music by
RAY NOBLE

Tempo di Tango Espagnol

f *rit.*

Key F

* Dmi G7 Dmi

1. Spain! Tink-le of guit - ars
2. Spain! Count-ry of ro - mance

p a tempo *p*

G7 Dmi G7 Gmi A7 Dmi

Del-i-cate-ly played, in a ser-e-nade,
Ev-ry dain-ty face 'neath a veil of lace,

Gmi A7 Dmi Gmi A7 Dmi

Un-der-neath the South-ern Stars Night
Seems to call you with a glance Fans

* Symbols for Guitar & Banjo

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World Radio History

G7 Dmi G7 Dmi

Bal - con - ies on high Whisp-ered words of love,
shawis and cast - an - ets Smil-ing lips in - vite,

G7 Gmi A7 Dmi Gmi A7 Dmi

to the one a - bove — Kis-ses and per-chance a sigh,
prom-is-ing de - light — Rap-ture that no man for - gets

F F+ Dmi Gmi A7 Dmaj

Spain has caught you in her sway You'll ne-ver get a - way.
But though she may look de-mure Be-ware of her al - lure.

declamatory *rit.* *Slowly*

CHORUS

Key D *Slowly* A7 D

For in those SPAN-ISH EYES — Such fasc-in-a - tion lies,

Slowly (colla voce) *a tempo* *ten.*

dim A7 D

ten. *ten.* *ten.*

— One sin-gle glance will set you on fire and a flame of de-sire will rise —

G dim A7 D

ten. *ten.* *ten.*

— The sway of Span-ish hips, — One kiss from Span-ish lips —

dim A7

ten. *ten.* *ten.* *Op.*

— And it's too late for you've met your fate in those pass-ion - ate SPAN-ISH

1 2 D A7 D

rit. *rit.* *D.S.*

EYES. For in those SPAN-ISH EYES.

TINY LITTLE LETTERS

BALLAD FOX-TROT

Tune Uke G C E A

Written and Composed by

ROBERT STANLEY RONNIE MUNRO
& TOLCHARD EVANS

Piano *Slow*

Key C

1 When I hear the Post - man's knock, I won - der
2 If the writ - ing is - n't straight, what mat - ter?

Will I get a let - ter, or a bill?
Praps the ink was crook - ed - who can tell?

I am al - ways pleased to get a let - ter,
For the er - rors I don't blame the kid - dies -

From some lit - tle "Jack" or "Jill"
 P'raps the Pens they use can't spell!

REFRAIN

TI - NY LIT - TLE LET - TERS, from the ti - ny lit - tle Tots -

TI - NY LIT - TLE LET - TERS, full of ti - ny lit - tle blots,

"T's" with - out the "cross - es", and the "I's" with - out the "Dots" From

B. A. Young, that Jester, says—

'Ah, An Idea For A Song!'

If anyone tries to tell you he can write a song without inspiration, don't believe him. Every song has its roots in an inspiration.

Take the case of "My Inspiration is You." There the song was inspired by you. (Yes, you, you pop-eyed tankard-thief. Wake up!) Sometimes, of course, the inspiration is something much less romantic, as, for example, a cheque. The idea that song-writers are above this sort of inspiration is quite wrong. The pretty designs on some cheques and the wonderful colours on the back of pound notes have frequently inspired lyrics of great feeling, such as "I Want Some Money" and (with any luck) "We're in the Money."

Inspiration is often found when there are four in a bar. When there are four in a bar long enough they start asking questions like "Do shrimps make good mothers?" and "Do kippers swim folded or flat?" And when people start asking things like that it's pretty difficult not to be inspired.

At times such as these the smallest thing may suggest an idea for a song, and, in fact, probably will. It may not seem so good in the morning, though.

As a matter of fact, "Do Shrimps Make Good Mothers?" was inspired by a rather singular coincidence. The composer was walking along the beach—at Clam Neck, I think it was—one wet Thursday, when his hat blew off into a pool of water.

With a gesture of annoyance, he immediately picked it up, only to find that two small crabs were clinging to the lining. He shook them out on to the sand, and his wife, who happened to be present, asked, "I wonder why crabs walk sideways like that?"

This composer had an idea for a song when he went home and he couldn't remember the tune. He was later by a friend, should he always be as amazed.



struck the idea as a good song, so he wrote it before he wrote the lyric, writing somebody else to write the lyrics. This is a very common thing in the music business.

stories of this kind are now history. Everybody knows how

the story of a nightingale decided Schubert to write an unfinished symphony and call it "The Unfinished Symphony"; and how the story of a White Wyandotte compelled George Gershwin to compose "Rhapsody in Blue" in sheer self-defence; and how the story of the dawn inspired Jack Yellen and Milton Ager, Inc., to write the "Song of the Dawn."

The story of how Hoagy Carmichael decided to write "Washboard Blues" is less well-known. I don't know it, for one. Probably he just woke up one morning and thought it would be a good idea to write something called "Washboard Blues."

SOMETIMES quite trivial incidents, such as being dropped on the head when a baby, give rise to the impulse to write popular songs. When this happens, there is really nothing that can be done about it.

A well-known composer whom I interviewed on the subject, but who has bribed me—I mean, asked me—not to reveal his name (it was Al Finkelstein, as a matter of fact), told me how his songs were inspired.

"Usually I think of the title first," he said. "It comes to me in a flash when I'm shaving, or eating, or even drinking; or sometimes I get ideas at night in dreams, especially when I've been eating lobster. Lobster is a very inspiring food. When I have the title, all I have to do is to think of a lyric with the words of the title in it, and of a tune to fit the lyric, and the number is complete."

I asked him if he always worked that way.

"Oh, no!" he answered. "I have no fixed rule. Sometimes I think of the tune first, and then the lyric, and then the title last of all; or sometimes the lyric first and then the tune and then the title; or sometimes the title first and then the tune and then the lyric; or—" "I see," I said. "Or the tune first and then the title and then the lyric; or even—"

EXACTLY," he smiled. "And now will you excuse me? I've just had an inspiration." With which words he kicked me out of his office. Talking of dreams, which is what we were doing a little way back, reminds me of the very sad case of a young composer I once knew called Enticknap. Enticknap, who came of an old Somersetshire family, went to sleep one night and dreamed that he met Beethoven.

Beethoven said, "Hallo, Enticknap!" and my friend, in quite a refined way, said, "Hallo, Beethoven!"

Well, then Beethoven took him to one side and said, in a confidential voice: "Look here, Enticknap, old boy, if I were you I should write Love's Old Sweet Song."

"Right-ho, Beethoven!" said Enticknap, and, feeling really very enthusiastic over the idea, he woke up.

The tragedy of the thing was, of course, that somebody else had written "Love's Old Sweet Song" already, and it was then too late to do anything about it. Enticknap was prostrated with grief, and eventually became a bassoonist.

And if that isn't inspiration, what is?

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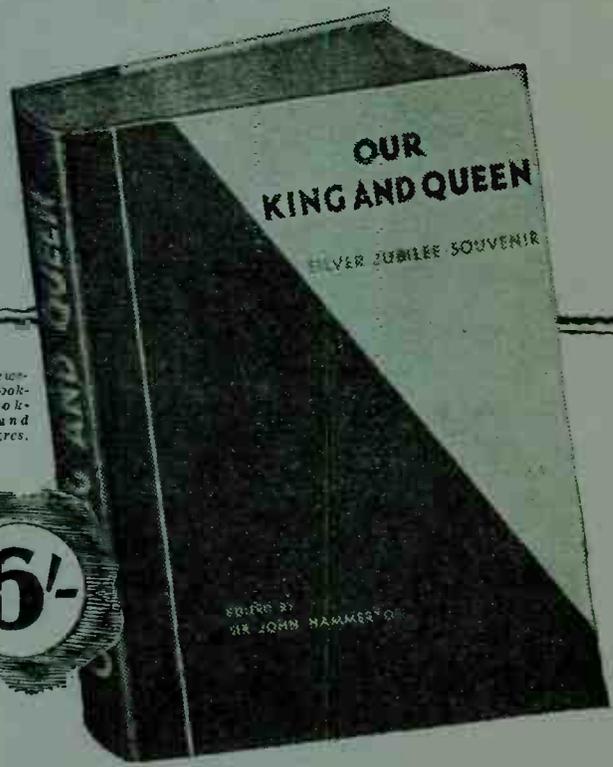
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WEEKLY



EDITED BY
JOCK POYNE

EIGHT Songs This Week

WHISTLING LOVERS' WALTZ
THAT HANDSOME ACCORDION MAN
MEET THE NAVY
I SHRUG MY SHOULDERS

Songs of Britain

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY
MARY OF ARGYLL **THE FARMER'S BOY**
BELIEVE ME IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING
YOUNG CHARMS

COOMBS

GREAT NEW MUSIC FEATURE STARTS THIS WEEK



The Rhythm Sisters—easy on the eye and ear! Helen and Kay and (below) Jean.

TAKE three charming voices, blend them in slick arrangements of popular numbers, make sure that the owners of the voices are pleasant to look upon and know how to dress, and the result is a good harmony trio. And there's a vogue these days for good trios. Such as the Rhythm Sisters.

Here's a harmony trio which is now sailing through calm seas after a stormy passage that nearly wrecked the act twice. Of the original Rhythm Sisters only the leader and founder, Kay Munro-Smyth, now remains. Twice she has had to re-form the trio.

Kay earns my Insignia of Merit for Grit for the way she has never ceased up on her ambition to lead a trio which would reach the front rank. Has she done it? What do you think about a trio which is good enough to broadcast with Ambrose's band, and which has vaudeville dates in abundance and a number of swell records to its credit?

BARRY WELLS presents

"THE RHYTHM SISTERS"

It needs Pluck to get to the top in the Song-and-Dance World—and KAY MUNRO-SMYTH, of Ambrose's "Rhythm Sisters," had pluck in plenty!

The first time I met the original Rhythm Sisters was in a dressing-room in the London Pavilion, two years ago. The trio then consisted of Kay Munro-Smyth, Berti Shaw and May Munn (sister to Billy Munn, Jack Hylton's pianist); three Scottish lassies who had joined up with little experience but a whale of a lot of ambition at their command.

Kay, in fact, had never even appeared on a stage until a little over two years ago. She used to play the piano for dancing lessons, got bored with that and suddenly decided to form a trio. They came to London, but had a pretty tough time at first.

The plain truth is that when I first met them they were raw, with little idea of how to present their act. But they worked hard, improved, and were eager to take advice.

We had fun in those days.

DOES Kay remember those crazy nights, I wonder, when we used to eat hard-boiled eggs at a Bloomsbury coffee-stall? And that night in particular when an irate gentleman flung up his window and told us all exactly where we could go, and a policeman strolled up to help us on the way? We went. I lost a lot of valuable sleep those days.

Then Jack Hylton took an interest in their act, and they toured for a while with his stage show. After that the girls left Hylton and struck out on their own again.

The act was going along smoothly, playing cabarets and music-halls. Still searching for a real break. And then Berti and May decided to split and go back to Scotland. For a bit Kay was flummoxed, but you can't beat a Scots lass for fighting back.

She contacted Betty and Thressa Dale, two more of Scotland's songbirds, the three joined up, and the Rhythm Sisters once more came into being. But Kay's troubles weren't over.

Once again, just as the act was settling down and had got a break with Ambrose, it had to split, domestic reasons taking Betty and Thressa back to Scotland.

This fresh blow might easily have finished the act for good. The Rhythm Sisters might have written just one more chapter in the Book of Lost Hopes.

But Kay's charming jaw is made of granite. With only two days in which to re-form the act if she were not to let Ambrose down at his Saturday broadcast, Kay got busy.

First she met Helen Raymond, the Birmingham girl, who had had a big success touring the halls and broadcasting both here and in America as a vocalist, supported by a small hot band. Helen had also had a successful period with Billy Merrin's Commanders.

And Helen came in

Then she met Jean Conibear, an English girl, who, returning from the West Indies where she spent most of her life, went on the stage for a wager and became well known as one of the vaudeville act, "May, June and Julie."

And Jean came in

THE Rhythm Sisters were due to broadcast with Ambrose on the Saturday. The three started work on the Thursday. Kay did some super-hustle arrangements, the trio got down to rehearsing, and on Saturday went to the "mike" as arranged.

And since then they've been improving steadily, till now they are in the front rank.

Great fun, these girls—and terrific workers. Kay does the arrangements, and is hoping to learn to play the guitar and the trumpet, one of which they'll probably add to the act.

Let's hope that the Rhythm Sisters' troubles are now all over. Kay deserves all she can get after her hard work and patience, and Helen and Jean are the right girls to provide her with loyal support.

TUNES that HAUNT the STARS!

These days most popular songs die a swift death. But there are exceptions. In this article HOWARD LAWSON puts the spotlight on some of the songs that audiences won't allow to die!

HAUNTED by success . . . pursued by a song . . . that is the position of famous band-leaders, radio and vaudeville stars. They cannot escape from their most successful song. They are haunted by the words, "Will you please play . . ."

There is Jack Payne. Scarcely a day passes without a letter or a request asking him to play "Sing Holly, Go Whistle, Hey, Hey!" This has been going on for years. People never seem to tire of it. Then, close second is "Fire, Fire, Fire!" followed by "Flagg and Quart." All comedy numbers, you observe. By way of a change, "Bolero" is high in demand.

Billy Cotton is haunted by "Tiger Rag." Wherever he goes somebody will call for the "Tiger." Once at an Oxford college ball he played it thirty times in one evening, a record.

Matter of fact, "Tiger Rag" is the greatest "haunter" among all dance tunes. Harry Roy dare not leave it out of his programmes, and the Mills Brothers say that it rates highest among all their requests.

Billy Cotton is also hotly pursued by his version of "Trees," which audiences are always demanding, and the Mills Brothers tell me that "Snowball" looks like shaping up into a proper "haunter."

Most band-leaders have a tune they cannot escape. Jack Jackson is always asked for "Ikka Moor," Henry Hall for "Time to Say Good-night" and "Teddy Bears' Picnic." Hardly a day passes without a "Dear Sir,—Will you please play . . ." note for those tunes. It is curious how tunes linger on for years.

Jack Hylton, for example, is still pursued by "Body and Soul" and "Rhymes," and Duke Ellington is lucky if he can get away from a show without playing "Mood Indigo."

The tunes that still haunt Lew Stone are relics of his first big break into the limelight at the old Monseigneur. Every week, nowadays, listeners write in asking Lew to play "Oh, Mona," "Georgia," "Three Trees," "Little Nell" and "Minnie the Moocha." Of those "Little Nell" is about the chief request. Even though he has written a sequel to it, Lew will never get away from "Little Nell."

NEITHER will Nat Gonella ever elude "Georgia." Tunes like that become associated with artistes and are not allowed to be forgotten.

Another "haunted" band-leader is Roy Fox, who is trailed by "Wheezy Anna"—or, rather, crooner Peggy Dell is.

Radio and vaudeville singers are equally "attached" to certain numbers. Sam Browne is still asked to sing "Body and Soul," a hit of several years ago, and in the North Gracie Fields will still, even to-day, get yells from the audience for "Granny's Old Skin Rug," "Charmaine" and "Laugh, Clown, Laugh."

A few years ago Randolph Sutton introduced a Yiddish number by George Stevens called "What's the Matter, Abe?" Since then Randolph has seldom been allowed to leave it out. He has been singing it for eight years, and looks like singing it for another eight at least.

Vaudeville is filled with examples of tune-

haunted artistes, right back to the days of Vesta Victoria and her "There Was I Waiting at the Church," and Charles Coborn and his "Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo."

Good tunes die hard. But it is all very difficult for the band-leaders and singers, for if they acceded to every call and request they would never play a new tune! And besides, they get tired of even the best tunes.



Randolph Sutton—pursued by "Abe"!

WHISTLING LOVERS' WALTZ

(HEAR HIM WHISTLE THIS REFRAIN—I DO LOVE YOU)

Words by
STANLEY J DAMERELL

Tune Uke G C E A

Music by
TOLCHARD EVANS

Tempo di Valse

Piano

Musical notation for the piano introduction, featuring a treble and bass clef with a 3/4 time signature. The music is in F major and includes dynamic markings such as *f* and *sf*.



Key F | d :d :- d | s :s :-s | t, :t, :-t, | s :- :- | s ,f :m :r | s ,f :m :r |

Musical notation for the first vocal line, including lyrics and a key signature diagram for F major.

Sweet-hearts have strange ways of tell-ing their love Some say it with flow'rs and some with
Whist-ling their lay till the wed-ding bells ring Mel-o-dy will keep them ev-er

Piano accompaniment for the first verse, showing the left and right hand parts with dynamic markings like *mf*.



||m :d :- | - :- : | d :d :- d | s :s :-s | t, :t, :-t, | s :- :- |

Musical notation for the second vocal line, including lyrics and a key signature diagram for F major.

mu-sic I know two lov-ers who've found a - new way
lov-ing When he pro-po-ses he'll whis-tle his plea

Piano accompaniment for the second verse, showing the left and right hand parts with dynamic markings like *mf*.



||s ,f :m :r | s ,f :m :r | d :- :- | - :- : | d | m :m :-m | fe :- :m ,fe |

Musical notation for the third vocal line, including lyrics and a key signature diagram for F major.

By just whistling all their hearts would say. So come round with me an-y
She will Bill and Coo and then a - gree And then when they're hap - pi-ly

Piano accompaniment for the third verse, showing the left and right hand parts with dynamic markings like *mf*.

World Radio History

ev - 'ning _____ Where those two fond lov - ers stray. _____
 mar - ried _____ They'll still both trill mer - ri - ly. _____

CHORUS (WHISTLE)

Hear him whistle this Re - frain _____ I do love you. Hear her whistle back a -

(WHISTLE)

- gain _____ I love you too Un - der - neath her win - dow he With

heart full of sym - pa - thy, Tells of the joys to be in mel - o - dy

(WHISTLE) *m' ma'r'* :- | s ,f m ,r d ,t | l , :- d' :l ,d' | l , :- d d , ,l | s :- :- ,

Hear him whistle this re - frain I do love you.

(WHISTLE) | l ,s f ,m r ,d | t , :- r' t ,r' | t :- r t ,t | l :- :- | s ,l s ,f m ,r |

Hear her whistle once a - gain I love you too! Just a lov - ers sym - pho -

ny Ev - 'ry note in har - mon - y The moon a - bove

(WHISTLE)

That's love! love!

fz D.C.

8

World Radio History



Nora Williams, "The Nightingale of Jazz."

EVERYTHING'S happened to Nora Williams, famous whistling song-and-dance girl . . . married and widowed before she was twenty . . . left for dead after an operation . . . taken for a ride by gangsters . . . wooed by the cream of British aristocracy. . .

Everything's happened to Nora.

In a flat high above Marble Arch, London, I fell under the spell of the liveliest, friendliest smile in the song-and-dance world; was cheered by one of the gayest, most unassuming, vital personalities that America has sent us.

Now, Nora, as you know, is a top-line vaudeville and radio attraction, both here and in America. The story of the events that have led to this happy position amazed even me, used as I am to hearing stories of such struggles.

"Yes, my life's been pretty tough," Nora told me, "but I believe that everything in a person's life has a purpose. Nothing is wasted.

"When I was fifteen I ran away from school—not to go on the stage, though. That's the usual racket. I was different. I ran away to get married. Within eighteen months I had a child, and a few months later I was a widow. That was a pretty tough start.

Nora does a "Crock"!

"So I had to look round for work. A friend of mine was trying for an audition one day, and she suggested I should come along with her. I'd done a good bit of singing in an amateur way, parties and concerts and so forth, so I thought I'd try my luck.

"Well, I got a three-days' job—two shows a day—at a joint called the Maryyunk Variety Hall, in Philadelphia. Five dollars a day."

Nora grinned at the memory.

"Boy, you should have got a load of my make-up when I made my first appearance. My face was covered with powder—dead white, with red blotches on the cheeks and thick blue under the eyes. I must have looked like Grock!

"Amazingly enough I got away with it, and was a success. So much so that I was told I'd have to sing an extra song on the first evening. I only knew three songs! So I learned an extra one on the subway, going home to tea. That was fast moving."

That was a start, but for a long while Nora couldn't get another job. Things became desperate. She couldn't pay her rent and her landlady held her few possessions as security.

"I got to the point when I only had sixpence in the world," Nora told me, "and then I got a chance of a job. But I hadn't a gown to wear. Necessity makes you desperate, so I walked into a gown shop and there I met my fairy godmother—and how!

SHE'S NOT THE 'PRIMA DONNA of JAZZ,' SHE'S——

"PICCOLO PETE"!

In this sparkling interview NORA WILLIAMS, Whistling Comedy Girl of Radio and Variety, tells HORACE RICHARDS some of her amazing adventures.

"The owner of the gown shop was a woman called Irene Esmond. 'Listen,' I said, 'I'm flat broke and I want to borrow a gown and some slippers. You'll have to trust me.' That Good Samaritan took a chance. She loaned me a swell gown and gold slippers, gave me a meal—the first I'd had for two days—and lent me enough money to pay my landlady.

"Irene's in California now. But I'll never forget her. If ever a woman helped to make a person's career it was Irene. Bless her!"

From that moment things began to look up for Nora. She began to get jobs, and big money, singing in night clubs. She became a star attraction.

It was in a club in New Jersey that she unwittingly became mixed up with gangsters. One night she came out of the club and found four men and a huge car waiting outside.

One of the men spoke to her.

"Hallo, Honey, we're seeing you home!"

Taken for a Ride.

"Oh, no, you're not," replied Nora. But you can't argue with gangsters.

Then began what Nora realised was a death-ride. Two separate gangs used that club. Naturally, Nora had to be polite to both gangs, and one of them, "Waxy" Gordon's mob, decided that she was a "stool-pigeon." (N.B. A person who carries information.)

In Gangsterland there's only one treatment for a stool-pigeon. Putting on the spot. So Nora was take for a ride.

"I've never been so scared in my life," Nora confessed. "But I saw I'd nothing to lose, so I talked to them in their own language and convinced them that I was at the club to sing and wasn't interested in gang politics.

"Three of the gangsters gave me the benefit of the doubt and out-voted a tough baby who

wanted to finish me off quick. Eventually, they turned me out of the car, and I had to get home the best way I could.

"That decided me. I saw I'd have to get out of the club atmosphere before it 'got' me. So when I had a chance to join up with Dave Apollon's Sorenaders I took it. With Dave's band I eventually came to England.

"I went back to America with Dave's act. Then we returned, and I decided to stay. And here I am."

Nora wants to make her home here for good. Soon she's taking over part control of the Cossack Club in London, so that she'll have a permanent interest in this country.

"England's swell," she told me. "It's quiet and peaceful. I like the people, and I like the audiences. I'd love to do a show here."

Why She Can Whistle.

It was an accident when she was a kid that gave Nora the ability to whistle so amazingly. You all know her whistle; it gives her act a novel twist.

"I fell and bit my tongue," Nora told me. "It was nearly severed, and when it healed there was a small rough lump. Here, feel it. From then on I found I could whistle anything. Now do you see what I mean when I swear that everything happens with a purpose?"

Nearly nine years ago someone wrote a song. He took it to Nora, sang it over and said:

"What do you think of it?"

Nora looked it over and replied:

"It's good, but here's how I'd do it."

Two nights later she put it in her act; within a week nearly every band in America was featuring it; and since, she has had to sing it every time she has done her act.

It's the tune she can't get away from. It's "Piccolo Pete."

"They never used to bill my name," Nora told me. "They just used to bill me as Piccolo Pete, and everyone knew who it was. Now they call me the 'Nightingale of Jazz,' and sometimes, oh, heck, they even call me the 'Prima Donna of Jazz!'"

"Prima Donna! It makes me laugh! Piccolo Pete's my real description."

Back from the Dead.

You'd like Piccolo Pete. She's tall, well-built and handsome. She talks in raucy, picturesque Americanese. Wise-cracks amusingly, and has a stimulating, generous laugh. She's a grand mixer, likes parties and people, but likes still better to get into the country in old clothes with a box of sandwiches.

"I'm tired of night-club life," she admitted. "I know it all—the gay side and the seamy side. I go into a night club now and I look round and say 'What's all this for? The lights, the noise, the tinsel. What do they all mean?'"

And to Nora the answer's "nothing." That's why she's buying a house-boat on the river for the summer.

A few years back she had a serious operation and was given up for dead. She was actually laid out to be taken to the mortuary, when she re-flickered, and she came back from the dead. This experience was the strangest in the series of remarkable experiences that has made of Nora's life.

Those experiences have not toughened her. They've made her wise, humane, sympathetic. They've made her an artiste. . . .



Here's "Piccolo Pete" putting over a red-hot broadcast in her usual gay style.

THAT HANDSOME ACCORDION MAN

COMEDY SONG FOX-TROT

Written and Composed by

BOX, COX and KNOX

Piano

Chords: F, C, C+, F, C, D7, G7, C

Dynamic markings: *fz*, *fz*, *ffz*

Key C

Chords: C7, F, FMI, C

1. Ot to the mu - sic man, plays an Ac - cor - di - on, For him the la -
 2. Lo - la the Flo - ren - tine, she was a Cir - cus Queen, She thought Herr Ot -
 3. Beu - lah from Bu - da - pest all in her dia - monds dressed, He thought a cap -

Dynamic marking: *mf*

Chords: D7, G7, C, C7

(SHOUT)

- dies all fall, OH! He is so tall — you see,
 - to su blime, OH! High up on her — tra - peze,
 - ture she'd be, OH! Told her with - out — her wealth,

Dynamic markings: *ffz*, *f*

*Symbols for Piano Accordion and Guitar
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F Fm1 C D7 G7 C G7 (SHOUT)

Ti - na so short - is she, She can't kiss Ot - to at all, OH!
 she'd say "Do Ot - to, please, Come up, and see - me some - time, OH!"
 he'd love her for - her - self, She said "Why you're tell - ing me!" OH!

CHORUS

C F C F C

THAT HANDSOME ACCOR - DI - ON MAN, THAT HANDSOME ACCOR - DI - ON MAN,

F C C+ F C

The Mu - sic Box he squeezes - The la - dies all he pleases, THAT HANDSOME ACCOR -

B7 E Em1 G7 C F C

- DI - ON MAN, His dark gyp - sy eyes - all a - blaze, He's

F DMI E F C C+ F

real-ly be - come all the craze The la - dies all a - dore him - And how they all en -

C D7 G7

core him - THAT HANDSOME AC - COR - DI - ON MAN. THAT MAN.

1 Optional Symbols C [c G9 c G9 c] D7 G+ 2 C

4
Lena from Hungary, pretty but mercenary,
Love in his heart thought to stir, OH!
She tried his cash to win, but being very thin
Otto could see right through her, OH!
Chorus

5
Gretal from Switzerland, to win young Otto planned,
She didn't do things by halves, OH!
Showed him her farm and ploughs, showed him her herd of cows,
She also showed him her calves, OH!
Chorus

6
Pola from Poland she thought in his band she'd be.
Counted her chickens too soon, OH!
Pola he wished goodbye, she didn't sit and sigh
At him she blew her Bassoon, OH!
Chorus

7
Cora from fair Kashmir, she was a cute cashier,
In a swell Barbers was she, OH!
He said "My hair you'll wave," she said, "Go'n get a shave"
You'll get no change out of me, OH!
Chorus

8
Gretchen from Amsterdam, she was a plump madam,
She wouldn't answer his call, OH!
Forty around the waist, he found his love misplaced
Couldn't get round her at all, OH!
Chorus

9
Fifi from Gay Paree, fell for his harmony,
He got her going somehow, OH!
Olga from Leningrad, said "He's a real bad lad, -
Love's 'em, and leaves 'em, and how!" OH!
Chorus

10
Rosa from old Madrid, for him she made a bid,
Under the moon they would sit OH!
And I have heard it said, very soon they were wed,
Rosa had got lots of IT - OH!
Chorus

LEW STONE'S STORY CONTINUED

"I'M FLUNG INTO THE LIMELIGHT!"

How Lew Went from Denmark Street to the Monseigneur as told to

—H. W. SHIRLEY LONG—

FOR a while life was difficult, for to become in demand as an arranger takes time. Then, snowball-like, one's reputation grows bigger and bigger. Work pours in.

That is what happened to me, I am glad to say. After a few rather uncertain months I saw that my gamble had come home a winner. Soon I had to open an office to cope with the work that was coming my way from band-leaders and publishers. I took one in Denmark Street, in the heart of the jazz world of London. There I found myself working eighteen hours a day.

My work was being used by all the leading radio bands and recording outfits. I was one of those "first stage" men that I have told you about; everybody in the profession knew me, and the public was hearing my work nightly, but to the outside world I was quite unknown. I was one of the mystery men of dance music, moving behind the scenes.

It was, I think, the arrangements that I did for Ambrose that really put me in the top flight of arrangers. Anyway, Ambrose gave me a retaining fee to do orchestrations for his Embassy band, and I provided about half of all his arrangements for a long while.

I loved that work, and was quite happy to be an unknown, behind-the-scenes man. I was also offered the job of musical director to the British and Dominion Film Studio.

So for a year or two I was in the thick of things. In fact, too much so, for I attempted



A happy picture of Lew Stone, with three of the boys who play in his band. From left to right, Joe Crossman, "ace" saxophonist, Albert Harris, youthful guitar expert, and Alf Noakes, a trumpet star.

to do too much work, and I found myself faced with a nervous breakdown through overwork.

You see, eighteen hours a day meant little sleep, and that is where I acquired the habit of going to bed at four a.m. and starting work again at about ten next morning. Everything else in those days had given place to work, including my Saturday afternoon football.

Then came, by chance, a new turn in my affairs. Five years ago a band-leader named Roy Fox arrived from California, and decided to stay in London and form an all-British band. He was put in touch with me about the project. The upshot was that I joined Fox as pianist and arranger when he was given the job of providing the dance band at the new Monseigneur Restaurant, off Piccadilly Circus.

Once more I was back on the band platform in a West End night-spot—back, too, at the microphone for radio broadcasts. At this time I tried to take my long-promised rest from all outside arranging, but after a while I discovered that this was going to be impossible. The popularity of Roy Fox's Monseigneur band increased the demand for my own arrangements, and again I was completely snowed under with work.

Then another crossroads appeared in sight for me, and another decision was necessary.

You may remember that owing to illness Roy

Fox had to go abroad for eight months, so I was entrusted with the leadership of his Monseigneur band for him. Through our weekly broadcasts we began to attract a following. At this point I began to make the jump from stage one of dance-band fame to stage two.

The news that I was leading the Monseigneur band got around and about. It was announced in the newspapers. I found that the "bookers" were taking notice of me. Then, all of a sudden, I was flung up into the limelight.

Roy Fox returned from abroad, stayed a while, and then left the Monseigneur. To my surprise and horror I was offered his post of band-leader and musical director.

Then in a hectic few days Lew Stone's Monseigneur band was formed. I woke up one day, to find myself a West End band-leader. A little later I woke up, after the first night that we had gone on the air, to find that I was pretty nearly famous. . . .

Stage three had swiftly overtaken me.

That Monseigneur band created a lot of sensation in those days. First there was a terrific discussion in the profession when it was announced that Joe Crossman was joining me.

You may remember that Joe and I met in Bert Ralton's band in our early days. A few years later we met again and became friends.

Joe was leading saxophonist in Ambrose's orchestra. He had reached the top of the tree. He had a big job, a big salary, plenty of work, a great reputation. Joe, as a member of the Ambrose outfit, was made. He was one of the most envied men in Tin Pan Alley.

Then he threw that all up to cast in his lot with a new and comparatively unknown band.

We soon had a team of stars in those Monseigneur days. Bill Harty, who came along as deputy drummer in the very first band that I joined, was with us. Then Al Bowly, front-rank crooner, stayed with us. Nat Gonella, hot trumpeter, was there, and Joe Ferie, and Tiny Winters, the smallest man who played the biggest instrument, the double bass.

Because of the enormous popularity of my version of "Oh, Mona!" in the Roy Fox days we made it our new signature tune.

And so for a couple of years we stayed at the Monseigneur, making thousands of friends all over the country. Before I pass on to later events and changes I should like to tell you about some of our friends and fans. I do so because it is they who make one's life worth while in this business of being a band-leader.

Next Week: Lew Stone concludes his series with some fascinating and dramatic stories of his fans.

SEASIDE STARS. NO. 2 FRANK GOMEZ

ONE of the best-known and most attractive radio bands playing along the coast is the municipal orchestra at Whitby, conductor and musical director, Frank Gomez.

Frank is just embarking on his tenth year of regular broadcasting, has done 133 "air appearances" and is scheduled for another dozen this summer. Frank has been thirteen years at Whitby, which is up among the records for length of service. His is the oldest radio combination outside London.

Next to the air and cliffs, Frank is Whitby's biggest attraction. Likes the place himself and has just taken a house there.

Gomez is a straight musician, but he knows exactly how to cater for seaside holiday crowds. People go to Whitby just to see his orchestra in person after hearing it on the air. He has the trick of mixing musical comedy, ballads and songs with opera and orchestral suites in the right proportion.

Clarinet player and composer himself. Most popular composition is "Climbing the Abbey Steps at Whitby." Says that it has as many encores as there are Abbey steps—199.

Frank was trained at the Paris Conservatoire, and when he was only seventeen he played in the Queen's Hall "Proms." Very extensive experience after that. Has conducted grand opera, musical comedy, symphony orchestras, theatre orchestras, film bands and seaside pier bands.

Whitby must be one of the smallest seaside places to boast of having a municipal orchestra. The orchestra is small, too, eighteen in number, but experts rate it highly. Most of the players are Hallé or Hastings orchestra men.

Frank Gomez is a great collector of music. In his office in Whitby Spa he has amassed a collection that is carefully recorded and filed. This musical library is insured for over £2,000, but actually it is irreplaceable. Lots of the music is stuff that Gomez himself has searched out all over Europe. There are hundreds of his own arrangements as well. It has taken twenty years to assemble.

Frank Gomez is young, dark, good-looking. Is a member of the famous Savage Club, and has now branched out by opening his own theatrical and concert agency.

H. W. S. L.



FAMOUS SONGS THAT WILL NEVER DIE

Mary of Argyll



NELSON

Moderato.



p *mf*

KEY F



I have heard the ma-vis sing-ing His love song to the morn; I have
Tho' thy voice may lose its sweetness And thine eye its bright-ness too, Tho' thy



seen the dew-drop cling-ing To the rose just new-ly born. But a
step may lack its fleet-ness, And thy hair its sun-ny hue, Still to



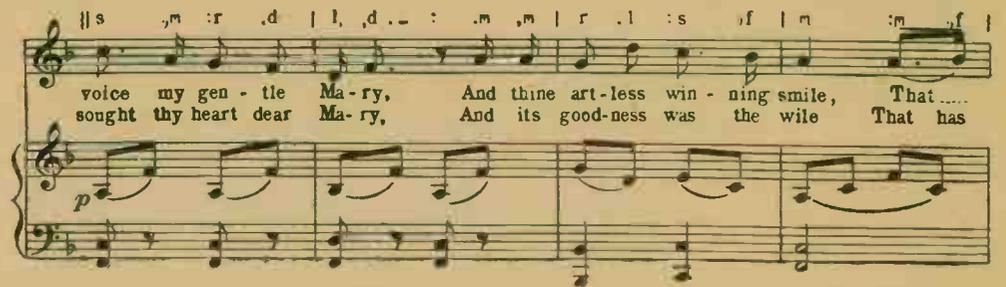
sweet-er song has cheered me At the eve-ning's gen-tle close, And I've
me wilt thou be dear-er, Than all the world shall own, I have

cres. *p*



seen an eye still bright-er Than the dew-drop on the rose, 'Twas thy
loved thee for thy beau-ty But not for that a-lone I have

ad. *



voice my gen-tle Ma-ry, And thine art-less win-ning smile, That
sought thy heart dear Ma-ry, And its good-ness was the wife That has

p



made this world an E-den, Bon-ny Ma-ry of Ar-gyll.
made thee mine for e-ver, Bon-ny Ma-ry of Ar-gyll.

f *p*

D.C.

OUR SPECIAL SONG SUPPLEMENT

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY



Old English

Andante.

p

KEY C.

|| 1 | s , d' : d' . t , d' : f' . r' | d' : t : d' | l : - s : f . m . r |

Of all the girls that are so smart... There's none like pret-ty

|| d . d' : - . s | s , d' : d' . t , d' : f' . r' | d' : t : d' | l : - s : f . m . r |

Sally, She is the darl- ing of my heart, And lives in our.....

|| d . d' : - . s | s , d' : d' . t , d' : f' . r' | d' : t : d' | l : - s : f . m . r |

al-loy; There is no la- dy in the land That's half... so sweet as

|| t . r' : - . s : f . m | s : d : f' . r' | d' : t : d' : t | l : - s : f . m . r |

Sal-ly, She is the darl- ing of my heart, And... lives.. in our.....

|| d . d' : - . s | s , d' : d' . t , d' : f' . r' | d' : t : d' | l : - s : f . m . r |

al-loy.

mf

Of all the days within the week
I dearly love but one day;
And that's the day that comes between
The Saturday and Monday:
Oh, then I'm dressed in all my best,
To walk abroad with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbours all
Make game of me and Sally,
And but for her I'd rather be
A slave and row a galley.
But when my seven long years are out,
Oh, then I'll marry Sally;
And then how happily we'll live!
But not in our alley.

NEXT WEEK: SONGS OF ROMANCE

Believe Me if All Those Endearing Young Charms

TRADITIONAL



Andantino.

Musical notation for the piano accompaniment of the first system, marked *Andantino* and *p*.

KEY F

Musical notation for the first system of the vocal line, including the lyrics: "Be - lieve me, if all those en - dear - ing young charms Which I It is not while beau - ty and youth are thine own, And thy".

Musical notation for the second system of the vocal line, including the lyrics: "gaze on so fond - ly to - day, Were to change by to - mor - row and cheeks un - pro - faned by a tear That the fer - vour and faith of a".

Musical notation for the first system of the piano accompaniment, including the lyrics: "fleet in my arms Like fair - y gifts fa - ding a - way, Thou would'st soul can be known, To which time will but make thee more dear No the".

Musical notation for the second system of the piano accompaniment, including the lyrics: "still be a - dored as this mo - ment thou art, Let thy love - li - ness fade as it heart that has tru - ly loved nev - er for - gets, But as tru - ly loves on to the".

Musical notation for the third system of the piano accompaniment, including the lyrics: "will, And a - round the dear ru - in each wish of my heart Would en - close, As the sun - flow - er turns on her god when he sets, The same".

Musical notation for the fourth system of the piano accompaniment, including the lyrics: "twine it - self ver - dant - ly still, look which she turned when he rose".

1st Verse | 2nd Verse

D.S.

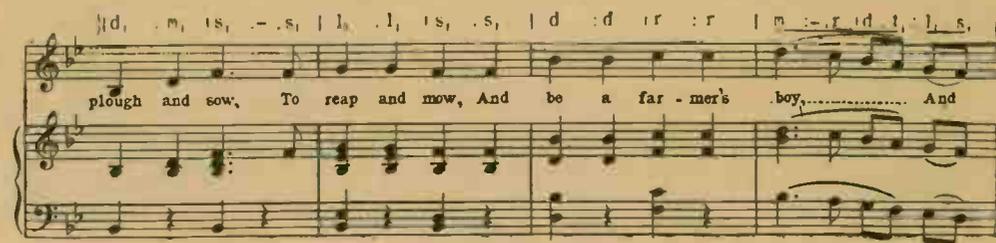
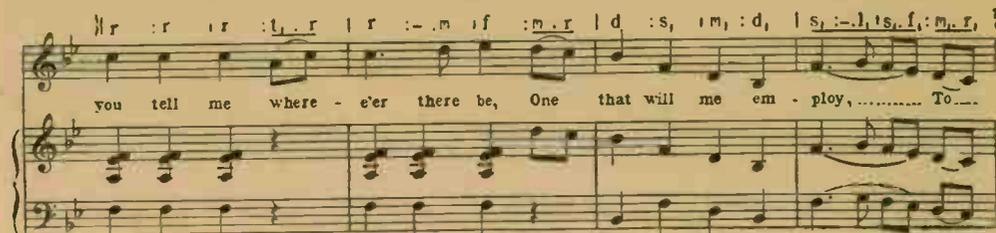
SONGS TO REACH THE HEART



Moderato.



KEY Bb.



My father's dead my mother is left
 With five children large and small,
 And what is worse for my mother still,
 I'm the biggest of them all.
 Though little I am I would labour hard,
 If I could get employ,
 To plough and sow,
 To reap and mow, and be a farmer's boy,
 And be a farmer's boy.

And if that you no boy do want
 One favour I've to ask,
 If you'll shelter me till break of day,
 From this cold winter's blast.
 At the break of day I will haste away,
 Elsewhere to seek employ.
 To plough and sow,
 To reap and mow, and be a farmer's boy,
 And be a farmer's boy.

The farmer's wife cried, "Try the lad,
 Let him no longer seek!"
 "Yes, father do," the daughter cried,
 While the tears roll'd down her cheek,
 "For those who would work, it's hard to want,
 And wander for employ,
 Don't let him go,
 But let him stay, and be a farmer's boy,
 And be a farmer's boy."

The farmer's boy grew up a man
 And the good old couple died,
 They left the lad the farm they had,
 And the daughter for his bride.
 Now the lad which was and the farm now has,
 Often thinks and smiles with joy
 And will bless the day
 He came that way to be a farmer's boy,
 To be a farmer's boy.

THE SONG and DANCE PARADE

CARLYLE COUSINS' THEME-SONG :: RUTH ETTING'S FAREWELL

LADIES and gentlemen, we beg to announce that we are now members of the Carlyle Cousins' Glee Club.

It happened recently in an Essex inn, between stoups of good old English ale. After "Trissie" had entrancingly sung "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" in our ears, to the delight of nearby rustics, the girls suddenly struck up a harmony version of "Wee Mary MacIntosh."

Here are the words:

"Wee Mary MacIntosh, oh, will ye marry me?
Wee Mary MacIntosh, we're oot upon the spree,
The winter-time is coming,
With rain and hail and snow,
But we'll be a MacIntosh,
And keep the rain awa'.
OOOOHHHHH!"

We learned the tune, and soon the whole bar was ringing with "Wee Mary MacIntosh."

Credit "The Carlyles'" Mother!

Now, here's the story. At an impromptu concert at home the Carlyles' sweet Scottish mother was suddenly called upon for a turn.

In desperation she sang "Wee Mary MacIntosh." Whereupon the Harmony Queens slightly re-arranged the words and adopted it as their "off-duty" theme song.

Wherever you hear this song sung you may depend that the Carlyle Cousins have been. In Wolverhampton recently the girls were passing a hostelry, when they heard the strains of their anthem.

They looked in and found a man singing it mournfully to himself. It was a friend of theirs whom they hadn't seen for a long while. All their friends know it.

Exclusive Offer!

We no longer send in our card at a theatre at which Trissie, Lilian and Helen are appearing. Instead, we walk back-stage singing "Wee Mary, etc.," in our ever-so-slightly Crosbyish tones. It's a passport. . . .

Here's an offer to "P.M." readers. Learn the words and recite them next time you see the Carlyle Cousins. If they like you they will teach you the tune, and you'll be initiated into the Inner Circle.

What's Her Name?

In between doing his own job, working up his Jubilee Prodigy Symphony Orchestra, getting together a Girls' Accordion Band numbering a hundred and fifty, and entering for every news-



The inimitable Chevalier, who has sung, danced and smiled his way to international popularity. Now appearing in "Stop Press" at the Adelphi Theatre, London.

paper tennis tournament, Teddy Joyce has found time to fall in love.

At least, if he doesn't actually admit it, he doesn't deny it. And he confesses that the lady in question is a very famous film star, blonde and British.

But he wouldn't let us see her photo. Two years ago he told us that he'd probably find a wife in England; "but not till I've got a quarter of a million bucks salted away!" he said.

We're hot on the trail of her name.

Youthful Conductor.

Meanwhile, Teddy is full of his "protégé band," which is billed as the youngest and biggest band in the country. The conductor is Stanley Rawlings. We met him at Tony's Ball-room, Birmingham, last autumn, where he was appearing with the "Red Aces" Band.

We found Stanley a personable young man, with a good singing voice and the ability to play several instruments.

Teddy Joyce has given him a break which should put him far up the ladder. "I'd back this band against my own or any other star band for sheer entertainment," Teddy insisted. "Fourteen-year-old Stanley is a swell kid and a real find."

As for Stanley, he says nothing, but merely smiles and re-Joyces!



Lovely Dawn Davis, a favourite croonette, who is now having a big success on the music-halls.

A Couple of Racers.

Editor Jack Payne has been doing a little buying, and he is now the proud owner of a racehorse and an airplane.

The horse—meet Fortress II—is a five-year-old steeplechasing mare, and Jack has been exercising her in Sussex. Fortress II came third in her first race at Brighton. All Jack Payne's boys are putting their shirts on his horse on her next run-out. Guess we'll be investing a bob or so, too!

There's another race we'll have an interest in, too. Jack's new Miles-Hawk 'plane is entered for this year's King's Cup race, and will be piloted by Flight-Lieut. Tommy Rose. Tommy came second in the race last year.

Torch-Singer Retires.

The records and short films of America's famous "torch-singer," Ruth Etting, are popular over here. But we may be getting the last of them very soon. For Ruth Etting, lovely and successful song star, has announced that she is retiring at the height of her fame.

It takes wisdom and strength of mind to quit the great game when you are at the top and earning the big money.

Ruth told our New York scout that she has been saving for this for fifteen years. She started as a night-club singer, and to-day is one of America's biggest radio and record attractions. She has a big following over here, too.

Ziegfeld Star.

Ruth has always been a bit of a curiosity in show business. No matter how high her income—and she was one of Ziegfeld's top-line stars—Ruth always lived in a modest hotel, drove a small car, and made a lot of her own clothes.

Radio, pictures and records have made Ruth a comfortable fortune. She intends to spend it travelling round the world. Maybe she'll make a farewell tour. Or several.

Tunes They Like.

Young Douglas Reeve, organist of the Regal Cinema, Golders Green, recently asked his audiences to send him in request slips, stating what tunes they would like him to play. Choice offered was wide and not confined to current hits.

From the votes Reeve selected seven most requested tunes: "In Town To-night" (Eric Coates' "Knightsbridge March"); "Serenade Number One"; "Tiger Rag"; "In a Persian Market"; "She Wore a Little Jacket of Blue"; "I'll See You Again" ("Bitter Sweet" Waltz); "Poet and Peasant."

The Call Boys.



An artist's impression of the Carlyle Cousins, favourite radio and vaudeville Harmony Trio.

I SHRUG MY SHOULDERS

Words & Music by

Tune Uke G.C.E.A

TERRY SULLIVAN

Moderato

PIANO *mf*

Musical notation for the piano introduction, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef) with chords and melodic lines. The tempo is marked 'Moderato' and the dynamic is 'mf'.

KEY C

||s , f | m :m id ,r .m ,d | f :f ir :m ,f | s ,d' :l ,f im :r |

I've a nas - ty tem - per, but I'm proud to say, I can keep it un - der good con -
 Tho' I keep my tem - per un - der strict con - trol, Pro - vo - ca - tion of - ten tries me

Musical notation for the first line of the song, including a guitar chord diagram for KEY C and a rhythmic notation line above the vocal line. The piano accompaniment is shown in two staves below the vocal line.

||s :- l- :- s | m :m id ,r :m ,d | f ,s :f ,m ir :m ,f |

trol..... I'm ov - er - joyed, because I nev - er get an - noyed, It must
 hard..... It tries me so, it's put - ting years on me, I know, I've to

Musical notation for the second line of the song, including a guitar chord diagram and a rhythmic notation line above the vocal line. The piano accompaniment is shown in two staves below the vocal line.

||s ,d' :l ,f im :r | d :- l- :f ,s | l :l | f :l |

be a gift up - on my soul..... When they try to up - set
 be for - ev - er on my guard..... Tho' at times it proves a

Musical notation for the third line of the song, including a guitar chord diagram and a rhythmic notation line above the vocal line. The piano accompaniment is shown in two staves below the vocal line.

||s :- | - :d ,r | m :d lr :m | s :- | - ||

me Then my self con - trol you'll see.....
 strain, And I feel like rais - ing cain.....

||s ,f || m :m | d ,r :m ,d | f :f | r ,m :f ,r |

Oh! I shrug my should - ers while my tem - per smould - ers and I

||s :d' ,l | m :r | s - | - :s ,f | m :m | d ,r :m ,d |

sigh like the eve - ning breeze..... Then I stut, stut, stut - ter, and I

||f :f | r ,m :f ,r | s :d' ,f | m :r | d :- | - :d ,d |

mut, mut, mut - ter, Then to stead - y my nerves I sneeze..... * When the

wife keeps say - ing, "Dear ma - ma is stay - ing," Tho' the stairs I'd like to

grease..... Oh! I shrug my should-ers while my tem - per smould-ers, and I

shake till I knock my knees..... Oh! I knees.....

*** EXTRA COUPLETS**

When the tax-collector and his chief inspector,
Buzz around like bumble - bees.

If a motor hits me where my new suit fits me,
And I can't sit down with ease.

Then I'd like to hand it to the modern bandit
When my car he tries to seize.

When the wife who's bonny, says, "Massage me, Johnny,
I'm so fat it makes me wheeze?"

When a country maiden says "I'm sorely laden,
Will you see me safe home please?"



Blackpool's Amazing Contest Billy Cotton's Busy Day Les Allen in Demand

FIRST National "Jazz Band" Contest to be held in this country being staged at Blackpool next week (June 22). And not a saxophone or trumpet in any band... all the instruments are those "kazoo" things. We called them "musical submarines" at school.

Blackpool expects about twenty teams and some 2,000 people for the event. "Jazz bands" have shot up in favour in the past few years. Movement started with teams of unemployed men. Tyneside a particular pioneer. These "kazoo" bands make surprising music, too.

Aileen Stanley is the godmother of Lawrence Wright's little daughter.

Large-hearted Eddie Cantor! Story just revealed that when over here he enriched the funds of a troop of Battersea Boy Scouts by £25.

Marlene Dietrich is to play the violin again. Years ago La Belle Dietrich trained to become a concert violinist. Accident injured wrist and put a stop to that. After ten years of daily treatment Marlene's wrist is now flexible again. She has started violin practice once more.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN, publicity-man—"The Call Boys" introduced him a week or so back—is taking singing lessons under Maurice Elwin. Object, radio crooning. And we used to be friends of that boy!

Gladys Merredew, recently televised, and scheduled for Hastings this summer, is married to Bernard Lee, ex-song-and-dance juvenile, now rising dramatic actor, recently starring in "The Shadow Man" at Piccadilly Theatre, London.

Laurie Devine, known as "The Television Ballerina," once worked in a Sydney circus as a contortionist. Nothing like "contortioning" to give the body that elastic feeling.

On Wednesday, June 26th, Billy Cotton and his boys won't be getting much sleep! Due to play at the Wadham College Commemoration Dance, at Oxford. Starts at 10 p.m. and finishes at 6 a.m. Just eight hours' work sandwiched between his ordinary shows!

From advertising to song-and-dance world was the happy jump of Charles Tovey. Used to do his job by day and write numbers by night. But couldn't sell 'em.

Then Charles had a brain-wave. He sent some melodies to Bruce Sivier. Bruce liked them, and the result was "I'm Your Slave" and "Lazin'." Then Charles joined the firm of Lawrence Wright. Now he is on the road with Nora Williams, as her pianist.

There is a nation-wide drive by the Rhythm Clubs in progress. L. W. G. Wilson is the publicity force behind the drive. Members welcome. Address, Tallis House, London, E.C.4.

THREE film companies are falling over themselves to get the services of Les Allen. Hollywood is calling. Maybe he'll go in the autumn. But he'll come back.



Smiling Charles Tovey, composer of "I'm Your Slave" and "Lazin'," and (right) Felix Mendelssohn who may soon become known as a radio crooner.

If you're "lunching" Hildegard, don't offer her cheese. It rates high in her list of "hates."

Our "Bee" Lillie plays the piano. Yes, sir; but only with two fingers.



"Dick," stage-doorkeeper at Highborn Empire, London, has been on duty for nearly twenty years. Hasn't seen complete show all that time. Knows all the stars. His favourite is Ella Shields.

FAMOUS band-leader heard of two boys who were swell trumpet-players. Went to hear and was amazed. Decided to sign them up and arranged audition. Boys gave a great performance. Leader tried them out on the stand. Found that neither could read a note of music! Boys learned their stuff from records. . . . Exit.

Don Stutely, bassist with Maurice Winnick's San Marco band, owns a farm in Buckinghamshire.



Pamela Ostrer, rising young British film-star, fills in some odd moments between "shots" at her pet hobby—music!

.....LINE-UPS.....

MRS. JACK HYLTON'S BAND
SAXES: Ken Gray and Jock Scott (alto, baritone and clarinet), Henning Anderson (tenor, clarinet, flute), John Bristol (tenor, piano and flute).
BRASS: Don Binney (trombone), Jack Parfitt (trumpet and vocalist), Chick Smith (trumpet), Harry Mayfield (trumpet and guitar).
STRING: George Hurley (violin).
RHYTHM: Len Edwards (piano), Leslie Brian (piano and vocalist), Alec Morris (guitar, banjo and vocalist), Lee Street (bass and drummer), Lew Stevenson (drums, etc.), Herbert Kirby (bass and saxophone).

Rudy Vallie receiving thirty thousand dollars guarantee for playing two weeks with his band at Canadian National Exposition, opening August 23rd. Plus percentage.

SIGNATURE of Eddie Duchin, American maestro, is Chopin's (pronounced Show-pan) Nocturne in Eb. So what?

Equestrian: Tiny ("I Ain't Got Nobody") Winters, Lew Stone Band.

Gipsy Nina sings in nine languages—but not at the same time!

Ida Santarelli, broadcasting recently with her Ladies of Spain, is graduate of the Paris Conservatoire. Was leading orchestra in Parisian cafe one day when a woman dashed in, stabbed a man, then herself.

Albert Harris, guitarist with Lew Stone's band, was once the pianist with Al Berlin's band.

THERE'S a street entertainer around London who stands to attention, whistles our National Anthem at the conclusion of each performance. Whistles it better than we've heard some bands play it, too.

Bad Flanagan plays saxophone as well as composing.

Sign of the times. Three boys in Joe Loss' band have bought new cars within past two months.



Reginald King, light-music man, has a spot of bother with his car.

"Because I was such a darned rotten fiddle-player" is Ken Harvey's explanation of how he came to take up the banjo. First 'jo he owned was bought from neighbour for four dollars; looked like a frying-pan. Case in which it reposed cost twelve dollars.

Note for Feminine Fans: I notice that "POPPY'S PAPER" is printing dance-music . . . "hit" numbers like "Tina" and "Sarawaki." The paper is packed with good fiction, too, and is a sparkling twopennyworth.

Recording Needle

...CLEAN FUN DEPARTMENT...

BILLY COTTON tells this one about the band-leader at a rehearsal who caught one of his boys chewing gum. Leader blew up and gave the offender plenty. To finish up he yelled: "And anyway, if you must chew gum, chew in tempo. . . ."

New success by the composer of "THE KING'S HORSES" "THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT A SOLDIER" etc. etc.

MEET THE NAVY

Words and Music by

Tune Uke in C
G C E A

NOEL GAY

Allegro moderato

Key F

1. You may sing a - bout a Fu - si - lier, A - bout a Bom - bar - dier, Or a Gren - a - dier,
 2. You may meet them in Aus - tra - li - ah, Or in Af - ri - cah, Or in In - di - ah

But go down to Ply - mouth Hoe, Or up to Sca - pa - Flow. These are the
 But where - ev - er there's a sea You'll find a bold A. B. Soon as you

gen - tle - men you ought to know
 meet them you'll a - gree with me:—

*Symbols for Guitar & Banjo

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CHORUS



|| s, :d :d ld :- :m | s :- : - ld :- :t, | l, :r :r lr :- :f | l :- : - lr :- :d }

If ev-er you want to be in some jol-ly good com - pa - ny, MEET THE



|| t, :- : - ls, :- : - | - :- : ls :- :f | m :- : - ld :- : - | : : | : :s, | s, :d :d ld :- :m }

NA - VY, MEET THE NA - VY. If ev-er you want some



|| s :- : - ld :- :t, | l, :r :r lr :- :r | l :- : - lr :- :d | t, :- : - ls, :- : - }

fun, or there's an - y - thing to be done, MEET THE NA - VY,



|| - :- : - ls :- :f | m :- : - ld :- : - | - :- : ls :- : - | s :f :f, lf :- :f }

MEET THE NA VY. { Oh' look at a Lord High
Where - ev - er you choose to

C7 F F7 D7 Gmi D7

Ad - mi - ral swag - ger - ing down the quay, Oh! look at a lit - tle
 plant your - self, Where - ev - er you chance to roam, In Zu - lu - land, or

Gmi G7 C G7 C7 F

Mid - dy, or a plain A. B. } And if ev - er you want to
 down the Strand, they're quite at home.

A7 Gmi G7 C7

know why the la - dies love 'em so, MEET THE NA - VY,

Dr.

1 F C7 2 F Bb F

Jack a - hoy! If - hoy!

ff *(FINE)*



Mantovani, one of the finest violinists in the country, and a band-leader of ideas!

"I PLAY WHILE YOU EAT!"

SAYS

MANTOVANI

Leader of the famous Tipica Orchestra which has played at the Hollywood, and the Metropole, Cafe de Paris and other well-known London restaurants.

composed of listening and watching men and women. You, the band, are the focus of every eye. You never really see your audience.

In a restaurant, on the other hand, you have a chance to study your audience! In fact, during the pauses and intervals the band becomes something of an audience in itself. You'd be surprised how fascinating it is to watch a big restaurant full of people.

A pair of lovers in one corner, oblivious of the whole world. A quartette of men at another wall table, engrossed in conversation, obviously engaged in an important business deal. Husband and wife; mother with young son and daughter; two girls up for stopping and a matinee . . . a band-leader soon spots the type.

In my time I have watched whole life stories from my chair on the stand. I have seen a young man and girl come in together for the first time. Obviously the first time He had taken Her to lunch. In that stage they might even pay attention to the orchestra.

Next visit the first shyness has worn off and they are very much at ease and more engrossed in each other. And so it goes on, till they sit completely engrossed in each other, and never spare a thought or look for the poor band. She is then wearing a ring.

In my experience, engaged couples pay no attention at all to the music in a restaurant. You would think that "soft lights and sweet music" would be the essential background to romance. Music ought to be a help to love. But no! Engaged couples scarcely ever make a request for a number, hardly ever applaud, and, in general, ignore us.

Well, perhaps we cannot blame them.

Business men, too, have little time for the orchestra. They want to talk. So we can always tell a business lunch by the fact that the lunchers walk over to a table as far away from us as possible.

Business men have been known to complain that the orchestra is playing too loudly, though not to me, because I have very decided views on that subject.

Before I took over my first restaurant job I once had lunch in a West End hotel where the band completely drowned all conversation. That showed me something, and I resolved never to play too loudly.

To my mind there is a definite technique in playing for an "eating" audience. You must keep your volume of sound right, you must choose the right programmes, and then comes the question of one's own personal technique.

I am a fiddler. In playing the violin there is ample opportunity for alleged "showmanship." You know, extravagant gestures,

flourishes and flamboyance generally. I do not believe in that sort of thing. Nor do I believe that a player needs to sacrifice his real skill to showmanship.

Restaurant playing does not call for bad musicianship.

For, in spite of the exceptions that I have just mentioned, a restaurant audience can be very receptive and appreciative. We did not always have to play second fiddle, so to speak, to the noise of knives and forks and conversation. Lots of people are really very keen on the music they hear whilst at dinner and lunch.

We could always make an audience sit up and listen.

We got dozens of requests, and there were always regular folk who made a point of applauding us. We soon got to know our special friends—"the regulars." As soon as they came in we knew that pretty soon we should get a request for their favourite piece. So I usually slipped that particular number on to my music-stand.

Old Favourites Never Die!

One queer thing about a restaurant audience is that they are astonishingly staunch to certain pieces. Our chief request numbers remained constant. That is, of course, apart from the usual requests for the current hit of the period. Individual people, too, never seem to tire of hearing their favourite things.

"Liebestraume," by Liszt, is high in the favour of restaurant audiences. I think we got more requests for that than anything else of its kind. "Torna a Surriento" and "Santa Lucia" are two more heavily requested numbers.

I had a very long run with "Love's Last Word is Spoken, Cherie." To vary things a bit I wrote a piece myself called "Preziosa," and that seemed to establish itself as a standard request from our audience.

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"MY FAVOURITE BAND-LEADER."

As a result of the first week's entries, half-crowns have been awarded to:

Miss Joan Hawthorne, 26, Tettenhall Road, Wolverhampton.

tains melodious unity among his saxophones is exemplary and has won fame for himself and the Casani Club orchestra."

Miss E. Wilson, 55, Norman Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex.

"My favourite band-leader is Henry Hall, because (1) I like his voice, and his looks are uncommon; (2) the programmes he broadcasts are varied; (3) The vocalists in his band are not the type that exaggerate their numbers as some do. They croon and sing sensibly."

G. H. Browne, 96, Cross Lane, Crookes, Sheffield 10.

"My favourite is Lou Preager, because he 'puts the goods' over as a leader and not as a comedian. His numbers are pleasing to the ear. They are played as numbers and not as a jumble of 'stunting' instruments. Last, but not least, they are played in tune."

More half-crowns next week.

THERE are many audiences for a band-leader to-day. Some face the footlights and the hazy blackness of a crowded theatre. Others play unseen in a bare studio to a cold microphone. Others, again, play in the midst of a crowd of dancers.

But I think the strangest audience of all is the one I have played to for some eight years—the restaurant audience.

I have been playing while other people eat.

Lately, of course, I have been facing audiences, in theatres and cinemas, and also the unseen, but biggest audience of all, the listening public, so I am able to compare notes.

On the stage nowadays I face an audience that I can feel is receptive and eager to listen. You get a reaction coming up from the other side of the footlights. You know when a number is going over well. You make an exit to applause—or so I have been fortunate enough to experience so far.

Behind the microphone in a B.B.C. studio you play your music to a piece of apparatus, and for all you know not a soul on earth is hearing it except yourself.

Now, in a big restaurant you can see a pretty big audience, you can hear the hum of conversation, the sound of laughter and the clatter of knives and forks. But about half your audience has its back to you, and scarcely any of it appears to be listening to your music.

On the stage you face a vague but living and moving "blackness" which you know is

Edward J. Owen, 13, High Street, Llanbradach, Caerphilly.

"In my opinion the ace of band-leaders is that celebrated pianist, Charley Kunz. His unique method of rendering piano solos has placed him supreme over such famous pianists as Billy Mayerl and Raie Da Costa. Indeed, the co-operation of his piano, drums and bass emphasises rhythm more vividly than any other band on the air. Again the manner in which he main-

NEXT WEEK'S PROGRAMME OF OLD AND NEW

CHORUS
Key E♭

OH, BA-BY, BA-BY, Some-day ba-by may-be, I'll stop feel-ing blue o-ver you...

OH, BABY, BABY

THERE'S SOME- THING ABOUT A SOLDIER

KEY B♭

There's something a-bout a sol-dier,

♩ C Fdim C G F G F

THE COW, THE FID-DLE, AND THE MOON, With a Hey, did-dle did-dle, There was

THE COW, THE FIDDLE, & THE MOON

THAT OLD EGYPTIAN CAMEL MAN

Oh! we went Miles and Miles and Miles from No-where WITH AN OLDE

2nd time f

SONGS OF ROMANCE:

- SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD
- SWEET GENEVIEVE
- THREE FISHERS WENT SAILING
- THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL

ON SALE THURSDAY, JUNE 20th - - - 3d.

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WHAT CAN YOU GIVE A NUDIST ON HIS BIRTHDAY?

TUNE UKE.

 G C E A

Sung and Recorded by GRACIE FIELDS

Words and Music by ARTHUR LE CLERCQ

(The letters below Bass Staff indicate names of chords for Guitar or Piano Accordion)

Brightly KEY C (:m | s :f | m :r | d :m | :d |)

VOICE
 Can I ask you a question? a
 I've been in ho ly ter -ror that

PIANO
f *sfz* *p*

G7 D7 G7 C G7 C

r :f | :r | m :s | :s | d :l | s :f | m :f :s | :m | s :f | m :r | d :-l- :m | s :f | m :r |

question, that's sil -ly. It's something I can't figure out, I hope you won't say "No"; It's all a - bout my
 I make an er -ror, I did think of a camer-a but snapshots are tab -oo; A bi -cy -cle sounds

G7 C F C G7 C C#dim G7 C G7

d :m | :d | r :f | :r | m :s | :s | d :l | s :f | m :f :s | :m | r :fe | l :r | s :-l-

brother, my bro - ther, John Willie, He's joined a Nu -dist Colony, so what I want to know
 stupid when you're dressed like Cu-pid, I must send something suita-ble, that's why I'm asking you:

C G7 C C G7 C A7 D7 G7

REFRAIN

(:s | fe :s | m :s | fe :s | m :s | d :d | - : | : | :s | fe :s | m :s | fe :s | l :s |)

What can you give a Nudist on his birth - day? What sort of birthday present can you

p *f* *mf* *p*

C dim C C dim C C#dim

|| t :- l :- | - :- l :- f | m :re l m :fe | se:m l :m | l :se il :t | d :- l :- m | r :de tr :m

buy? I can't think what to give him, no mat-ter how I try, Do you think he would
I bought a pair of bra-ces, just like a sil-ly pup, But what's the good of
And here's an - oth - er rid-dle, but give it up I won't, When at a dance, do
I have heard they play Hockey, so something I had got, But I don't know for

|| fe :r lr :r | s :fe ls :l | t :- l :- s | fe:s l m :s | fe:s l m :s | d' . d' l - : | : l :d |

be al-owed to wear his old School Tie? The
bra-ces if there's nought wants hold - ing up? I'm
they wear fan - cy dress, or do they don't? What can you give a Nudist for a pres - ent? I
cer-tain if they wear shin-guards or not: A'

|| t :d' lta :- .d' | t :d' ls :se | l :- l :- | - :- l :- l | r' :d' l t :l | r' :d' l t :l |

things I used to buy him would be wrong, I'd send a cheque, but dash it, how can
sure a bow - ler hat would be all wrong, And he's not the kind of fel-la who would
some-how think that cuff - links would be wrong, And a watch-chain would look sil - ly draped a -
shop girl told me spats would be all wrong, She said "Good gracious. ma-dam, just im -

|| s :fe ls :se | t :l | s | fe:s lf :s | fe:s lf :s | l :l l t :s | d' :- l :s || d' :- l :- |

he go out to cash it,
need an um-ber - el - la, What can you give a Nudist when his birth-day comes a - long? What long?
cross the front of Wil-lie,
- ag - ine spats on A - dam!"

"THIS YEAR of GRACE!"

THE ROMANTIC RISE TO FAME of GRACE MOORE,
the SINGING SENSATION of 1935.



This lovely, glamorous blonde is Grace Moore, the opera singer, who with her thrilling performance in the film "One Night of Love" has become one of the Queens of Hollywood.

Moment. Because the family disapproved of Grace's operatic ambitions, she and an equally ambitious and courageous girl friend ran away from school to New York.

That will be a grand bit in our story, because Grace Moore landed in Greenwich Village, New York's Chelsea, and got a job. She sang every night in a café, and her payment was her supper. This lasted six months.

Then Papa Moore, wealthy Southern banker, arrived in the big city and said: "Young woman, you are coming right back home with me."

Big Scene here, where Gracie says: "No, father, I'm staying right here in New York."

Which she did. But as a rebuke to her temerity she suddenly lost her voice. Grace sat in the office of a famous voice specialist—now a Hollywood friend of hers—for three days until he finally agreed to try to restore her voice. He did so,

too, and improved it.

Then, because money was urgently needed, Grace got herself a job in a touring show. Another high spot in our script where the company is stranded in Detroit, broke.

Grace and a friend got back to New York on the day before Christmas . . . flat broke.

Here's a comedy scene. Hungry and at their wits' end, Grace and her pal took a chance . . . rented a lavish flat . . . ordered a magnificent Christmas dinner . . . and when the bill arrived had it charged to some friends of theirs who were out of town.

Next, Grace, on the advice of George M. Cohan—famous American song-and-dance impresario—went into musical comedy as an un-

GRACE MOORE

All Britain has thrilled to her voice and personality and she has won all hearts with her performance in the film "One Night of Love." Now she has come to England to appear in the Jubilee Opera Season at Covent Garden, and in a fortnight's time you will hear her on the air. The amazing story of her struggles and successes is told here by

H. W. SHIRLEY LONG

derstudy. It wasn't a bad little job, and Grace was able to save a bit of money.

She spent it by going to Paris to study voice. You see, she hadn't forgotten that she wanted to be an opera star. So our camera will pick up Paris studio scenes and cafés, and will show Grace Moore meeting a famous composer, Irving Berlin, no less.

Flash now to Broadway, New York, and the first night of Irving Berlin's famous "Music Box Revue," where Jack Payne's signature tune, "Say It With Music," was first heard.

In the leading part in this big show is unknown Grace Moore. Next day she is very much known. For two years she stayed as star of the revue, and was a Broadway luminary of song and dance.

What about her opera ambition in the midst of all this success? It wasn't forgotten, for in 1925 Grace Moore, revue singer, applied to the holy of holies of opera, the New York Metropolitan Opera House, for an audition. She got it, and passed with flying colours.

And then our plot takes a twist. Grace could not accept the offer of an engagement because she wanted to earn a little more capital in musical comedy. So she stayed on Broadway. At the end of the year she again applied for an opera house audition.

And this time they told her that her voice was not suitable. In other words she was turned down . . .

There will be a very big moment in our picture story after this, for Grace Moore turned to her friends and made a wager.

"In two years I bet you I will be singing at the Metropolitan Opera House," she declared.

With her Broadway earnings she went off to Italy, found Mary Garden, her old inspiration, there, and studied with her for eighteen months. An official of the New York Opera House heard her, suggested more training and the probability of an engagement. But Grace remembered her bet, and pleaded for an immediate opera job. She got it. And in 1928, just two weeks before the two years of her wager were up, Grace Moore made her début at the great Metropolitan Opera House, New York, before the famous "Diamond Horseshoe" of celebrities.

What a début! There will be a highly amusing and interesting shot in our film (I hope you are noting all this, Messrs. Columbia Pictures) where a train called "The Grace Moore Special" pulls in from Tennessee laden with Grace Moore's home-town "fans."

Setback—and Success.

For three years Grace Moore was an opera prima donna. Ambition realised! But we shall not fade-out to a triumphant finish here. Oh, no, because there is another twist to our plot.

In 1930 Grace Moore, famous opera and concert singer, was tempted to Hollywood for the then new talkies. She made two pictures, "Jenny Lind" and "New Moon." Frankly, they were not a success . . . and Grace Moore's option was not taken up.

Somewhat disappointed, Grace went back to opera and concert, and another new career, radio. Then just by way of a change she returned to her old field, musical comedy, and played the Anny Ahlers rôle in "The Dubarry."

Two years ago she went out to the Pacific Coast to sing in opera for the first time there. The Hollywood picture colony made a fuss of her, and, rare thing, she was snapped up a second time for pictures.

Now for some suspense in our story . . . Grace Moore made her third film . . . what would its fate be? Grace and Hollywood waited for the verdict. It came, a triumph.

"One Night of Love" swept to world success, made Grace Moore the screen's newest and most important star, and won prizes in the annual Academy awards.

Grace Moore had succeeded in three spheres. In musical comedy, in opera, and in pictures.

The girl from Tennessee who ran away from school had realised all her ambitions.

Well, do you agree that there is a superb film story in the life of Grace Moore? Columbia Pictures, it is yours for the asking . . .

NEXT WEEK'S STAR FEATURES . . .

"ME AND MY BAND"

By LEW STONE.

CHORDS: GOSSIP: PICTURES.

NEXT WEEK'S STAR SONGS

"LET THE WORLD GO DRIFTING BY!"

Featured by VI LORAINÉ in the Film

"Britannia of Billingsgate,"

and a New Comedy Number

"PLAIN MARY JANE."

I HAD TO CHANGE THE WORDS

Words and Music by

Tune Uke in C
G C E A

GEO. J. BENNETT,
CHARLES TOBIAS & RUBEY COWAN
Additional Lyric by HORATIO NICHOLLS

Moderato

8

mf *rit.*

Key C

* C Emi F C Gdim G7

1. I nev - er was a po - et, But love was in my heart The day I wrote a
 2. You led me to be - lieve, dear, That we should ne - ver part, That's why I wrote the

p

Gaug C Ami Dmi7 G7 C Emi Cmi6

song a - bout you. Of course you did - n't know it, But
 song a - bout you. My kis - ses you'd re - ceive, dear, And

G E7 Ami D7 G7 Gdim Gaug

now that we're a - part, The song has lost its mean - ing too.
 fold me to your heart, But now you tell me we are through.

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CHORUS




 || d' :m ls :d' | t .,d' :t ad' et | - : - | :

Just for you I wrote a mel-o - dy — And the words were sweet as they ... i be —








 || la :la ld' :- .la | s .l :t .d' lr' .d :l .m | s :- r lf :- .n | s :- | - : - }

Since you're gone I have - n't changed the mel - o - dy, I HAD TO CHANGE THE WORDS.








 || d :m ls :d' | t .,d' :t ad' et | - : - | ta :r lf :ta | l .,ta :l ta el | - : - }

When I heard you say "This is the end," And I knew my heart would nev - er mend,










 || la :la ld' :- .la | s .l :t .d' lr' .d :l .m | s :- r lf :- .t, | d :- | - : - }

Words and mu - sic some - how did - n't seem to blend, I HAD TO CHANGE THE WORDS.



First I took "My on-ly one," Turned it - in - to "Lone - ly one," "Blue skies" in - to "Grey."

Then I took "For - ev - er - more," Turned it - in - to "Nev - er more," I'm sor - ry to say.

If some day you should come back to me, - Just for you I'll sing that mel - o - dy. -

And you'll hear it just the way it used to be Be - fore I Changed The Words. Words

World Radio History



An unusual picture of Bobby Howes. Not smiling!

More precious than rubies is an ideal musical comedy partnership. Such a blend is equal proportions of Bobby Howes and Binnie Hale, currently making merry in "Yes, Madam!" at the London Hippodrome.

Together they are irresistible. Their names have that Midas touch at the box office.

They are so completely alike in many respects. Each has an effervescent good humour that is not switched on and off as the curtain rises and falls; the work of each is flecked with the touch of gaminerie which is so appealing over the footlights; both dexterously weave a touch of pathos into their exuberant gaiety.

But in one respect they are different. Bobby, the London lad, did not come from a theatrical family. Binnie, the Lancashire lass, comes of a famous theatrical family, including Robert and Sennie Hale.

You've got to flash back to 1909 to get a glimpse of fourteen-years-old Bobby making his first plunge into the show world. Well, not exactly a plunge. Better call it a ripple! It was at his local Battersea Palace, and he was a Boy Scout in a "Be Prepared" scene.

A couple of years later he was in an act called "The Gotham Quartette." Came small-time tours in concert parties . . . the War, and a place for Bobby in his regimental concert party . . .

then picking up the threads of stage life . . . small, no-account tours in shows that never seemed to make the grade.

Only Bobby's incurable optimism seemed to point to his ultimate success. That, and the fact that in 1922, playing in "Pot Luck," he fell in love with a girl in the show called Patricia Malone. That was the turning point in his career. Patricia proved to be his lucky mascot. Soon after, he made his first West End appearance in "The Little Beau Starts at 9," and she was with him subsequently in two of the biggest of his early successes, "The Blue Train" and "The Yellow Mask."

More important, he married the girl.

"She's been grand," he told me. "When we married we were broke to the wicks. I could barely afford a wedding ring, but we took a chance and it's worked out marvellously!"

From 1926 onwards Bobby was on the up-grade, and his name was really made in 1929, when he played the lead in "Mr. Cinders," at the Adelphi, London, and Bobby's partner was . . . Binnie Hale!

With "Mr. Cinders" Bobby began to reach the big money. "Sons O' Guns" and "The Song of a Drum" followed, and then began a new adventure. The Saville Theatre, with Bobby as the star and co-director. A series of farces with music, "For the Love of Mike," "He Wanted Adventure" and "Tell Her the Truth" put the Spralls on the map and definitely established Bobby in the same class as Leslie Henson and Jack Buchanan and a handful of others, as cast-iron box-office draws.

HORACE RICHARD introduces . . .

BOBBY and BINNIE—

What a Perfect Combination!

He has flirted with pictures. You have perhaps seen him in "The Grays of Loos," "Third Time Lucky," "Lord Billy," "For the Love of Mike" and "Over the Garden Wall." But the stage is his great love . . .

Way back before the war, the daughter of a very clever father was beginning to feel the family tradition stir in her veins. Binnie Hale-Munro and her sister and two brothers were staging "mirrored" pantomimes.

Then, in 1916, she started on the stage in defiance of her parents' wishes. Binnie began in "Follow the Crowd" at the Empire, London. Her father was playing a part in that show, and one night, happening to turn round, he saw his daughter stepping it merrily in the chorus! That was the first intimation he had of Binnie's start!

On the least pretext he conducts long telephone calls with them from his dressing-room, which is smothered with mascots. Likes motor-ing, walking, kiddies' games, and taking people to lunch. Collects cigarette cards and stamps because Peter insists! Has the strain of sentimentality in him common to every great comedian. And Ernest, his dresser, guards "The Out'nor" with lovable fidelity!

WHAT a partner for the ever-sparkling, amazingly versatile Binnie Hale! Singer, dancer, mimic and brilliant actress, as she proved when she toured the provinces in poor Amy Ashers' "Du Barry" role. In the cause of comic effect she is never afraid to make her beauty in "low-brow" make-up and costume; and next minute she can sing a scintillating, sophisticated song with an intensity that wrings emotion from even the most cynical.

Like Bobby, she is a home lover, wrapped up in her little daughter and her garden. Believes passionately that an actress' private life is her own, and does not encourage publicity about her home life. Lives simply in North London, has an ambition to run a chain of cinemas devoted to children's fare, and will not let her daughter be spoiled in the theatre atmosphere.

Binnie has also made one or two brief excursions into the screen world, but I believe her heart is in the theatre.

Binnie Hale and Bobby Howes, Bobby-Howes and Binnie Hale.

Which ever way you say it, the combination's the same. Entertainment plus . . .



Binnie Hale in a restful pose, and below, an unorthodox view of the "Yes, Madam?" stars.

A few months later she was noticed by Cochrane, who put her into "Hoop-la." People who are noticed by C. B. C. have a knack of making good!

In 1925 she made the first big hit of her career when she played Nanette in the brilliant musical show, "No, No, Nanette." In 1926 she followed that with the title role in a tour of "Sunny," and later came the successful run in London.

Since then? "Nippy" . . . nothing sensational. "Bow Bells" . . . in which London realised that Binnie was a mimic of superlative skill. A brief and brilliant leap into one of the Palladium Crazy Shows . . . in which Binnie ran the gamut of her many talents. And, finally, "Yes, Madam?" . . . which, to all who have seen it, needs no comment.

What is there about this pair that put them in the first flight of our musical comedy stars? Bobby Howes, light of foot and of heart, with a pleasing lifting voice and a neat turn for character. A little man, his stage work appeals to men and women. The latter always want to mother him, and the men—when they see his pigtails—always want to suck people in the jaw in his defence!

Off-stage he is one of the most genuinely charming personalities I know, sane, friendly and unassuming. I've been into his dressing-room feeling tired, depressed, all in. I've come out "pepped-up," cheerful.

A family man, adored and adoring by Patricia and his little daughter, Sally Ann.



Waltz Song from the Gracie Fields' film, "LOVE, LIFE AND LAUGHTER"

CHÉRIE

Words and Music by

WILL E. HAINES & JIMMY HARPER

Slow Waltz *ten.*

PIANO *f*

The piano introduction is in 3/4 time, G major. It begins with a treble clef and a bass clef. The right hand starts with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. The left hand starts with a quarter note G3, followed by a quarter note B2, and a quarter note D3. The music continues with various chords and melodic lines, including a trill in the right hand and a descending line in the left hand. The piece ends with a final chord in the right hand and a sustained note in the left hand.

KEY G

At night in my dreams I'm ca - ressing you ——— But on - ly in
 One day you will find you'll be need-ing me ——— And then all my

The vocal line is in G major, 3/4 time. The melody starts on G4, moves to A4, B4, and then descends. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and a steady bass line.

dreams are you near ——— And close to my heart I am
 dreams will come true ——— The love in my heart will be

The vocal line continues the melody from the previous line. The piano accompaniment features some arpeggiated chords and a consistent bass line.

press - ing you. ——— Pos - sess - ing you, ——— my dear. ———
 speed - ing me ——— And lead - ing me ——— to you. ———

dim. e rit.

The vocal line concludes the phrase. The piano accompaniment ends with a *dim. e rit.* marking, leading to a final chord.

REFRAIN

Ché - rie, Ché - rie, You know that you were meant for me

P-mf L.H. L.H.

Ché rie, Ché - rie Just show a lit - tle sym - pa -

L.H. L.H.

thy Hold me clos - er to your heart and say "Sweet

p

heart, I love you" Ché - rie, Ché - rie,

p L.H.

You're my one and on - ly Ché - rie, Ché - rie

ten. L.H. R.H. L.H.

A Chevalier Re-Union? "Crazy" Pantomime? Jack Dempsey's "Crack"!

MAURICE CHEVALIER and Mistinguett may be getting together again in a show. An echo of ten years back. This was the partnership that made Chevalier famous.

Wynne Ajello has been receiving sorts of photographs of Airedales from all over the country, following our recent story and picture of her dog, "Buller." In these columns Miss Ajello sends her thanks and acknowledgments of all photographs!

John Sharman, who gives us our radio variety, is an ardent collector of pewter.



Is George Raft giving Mack Gordon an idea for a heart-throb lyric?

Advance news! Maybe the London Palladium will be staging its own pantomime next Christmas. And with "The Crazy Gang" and Will Mahoney doing the funny stuff.

Add to pet hates of song and dance stars: Jean Colin gets burned up by the sight, smell and taste of rice pudding.

M.-G.-M. have captured the services of Robert Katscher, the Viennese composer who has been responsible for many outstanding operettas and popular songs. "Wonder Bar" must be chalked up to Katscher's credit. Also, "When Day is Done," Ambrose's signature tune. Nice work, M.-G.-M.

GRAND Old Man of Scottish song. J. M. Hamilton, who broadcast recently. This tenor is over eighty, and has been singing professionally for sixty years.

Embarrassing moment for Jean McVillie, B.B.C. pianiste. When a grateful artiste "tipped" her five shillings, and told her to buy herself some chocolates!

Light-hearted remark of Jack Doyle, singer-sluggo: "Soon I'll be challenging John McCormack as a vocalist and Jack Dempsey as a fighter!" Light-hearted comeback of Jack Dempsey: "Say, kid, you'd better take on McCormack as a fighter and me as a vocalist!"

LINE-UPS

HARRY ROY'S BAND.

- SAXES (and Clarinets): Nat Temple, Harry Goss and Joe Arbiter.
- BRASS: Bert Wilton and Tommy Porter (trumpets), Jack Collins (trombone).
- RHYTHM: Arthur Calkin (bass), Maurice Sterndale (violin), Tom Venn (guitar and banjo), Bill Currie (announcer, corals and tympani), Joe Daniels (drums), Dave Kaye (piano), Ivor Moreton (vocals and piano).



Man who is responsible for the bands and music in all the Lyons teashops is Charles Tucker, musical director. Remember him in his music-hall days? He was a big head-liner—"Tucker, the Singing Violinist."

His wife is Violet Essex, also famous as a musical comedy singing star. Was in "Chu Chin Chow." Tucker came to London from America twenty years ago. Has only been back for trips since.

NORTHERN edition of the "Dancing Daughters" now. "Madame Helena Lahmiski's Six Young Ladies" is the title of the troupe. Made debut with Frank A. Terry's "Pleasure on Parade" the other day.

Enthusiastic gardener: Mary Ellis, starring in Ivor Novello's "Glamorous Night." Just won first prize in vegetable show for tomatoes. Last year she startled Sussex by raising a big patch of American sweet corn.

George Burl, the one-string fiddle street musician known as "Lancashire's Wandering Minstrel," says that the favourite tune of the people in doss-houses is Handel's "Largo."

Drummer in the B.B.C. Variety Orchestra (conductor Kneale Kelley) is called Styx Gibling. The instruments he uses in those "Dotty Ditty" stunts on the air take up a space of more than twenty feet. Plenty running about for Styx.

VOICAL experts say that Kitty (Film Star) Carlisle's voice will continue to improve until she is about 45 years old. Then it will reach its maximum beauty.

Sandy Powell's records have sold to the tune of 4,000,000. The author of most of them is Paul Thomson, who is the "Lancashire Lad" of the sketches.

Cavan O'Connor, the man who sings under twenty-seven different names for records, is learning to sing in German. That will mean a twenty-eighth name—Herr O'Connor.

America has fallen for Jessie Matthews in a large way. Her performance in "Evergreen" got what they call "rave notices" in even the hard-boiled "noospapers."



Domestic scene. Mamie Soutter tastes the soup and pronounces it good!

"Best Seller" Sandy Powell. "Herr" Cavan O'Connor. New Accordion Band.

CLEAN FUN DEPARTMENT

A YOUNG man and his girl friend had arranged to meet at a dance. The lady was very late, and when she eventually arrived her boy friend gazed at her reproachfully and murmured tenderly: "Darling, I'm so glad you've come at last. The place has been like a desert without you!" "Yes," she replied, "I know it has. I've been watching you dance like a camel!" Joe Loss told me that one!

"Wooshter," "Paoshter" and "Shooshter"—our old friends, Al Hoffman, Al Goodhart and Maurice Sigler—have provided several "carticlers" for Jessie's new film, as yet unchristened.

Diana Clare's favourite pet is her spaniel, "Nimble." By a strange coincidence, Esther Coleman also has a spaniel named "Nimble." Sorry, forgot we'd told you that Diana and Esther are one!



Graceful Holland and Karl, ballroom dancers, late of "Streamline." Now with "Life Begins at Oxford Circus."

Al Tolson becoming a rancher. Bought a five-acre ranch in San Fernando Valley outside Hollywood.

FAVOURITE actor and actress of Sophie ("Red-Hot Mamma") Tucker: Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Evelyn Laye. Sophie rates Sir Cedric as the finest actor in the world.

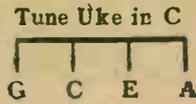
Second saxophonist Charlie Parrell, who tootles his sax for Bertini's band, usually has a far-away look on winter Thursdays. Reason? Working out his football coupons, about which he is crazy. Once got 4 home and 3 away, and nearly passed out with excitement!

A bouquet to Henry Croudson, organist at Paramount Theatre, Leeds. He recently broadcast with his new accordion band. All the members are street musicians, and none of them can read music. He teaches the boys by ear!

Ellis Rimmer, Sheffield Wednesday singer, was on the air recently as the solo pianist in an Argyle Theatre, Birkenhead, programme. Ellis flicks a nifty keyboard! (See Cover iii.)

SWINGY LITTLE THINGY

Words and Music by



BUD GREEN
& SAM H. STEPT

Lively

Key C

1. Ear - ly in the morn - ing it gets me. — Then in - sists on
 2. It's so fas - cin - a - ting, this rhy - thm, — Guess you got the

hang - ing a - round. — Ev - 'ry time I hear it, it.
 tune straight a - way. — Sure, it's just the right stuff to

*Symbols for Guitar & Banjo
International Copyright Secured

F Fmi D7 G+

s :- lf :- | :- : - | :- : - | m :- lt :t | - ; - l - : - | re :- ll :l | l :- l - }

sets me _____ on the hum, _____ dum - de - dum; _____
 give 'em, _____ makes you hum _____ "dum - de - dum" _____

CHORUS C G7

{ m :- f || s :l lm :f | s :d' | m :- f | s :l lm :f | s :d' | .r :- m }

It's a SWING-Y LIT-TLE THING-Y, Got a swing that's jin - gle - ing - y, Just the

mf-f

D7 G7 C G7 C

{ f :s | r :m | f :s | l :t | d' :- | - : - | : | m :- f | s :l lm :f }

thing you wan-na sing-y when you're blue, It's a sim-ple lit-tle

G7 D7 G7

{ s :d' | m :- f | s :l lm :f | s :d' | .r :- m | f :s | r' :m | f :s | l :t }

dit - ty, Not a word of it is wit - ty, But you must ad-mit it's pret-ty thro' and

|| d' : - | - : - | : | : | t : - | - : - | - : - | d e' . r e' : d e' . r e' | t : - | - : - |

thro'. Ah _____ A - A - A - A - Ah _____

|| - : - | d e' . r e' : d e' . r e' | t : - | - : - | - : - | t : - | d' | r' : - | r' : - | s : - | - m : - | f |

A - A - A - A - Ah _____ And a la - dee - da, _____ It's a

|| s : | l n : f | s : d' | m : - | f | s : | l n : f | s : d' | r : - | m | f : s | r : m |

SWING-Y LIT-TLE THING-Y, Makes you feel so ting-le - ing-y, And for words you simply

|| f : s | l | t | d' : - | - : - | : | m : - | f || d' : - | - : - | - : - | - : - |

sing-y "I love you?" It's a you? _____

World Radio History

THE SONG and DANCE PARADE.

Success of the "Shy Singer" : Bud Flanagan for America

W^here were in on a baptism the other night when George Barclay made his first stage appearance, at a charity concert. George is only twenty, but he shaped up like a veteran, and certainly belied his title of "The Shy Singer."

This old world must be looking pretty good to young George, because not so long ago his prospects of ever becoming a "name" were as remote as Nijni-Novgorod. He has been a butcher's boy and also worked in a factory. Apparently he had to endure a lot of good-natured chipping from his colleagues because of his ambition to become a crooner.

But he didn't let that worry him, and when a crooning competition was announced at the local Palais at Aberdeen, George polished up his crooning chords, walked in and won it!

How He Began.

Arthur Mouncey, the local bandleader, was so impressed by George's voice that he invited him to broadcast with the band. Then Archie Alexander—the man who "spots the star"—took over the music-weaving at the Palais, and added George to his band.

The ball was rolling nicely for George. It so happened that one of the Big Shots of Regal-Zonophone heard one of his broadcasts. And so Barclay received an invitation to London, with all expenses paid, and the result was he made one of the first records of "Isle of Capri."

A very nice record, too, we thought, and Charlie Kunz seemed to agree with us. Anyway, George now does the vocalising for Charlie's broadcasts, though he can still be located with Archie Alexander's band at the Prince's Brasserie, London, on other nights.

Old Testimonial—But Good.

George is a nice fellow, who has settled down happily in London. His press agent tells us that he's "England's nearest approach to Bing Crosby," and though that's a bewhiskered testimonial we're not so sure that he's not right!

He spends most of his spare time walking and reading—Dickens and this department being his especial joys!—and we're glad to see that his success has not affected him at all. Local boy makes good . . . it's an old story, and one that's always worth reading!



George Barclay appears very much at home with the mike, doesn't he?

International Lady.

Did you hear Hildegarde on the air last week? She is one of those artistes of the Lucienne Boyer-Marion Harris school. She has great personality has Hildegarde. She is quite a League of Nations on her own, too. She sings real French songs in attractive broken English, but actually she was born in the very German city of Milwaukee, in America. Her name is German, too. Henry Hall first put her on the air over here, and she has twice Guest-Nighted for him. She is now a huge success at the Ritz Hotel, London.

Hildegarde (oh, what glamour!) is an ardent cyclist. She rises at nine every morning, rain or shine, and pedals her way to health before breakfast. We must mend the puncture in our tandem!



This is fascinating Hildegarde, international songster.

"Oi . . ."

Our idea of a real, genuine, vintage music-hall artiste is Bud Flanagan, of the famous team of Flanagan and Allen, the "oi" merchants. For the past few weeks Bud has been knocking 'em cold in the Jack Hylton London Palladium show, "Life Begins at Oxford Circus." Next he does a flit to New York for a night-club engagement with the sleek, slick, sophisticated Beatrice Lillie (what a team they will make!). Then there is another Palladium Crazy show ahead of the partners.

Bud has been in America before. That was long before his present success. The funny thing about him is that he is Jewish, spent many years of his professional life in Scotland, and took the Irish name of Flanagan from a war-time sergeant-major he served under!

"Underneath the—Bridges."

Bud is a song-writer, too. His "Underneath the Arches" was a big hit and earned him thousands of pounds. It was a hit in the States, too, but they had to change the title a bit over there. You see the word arches only means foot-arches over there . . . you know . . . things that fall . . .

World Radio History



Looks as though it will need all Bud Flanagan's salesmanship to touch Ches Allen's pockets!

So they called it "Underneath the Bridges."

Last Christmas Eve Bud and Chesney Allen, knowing a bit about what it means to be down and out, went "underneath the arches" on the Thames Embankment and gave away money to the huddled figures on the benches.

But apart from his famous number Bud has a dozen other songs on the market. He has written them with several unknown toilers in Tin Pan Alley, but now that he is a star he has not forgotten the musicians who helped him put his songs down on paper.

Yes, Bud Flanagan is a big star now. But five years ago he and Allen were so up against it that they nearly threw up show business for good.

Fame-in-a-Night Girl.

Jenny Howard, music-hall star, heard on the air again recently, was making a little calculation for us the other night. She has been playing in revue of late, and she worked out for us the fact that she has been singing 120 songs per week for thirty-five weeks. And without once missing a call. That is 4,200 songs. A lot of notes and words, Miss Howard.

Jenny Howard is one of those rare people who have really made a name in a night. She appeared one night, for the first time on the stage, at the Shoreditch Music Hall seven years ago. By the end of that week she was booked solid for five years.

Success Jump.

Those bookings took her round the world. The week after that Shoreditch opening she topped the bill at the famous Coliseum, London.

Of recent years the only other people to make a lightning leap to the top overnight were Renee and Billie Houston, the irresistible sisters, who have just parted company temporarily. They came to London for a week, played one night at Shoreditch, and next week were also headlining at the Coliseum.

Half-a-Crown for You?

You've still time to let us know who your favourite bandleader is—and why! Quite soon we shall start to publish each week the four best postcards sent in by readers on this subject. Why should not your opinion be printed? We are awarding half-a-crown for each postcard printed. Address your entry to "Bandleaders," POPULAR MUSIC AND DANCING WEEKLY, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, E.C.4. Don't forget, postcards *only*, please!

THE CALL-BOYS.

RIDING ON AN ELEPHANT

COMEDY SONG FOX-TROT

Written and Composed by

Tune Uke G.C.E.A.

BOX, COX & KNOX

♩ Moderato

Key G mi. ♩ : | :m, |

Voice

1. I
2. We

Piano

p

||1, :m, |ba, :se, |1, :m, |ba, :se, |1, :m, |ba, :se, |1, :- | :1, |f :f |m :m |

met a friend - ly el - e - phant when I was in Bom - bay, I har - nessed him and
met a jol - ly old Gi - raffe, who'd got an out - size neck So gave him Jum - bo's

mf

||r :r |d :d |t, :t, |d :t, |t, :- | :t |1, :m, |ba, :se, |1, :m, |ba, :se, |

rode him all the way to Man - da - lay He packed his trunk and I packed mine with
col - lar to put round his "Bushel and Peck" A snake in - vit - ed us to stop and

||1, :m, |ba, :se, |1, :- | :1, |f :f |m :m |r :r |d :d |t, :t, |d :t, |m :- ||

non-key nuts and wine In case of no "Pull up for Car - men," where we two could dine.
play a game of nap But we found him a twist - er who left us with - out a rap

World Radio History

CHORUS

Oh! I start-ed from Bom - bay it was on the first of May

RID-ING ON AN EL - E-PHANT on the Road to Man-da - lay He was hun-gry all the way, and he

ate a load of hay, He ate a load of hay, he did, on the Road to Man-da -

lay Jog - ging through the Jun - gle, splash-ing through the Swamp, He

lift - ed up his great big feet with a Plomp! plomp! plomp! plomp! plomp! Then the

na - tives yelled "Hoo - ray! Here's Ta - Ra Ra - Bom - de ay!"

RID - ING ON AN EL - E - PHANT on the Road to Man - da - lay Oh! I - lay

3

Twas in the middle of the jungle where bananas hung,
 That we saw there a cab horse, who, at us put out his tongue!
 So Jumbo turned to me and said "Now I call that a cheek"
 I'm not vindictive, but I hope they stop his oats next week.

4

The ladies of a Harem gathered round and said, Oh! look,
 His touring ticket's in his hand, it must be Mr. Cook."
 Then Jumbo started to unpack his trunk and said, "I say,
 Let's stop here Guv'nor for there's now't like this in Mandalay"

JUST LIKE A FAIRY TALE

SONG FOX-TROT

Words by
STANLEY J. DAMERELL

Music by
BENNY THORNTON

Slow Fox-Trot Tempo

Piano

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment with chords and single notes. The tempo is marked 'Slow Fox-Trot Tempo'.

Key C

1 Once up-on a time Like all the sto-ries start, I wan-dered all a-lone and blue.
2 I will be your Prince As in the days of old, And in our sto-ry I will find

The first system shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the first two lines of the song. The piano part is marked 'mf' and features a consistent accompaniment pattern.

Then you came my way And from that hap-py day Ev-'ry-thing was changed by you.
You my sweet Princess, Then all our hap-pi-ness With true lov-ers knots we'll bind.

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the second two lines of the song.

REFRAIN

Life to me is now JUST LIKE A FAI - RY TALE Since I saw the

The third system shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the refrain. The piano part is marked 'mf' and features a consistent accompaniment pattern.

love - light that can nev - er fail Shi - ning in your lov - ing eyes for me -

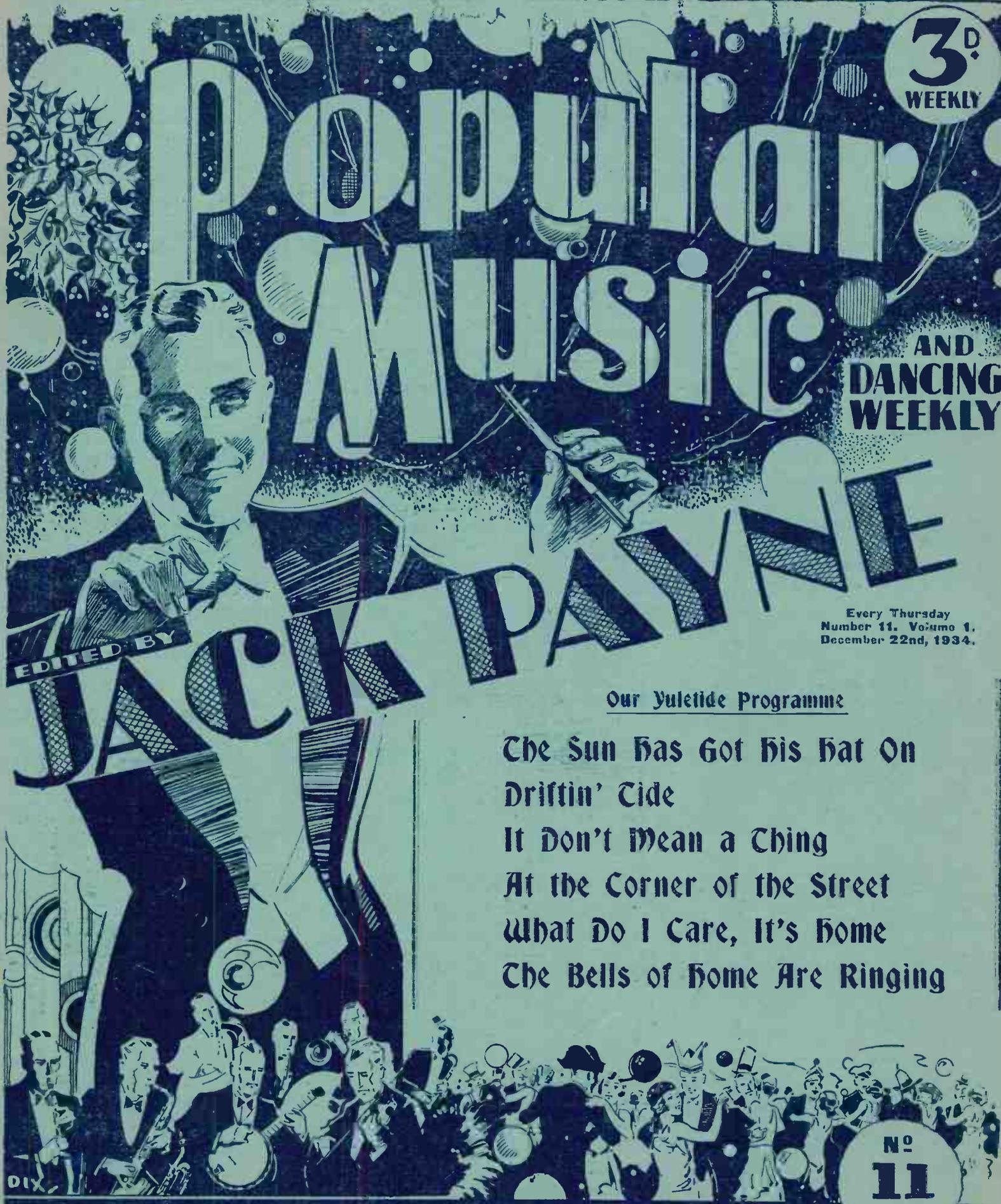
Some-thing seems to be - weav - ing ten - der - ly - a Spell a - bout me

now with-in your lov - ing arms, Fill ing all my world with your en - dear - ing charms

Mak - ing all the sto - ry books come true - JUST LIKE A FAI - RY TALE!

No. 11. Six Great Radio Winners for Christmas

3^D.
WEEKLY



POPULAR MUSIC

AND
DANCING
WEEKLY

EDITED BY

JACK PARNIE

Every Thursday
Number 11, Volume 1,
December 22nd, 1934.

Our Yuletide Programme

The Sun Has Got His Hat On
Driftin' Tide
It Don't Mean a Thing
At the Corner of the Street
What Do I Care, It's Home
The Bells of Home Are Ringing

NO
11

Next Week—In My Little Bottom Drawer

THE SUN HAS GOT HIS HAT ON (HE'S COMING OUT TO-DAY)

TUNE

 G C E A

Ukulele arranged by R. S. STODDON

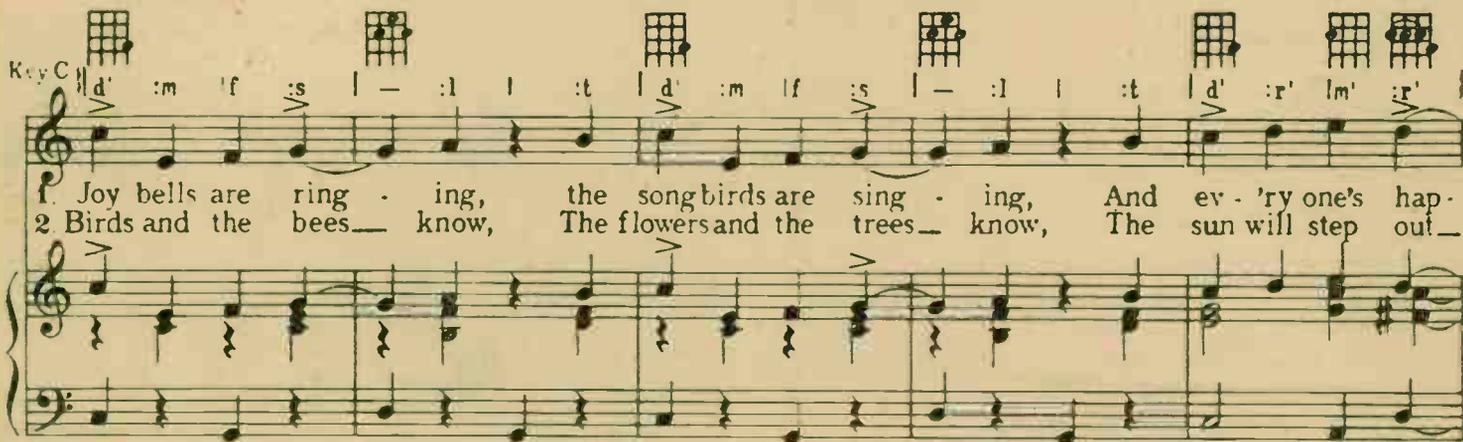
Written and Composed by

RALPH BUTLER and NOEL GAY
Additional words by PHILIP SEELEY

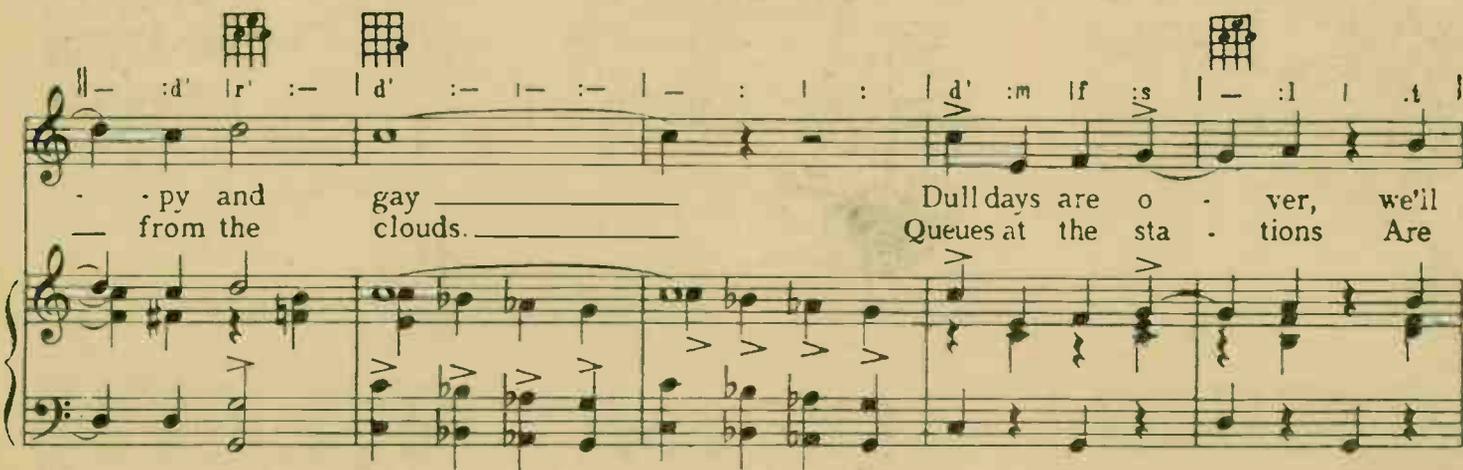
Piano



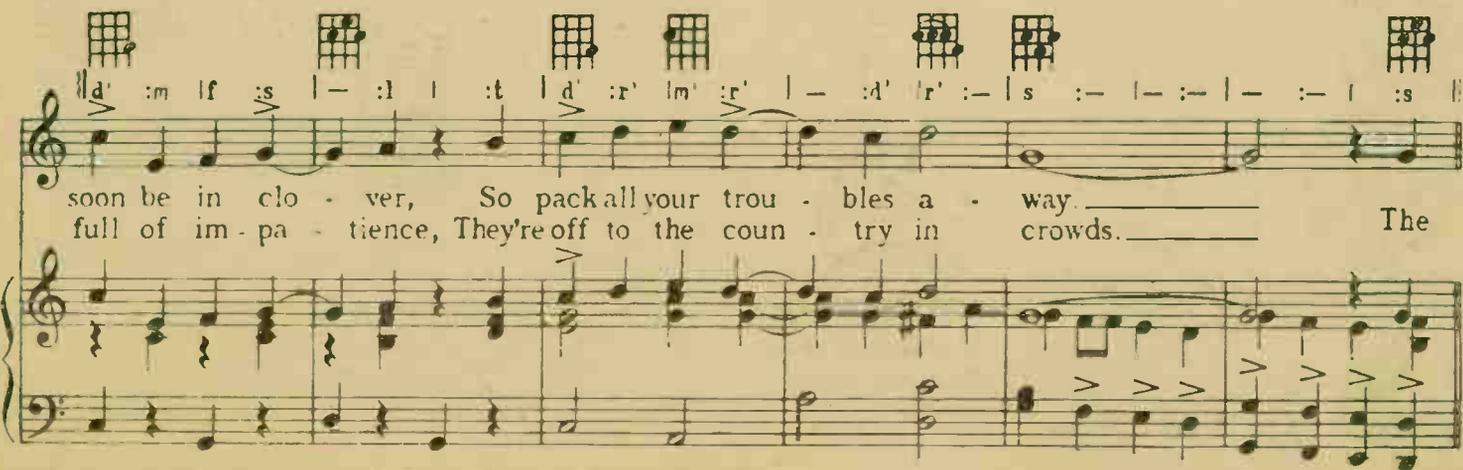
Key C



1. Joy bells are ring - ing, the songbirds are sing - ing, And ev - 'ry one's hap -
 2. Birds and the bees know, The flowers and the trees know, The sun will step out -



- py and from the gay clouds. Dull days are o - ver, we'll
 - from the clouds. Queues at the sta - tions Are

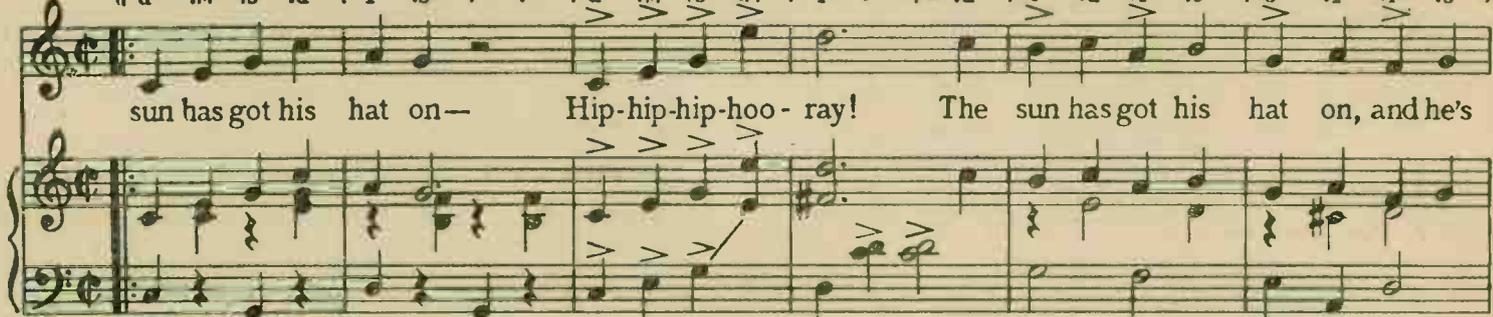


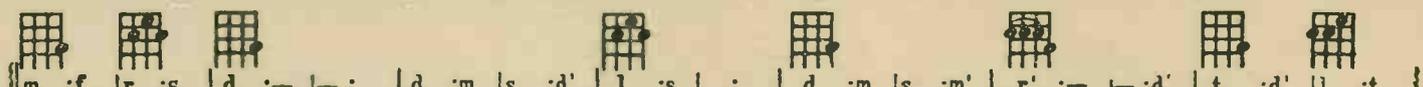
soon be in clo - ver, So pack all your trou - bles a - way. The
 full of im - pa - tience, They're off to the coun - try in crowds.

REFRAIN

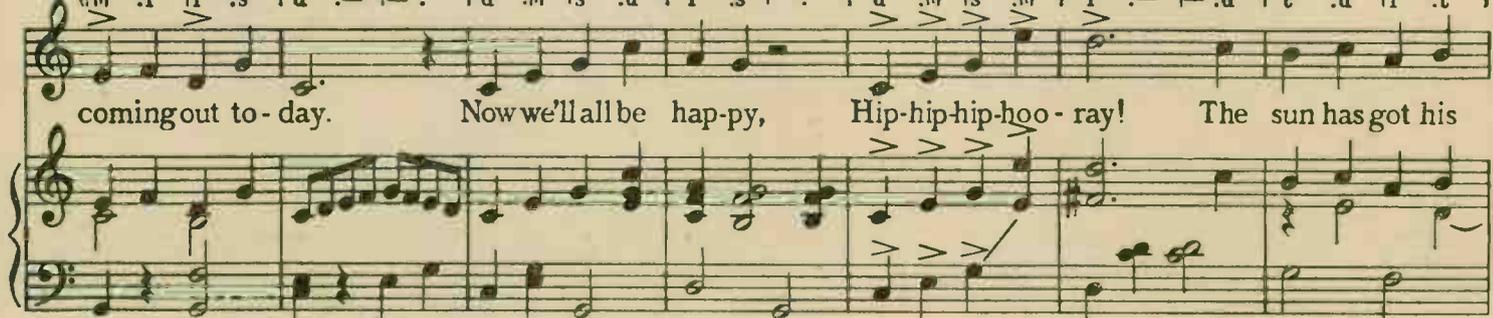


 sun has got his hat on— Hip-hip-hip-hoo-ray! The sun has got his hat on, and he's



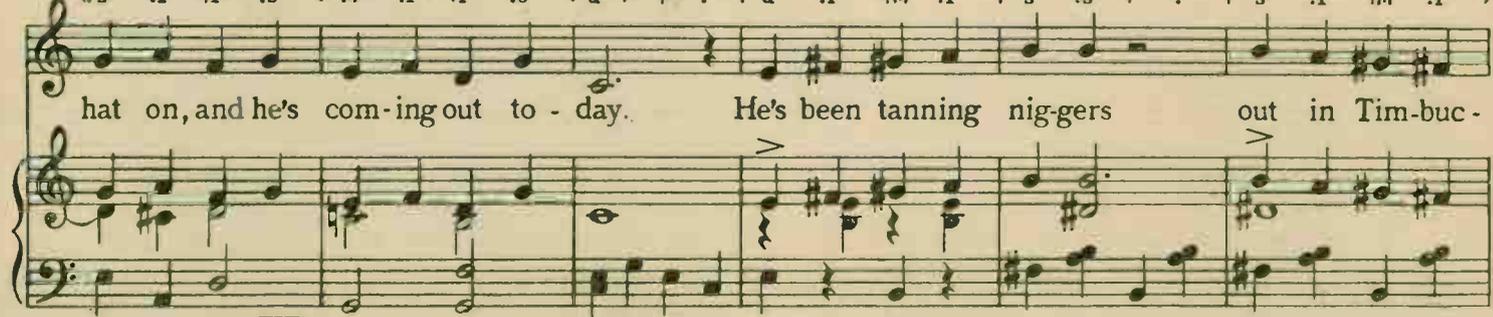


 coming out to-day. Now we'll all be hap-py, Hip-hip-hip-hoo-ray! The sun has got his



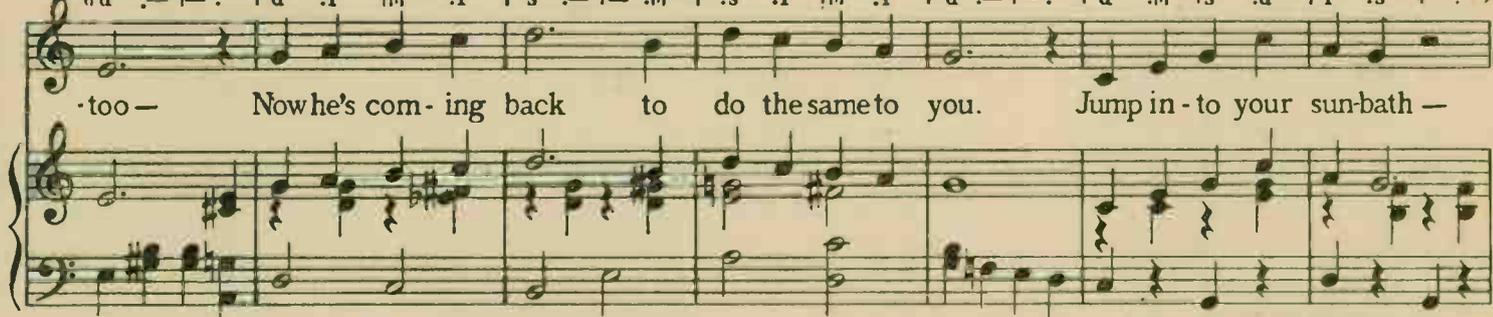


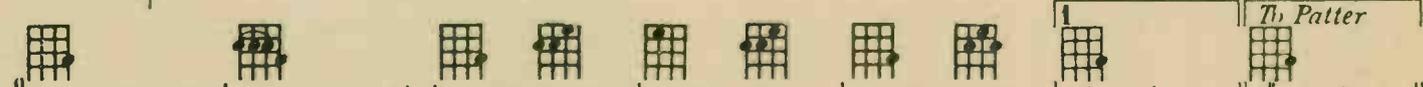
 hat on, and he's com-ing out to-day. He's been tanning nig-gers out in Tim-buc-



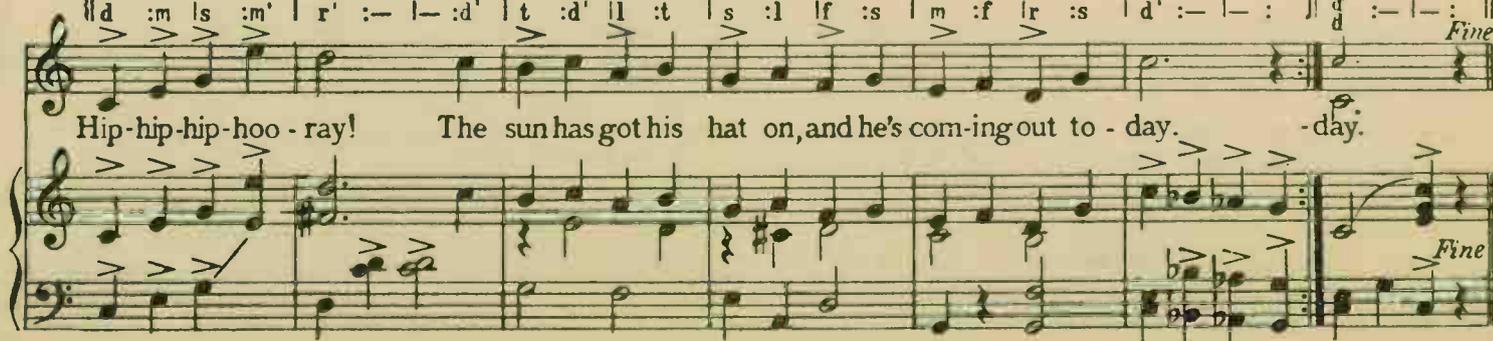


 -too— Now he's com-ing back to do the same to you. Jump in-to your sun-bath—





 Hip-hip-hip-hoo-ray! The sun has got his hat on, and he's com-ing out to-day. -day.



World Radio History

PATTER CHORUS

|| *s* : *s* : *s* : *s* | *s* : *f* | *m* : *d* | : | *r* : *r* : *r* : *r* | *r* : *d* | *t* : *s* : | : }

Nev - er saw the grass look green - er, Nev - er saw the sky se - ren - er,
 What a lot of hap - py fac - es, Ga - thered in the o - pen spac - es,
 All the lit - tle pigs are squeel - ing, Ev - 'ry - bo - dy's face is peel - ing,

|| *s* : *s* : *s* : *s* | *f* : *m* | *l* : *s* | *f* : : | *s* : *s* : *s* : *f* | *m* : *r* | *d* : - | - : }

What a lot of fun for ev - 'ry - one, Sit - ting in the sun all day.
 E - ven in the town we're turn - ing brown Sit - ting in the sun all day.
 Fa - ther, ve - ry stout, has lost his gout Hop - ping in the sun all day.

|| *s* : *s* : *s* : *s* | *s* : *f* | *m* : *d* | : | *r* : *r* : *r* : *r* | *r* : *d* | *t* : *s* : | : }

All the lit - tle boys ex - cit - ed, All the lit - tle girls de - light - ed,
 All the lit - tle birds are sing - ing, Can - ter - bu - ry bells are ring - ing,
 O - pen up the win - dows wi - der, O - pen up the Cham - pagne Ci - der,

|| *s* : *s* : *s* : *s* | *f* : *m* | *l* : *s* | *f* : : | *s* : *s* : *s* : *f* | *m* : *r* | *d* : - | - : *s* ||

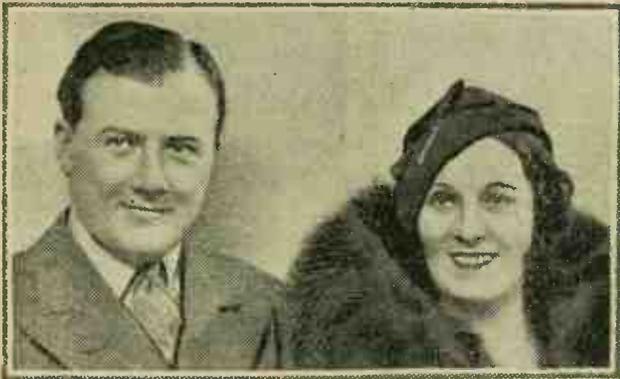
What a lot of sun for ev - 'ry - one, Sit - ting in the sun all day.
 Pus - sy on the tiles is wreathed in smiles Sleep - ing in the sun all day. The
 Mo - ther's get - ting cool on ice - cream - fool, Sip - ping in the sun all day.

Lying on the bathing beaches,
 Look at all the sunburnt peaches.
 Roaming on the sand they'll get well tanned,
 Bathing in the sun all day.
 Look at all the fair young charmers,
 Swaggering in beach pyjamas.
 Look at what they wear, but they don't care,
 Sitting in the sun all day.

See the saucy little flapper,
 Looking very trim and dapper,
 Lighting up the street with smile so sweet,
 Flirting in the sun all day.
 Look at all the frocks and flimsies,
 Look at all the lovely limbsies,
 Going to the sea in lingerie,
 Sitting in the sun all day.

D.C. Chorus
 All the little wasps are stinging,
 To the strawberry jam they're clinging.
 Flies have gone to bed on Pa's bald head
 Sleeping in the sun all day.
 Look at all the fat men oozing,
 Think of all the weight they're losing.
 They begin to melt below the belt,
 Sitting in the sun all day.

The Christmas Song and Dance Parade



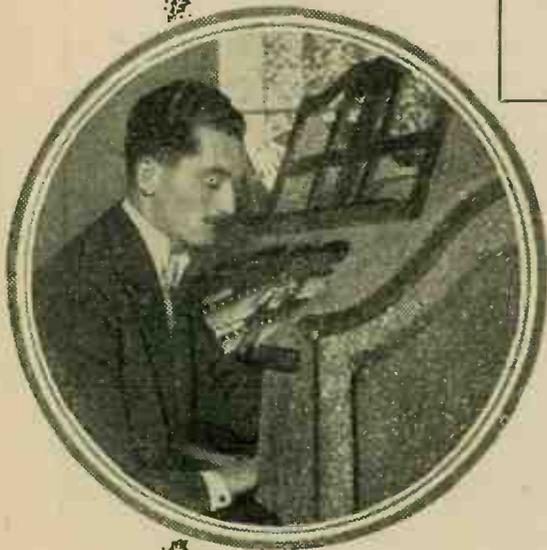
Mr. and Mrs. Jack Payne. "For the first time in 12 years," Jack writes, "my wife and I have planned to spend a real old-fashioned Christmas at home, with our "canine" family of three dogs, plus a feline playmate. In the past few years Christmas has simply meant more crowded hours of work, but this year I hope that I shall be entertained and not the entertainer! To finish the festive season off in the traditional way we may join in the fun of one of the West End pantomimes." We all wish you a very happy Christmas, Mr. and Mrs. Payne.

Christmas greetings
from your Editor
Jack Payne

My greeting for Christmas
and for all time -
"Cheerio"
Billy Merrin



A smile like Billy Merrin ("Maestro of the Midlands") shows above would be an asset at any Christmas party. But there'll be no Christmas party for Billy. He and his Commanders will not be playing on Christmas Day, but Billy will be hard at work on some special arrangements for his next broadcast—with time off for meals! Cheerio to you, too, Mr. Merrin. In circle on left, Reginald Dixon is playing you his signature tune greeting. He will help them to have a good time in Blackpool this holiday. The place wouldn't be the same without "OUR Reggie." We'd like to be with you, Mr. Dixon.



Cheery Greetings to young and old from "Beside the Seaside". May your Christmas be a very happy one. Wishes Sincere.

Reginald Dixon



Henry Hall will be the "Musical Father Christmas" of millions of children next week. He is broadcasting five special programmes during Christmas, in three of which Henry will act as "father," and give a children's party over the air. As his Christmas greeting to POPULAR MUSIC readers shows, Henry Hall believes in making merry with music. It will be a working Christmas for him, but he loves it. Here's wishing you a Merry Christmas, Mr. Hall.

Music is an essential ingredient of a merry Xmas & I feel that "Popular Music" has that ingredient in a very acceptable form. Congratulations on the first Xmas issue & a Merry Xmas to all its readers
Henry Hall

DRIFTIN' TIDE

Tune Ukulele: G C E A

FAT CASTLETON
& SPENCER WILLIAMS

Languidly

Piano

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords and single notes in a slow, languid style. The left hand provides a steady accompaniment with eighth notes.

With much expression

KEY F

The first line of the vocal melody is written on a single staff. Above the notes are guitar chord diagrams for the key of F major. The lyrics are: "All a - lone — I stand and watch the o - cean roll to be - moan, — because the blues have got control, All a -"

The piano accompaniment for the first line of lyrics, consisting of two staves. The right hand plays chords and single notes, while the left hand plays a rhythmic accompaniment.

The second line of the vocal melody with guitar chord diagrams. The lyrics are: "- lone — I stand with mis - ry in my soul, Driftin' Tide. Till my man comes back to me. All the"

The piano accompaniment for the second line of lyrics, consisting of two staves.

The third line of the vocal melody with guitar chord diagrams. The lyrics are: "night — I walk the shore to ease my mind, what a plight — to be the one who's left behind, It's not"

The piano accompaniment for the third line of lyrics, consisting of two staves.

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THE PETER MAURICE MUSIC Co. Ltd.
Maurice Building, Denmark St., London, W. C. 2

Telephone, Temple Bar 3856, (5 lines)

Telegrams, "Mauritunes Westcent London"

right — Because no peace at all I find, Driftin' tide, I'm as blue as I can be.

He went a-way with out a warn-in', And now my heart's in pain. I wonder with each

, day that's dawn-in' Will I get him back a - gain? I just cry — when-ev - er

mornin' comes aroun' heave a sigh — When-ev - er ev-nin' sun goes down, That is why — Close by the

to Interlude Last time only

o-cean I'll be foun' Driftin' Tide. I Tide Drift-in' Tide.

rit.

Fine

INTERLUDE

Don't know where he went to, That's why I've moan'd and cried, But still I know he meant to, Leave me dissatisfied. The

f

Ocean drives me crazy, Since we have been apart, Water dashin', splashin', splashin', Cuttin' me to my heart, Driftin'

marcato

Tide Hear my plea Send my sweet man driftin' back to me I just

poco rall.

D. S. al Fine

World Radio History

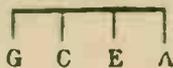
IT DON'T MEAN A THING

(IF IT AIN'T GOT THAT SWING)

Words by
IRVING MILLS

Music by
DUKE ELLINGTON

Tune Uke in C



Lively

PIANO

* Gmi

Eb7

D7

KEY Bb

What good is mel-o - dy,

ad lib.

Gmi

Eb7

Gmi

Eb7

D7

Gmi

Gmi

|| :1, 11, :1, | m :-mal- :- | :1, :-1, 11, :1, | m .d :-mal- :d | 1, :-1- :- | :-1- :- | :1, 11, :1, |

what good is mus - ic, - If it ain't pos - sess - in' some - thing sweet? — It ain't the

Eb7

D7

Gmi

Eb7

Gmi

Eb7

A7

Eb7

D7

|| d .1, :-t, | :- | :1, 11, :1, | m :-mal- :- | :1, 11, :1, | m :d | ma :d | t, :-d :- | t, :-1- ||

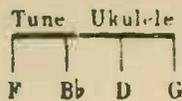
mel - o - dy, - it ain't the mus - ic, - There's some - thing else that makes the tune com - plete.

*Symbols for Guitar & Banjo

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 Denmark Street, London, W.C.2. Cables 'Vocable London' Telegrams 'Vocable Westcent London'

WHAT DO I CARE, IT'S HOME

By ROY TURK
& HARRY SMOLIN



Not fast

PIANO

KEY Eb

Id love to own a pal-ace grand, Whowould-n't, if they could? Id be filled with

pride, Hav-ing Mom in - side. I have-n't an - y pal-ace grand,

Still I cannot com-plain, Blue is up a - bove, And in-side there's love;

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THE LLEW WEIR MUSIC CO

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CHORUS

Slowly with expression

E_b A_b B_b Aug. E_b C7 Fmi. A_b B_b7 dim.
 || :s | m :d | l₁ .d .l₁ | t₁ :- | :d | m :s | l₁ .t .s | l₁ :- | :l | f :r | l₁ .d .l₁ | t₁ :-t₁ |

No rugs to cover the floor, No ros-es grow'round the door, One tree, no less and no more, But

p-mf

F7 B_b7 E_b B_b7 B_b7 E_b A_b B_b Aug. E_b C7 Fmi.
 || d .l₁ .d | m :re | m :- | :s | m :d | l₁ .d .l₁ | t₁ :- | :d | m :s | l₁ .t .s | l₁ :- | :l | f :r |

What Do I Care, It's Home! No chair with plush cover'd seat, No fan-cy dishes to eat, Just plain log

A_b B_b7 dim. F7 B_b7 E_b Gmi. D7
 || l₁ .d .l₁ | t₁ :-t₁ | d .l₁ .d | m :m | d :- | :t₁ :-t₁ | lde :-de | re :-re | m :-m | f :-f | fe :-fe |

fire for heat, But What Do I Care, It's Home! It's a weath-ered shan-ty on a bar-ren moun-tain

accel.

Gmi. D7 Gmi. B_b7 E_b A_b B_b Aug.
 || t :- | :t₁ :-t₁ | lde :-de | re :-re | m :-m | f :-f | fe :-fe | s :- | :s | m :d | l₁ .d .l₁ | t₁ :- |

side, You may think it's rough, but Mom and I are sat - is-fied. She thinks it's Heaven on high,

rit. *accel.* *rall.*

E_b C7 Fmi. A_b B_b7 dim. F7 B_b7 E_b dim. B_b7 E_b
 || :d | m :s | l₁ .t .s | l₁ :- | :l | f :r | l₁ .d .l₁ | t₁ :-t₁ | d .l₁ .d | m :m | d :- | :d :- | :

Worth more than money can buy, If she's con-tent, so am I, And What Do I Care, It's Home! Home!

World Radio History

TO ALL SONG-WRITERS

LAST CHANCE
to SHARE BIG
£2000 MONEY PRIZES **£2000**

POPULAR MUSIC'S

SENSATIONAL Offer

£50
for the BEST
FOX-TROT

TWO HUNDRED POUNDS for Fox-trots and Waltzes—that is **POPULAR MUSIC AND DANCING WEEKLY'S** amazing offer. Never before have the aspiring composers of this country had such an invitation. *If you are one yourself hurry, because this is your last chance* of figuring in an event that may prove you to be the British Irving Berlin or another Leslie Stuart.

There is melody in everyone. The simple little tune that came to you in the gloaming last evening may mean a fortune. Don't let it escape you! If you cannot write down the melody, find a musician who can. Some of the greatest composers of popular music cannot write a note—but they are always humming melodies. Perhaps you have the same talent. This competition gives you your chance.

The prizes in this unique contest need not end at that. There may be greater rewards for the winners. You've heard the stories of some of the big song "hits" "Little Man, You've Had a Busy Day," "Unless," "Lady of Madrid," "Dearest," "If," made fortunes in a few months.

HOW YOU CAN ENTER!

Perhaps you are already working with a friend who writes the words to your songs. Maybe you write the music but have no one with whom to collaborate. In this case find someone who has, or can write, a good lyric and then set it to music, or let your collaborator write words to the music you have composed.

In every part of the country there are musicians who can write down music, so if you merely have the tune in your head, as one says, obtain the help of one of these and together create a song that may sweep the country.

Above all things, remember that it is the simple haunting melodies allied to appealing and effective words that have so often achieved success. They are the songs that live! Look at the simplicity of "Little Man, You've Had a Busy Day"; regard the tuneful charm of "Let's Fall in Love."

All entries must reach us not later than the last post on January 1st, 1935. The result will be published in our issue dated February 9th, 1935, on sale on Thursday, February 7th, 1935. Below you will find the rules governing this wonderful competition for all song writers—amateur as well as professional—in Great Britain.

£50
for the BEST
WALTZ

£20
for the Second
BEST
FOX-TROT

£20
for the Second
BEST
WALTZ

£10
Each for Next
3 BEST
FOX-TROTS

£10
Each for Next
3 BEST
WALTZES

— RULES —

- 1.—All entries in both the Fox-trot and Waltz classes must be in the form of a complete song, i.e., words and music set together. MSS. may be written in ink or pencil.
- 2.—All entries must be sent with a stamped, addressed envelope for return.
- 3.—It is understood that the Editor of POPULAR MUSIC AND DANCING WEEKLY does not hold himself responsible for any entry lost in the post or otherwise mislaid.
- 4.—The complete copyright, including performing rights in all winning songs, become the absolute property of the proprietors of POPULAR MUSIC AND DANCING WEEKLY. Should arrangements be made for any of the prize numbers to be published in sheet form, royalties will be paid to the winners. Prize-money and any other payments will be paid in equal shares to author and composer.
- 5.—All entries should be addressed to Song Competition, "Popular Music and Dancing Weekly," 5, Cornhill Street, London, E.C.A. (Comp.).
- 6.—The Editor's decision will be final and legally binding throughout, and he can enter into no correspondence regarding the competition. Employees (or members of their families) of the proprietors of POPULAR MUSIC AND DANCING WEEKLY are not eligible to compete.
- 7.—All entries must bear the name (s) and address(es) of both lyric writer and composer, and must be accompanied by a statement signed by both that the entry is original work throughout and the sole property of the entrants.
- 8.—All entrants will be deemed to have agreed to these conditions.

ENTRIES WILL BE JUDGED BY A SPECIALLY SELECTED BODY OF POPULAR MUSIC EXPERTS.

SUNG BY LESLIE FRENCH

AT THE CORNER OF THE STREET

Words by
TONY CONGREVE

Music by
TONY SPURGIN

Moderato

Piano

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand starts with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a 4/4 time signature. It begins with a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, creating a rhythmic pattern. The left hand starts with a bass clef and plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include a forte (f) marking and a fortissimo (ff) marking towards the end of the piece.

KEY Eb

1. Wo-men are the lim-it, they nev-er keep a date,— What can be the rea-son they
 2. Went home bro-ken heart-ed, I'd start-ed out so bright,— Nerves went all to pie-ces,
 3. She didn't seem to wor-ry or think she'd done me wrong,— Or say that she was so-ry I'd

The first vocal line is written on a single staff with a treble clef. It includes three verses of lyrics. The piano accompaniment is shown on two staves below the vocal line, with a bass clef on the left and a treble clef on the right. The piano part provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

al-ways turn up late?— I fixed up a meet-ing with a girl I
 could-n't sleep at night.— When I called to ask her why she'd made me
 had to wait so long,— She on-ly raised her eye-brows and said that I should

The second vocal line continues the melody on a single staff with a treble clef. The piano accompaniment continues on two staves, maintaining the harmonic structure established in the first line.

know But though I hung a round for hours did she turn up? Oh no! —
 wait, I found that she'd for-got-ten me and kept an-o-ther date. —
 find A wo-man was en-ti-tled, if she liked, to change her mind. —

The third vocal line concludes the piece on a single staff with a treble clef. The piano accompaniment concludes on two staves, ending with a final chord.

REFRAIN

Oh! she told me she'd see me, And we said that we'd meet By the Shoe shop, near the

f *2nd time f*

tea shop, AT THE CORNER OF THE STREET My knees be-gan to trem-ble, And my

heart be-gan-to beat, By the shoe shop, near the tea shop. AT THE CORNER OF THE

STREET. { The min-utes turned to hours— I watched the pass-ers by, My bunch of vio-lets
I've met my Girl at danc-es, I've met her in the park, I've met her at the
A la-dy said "Why wait here? Come home with me to tea, As good fish live in
I wait-ed in the rain there, and was I wet, by heck! Id ponds in all my

||s :s | - :s | 1, :1, | t, :1, :s, | d :- | :d, :se | 1 :1 | :1 | m :m | :r, :re, | m :m | m, :re, m |

fad-ed, the stars came in— the sky. And I went home at twi-light with blis-ters on— my
pic-tures, we keep that ra - ther dark, But this is the last time that— we shall ev - er
riv - er as come out of— the sea" I said "I'm not out fish-ing it's a bird I've got—to
poc-kets and a riv - er down my neck, But I stood like a sol-dier and—thought of no—re-

||1, :- | :se, :1, | m :m | :re, :m | s :s | :1, :1 | d :d | ma :r | 1 d :- | :s, :se | 2 d :- | - : ||

feet
meet
meet
-treat

From the shoe shop, near the tea shop, AT THE CORNER OF THE STREET. STREET.

EXTRA COUPLETS

5. While waiting there I wore out my shoes, the truth I tell
My hat had changed its colour, I'd grown a beard as well,
I looked so darned hungry, they asked me in to eat
6. As I was standing waiting a policeman came and said
"I'll take you up for loitering if you don't go home to bed,"
He took me for a burglar—Scotland Yard began to meet
7. Don Bradman saw me waiting and shouted "It's a cert
At last I've found the Ashes," I said "No, my name's dirt,
A maiden's bowled me over— I've suffered a defeat
8. A girl in beach pyjamas came walking slowly by,
She smiled at me so sweetly and winked a wicked eye,
She lifted up her finger, so I called out Tweet-tweet!
9. A girl put both arms round me and said "You're Lobby Lud"
I said "You're quite mistaken, dear, my name is only mud,
And if there's a cloudburst my day will be complete
10. I heard the weather forecast from someone's wireless set.
It said "The further outlook is very, very wet,
And rain will be followed by thunder, hail and sleet
11. I felt so tired and hungry, my thirst I couldn't drown,
I know now what it feels like when you're dead and can't lie down.
I'm happy when I'm hiking, but my shoes seemed full of feet
12. A man came cycling past me with ices fresh and cold,
He said "Stop me and buy one," I said "I've just been sold
My heart's in cold storage—and I've got frozen feet

THE BELLS OF HOME ARE RINGING

Tune Uke to B \flat E \flat G. C

By ARTHUR STROUD

Key E \flat || : | :m .r |

When the
Lift your

8 loco

bells are loud - ly ring - ing 'Tis the end - ing of a year And you
voic - es and be sing ing Auld Lang Syne and Home Sweet Home Cant you

feel your cares a wing - ing While your heart fills with good cheer
hear the bells a ring - ing Think of friends a - cross the foam. The

REFRAIN

|| d :d lr :s | m :m l- :s, | d :d lr :s | m :- l- :s |

bells of Home are ring - ing A call to friend and foe To

Last Chorus only

|| l :s lf :l | s :m l- :d | m :m lr :d | r :- l- :s |

shake the hand of friend-ship For - get all cares and woe The

|| d :- lr :s | m :m l- :m | s :m lr :d | l :- lt :- |

hour_ is ap - proach - ing Those chimes pro - claim it near And

|| d' d' lt :l | s :f m :s | l :d' l- :t | d' :- l- :s || d' :- l- : ||

wish you all the same as me A Hap - py New Year. The Year

1 2

SONGS THEY WILL SING IN THE PANTOMIMES

Panto. Time is round again and songs are the most important thing in Pantomime. There is an interesting story in the way in which you get your Panto. songs. H. W. SHIRLEY LONG takes you once again behind the scenes, shows you how it is done, and tells you the songs you will hear this year.

As you read this, in about two hundred theatres up and down Britain King Pantomime is ascending his throne. And that means songs! Songs by the hundred. Songs for the Principal Boy and Girl, the Dame, comedian, Fairy Queen and Pantomime King.

Songs and still more songs—gay ones, comic ones, softly sentimental ones, "bloodthirsty" ones.

On Christmas Eve—and before that in Scotland—a three-months' struggle will end for the men and women in the song and dance world. When the curtain rises on the first scenes of those two hundred pantos, they will know the results of their labours. Their precious songs will either be in, or out.

The assembling of songs for pantomime is about the year's biggest job for the folk who provide our popular music. It begins when we are coming back from our holidays in the late summer.

Until a few years ago it was the songs we had heard at the seaside which went into the pantos, at Christmas, but radio has changed all that, and nowadays it is the numbers achieving popularity in the late autumn which star in panto.

But even in this swiftly changing world King Panto holds fast to the traditions of his court. He still must have his waltz song, his comic song, his ballad, and his special song for the transformation scene. These are unbreakable laws to-day.

Even so, it is rare to find songs specially written for pantomime. Occasionally, perhaps, a comic song may be done for the Dame or comedian, but the old days of launching new numbers via pantomimes are over. Bame Young Master Radio for that. He has altered panto, traditions quite a bit.

Nevertheless, the friendly fight among the denizens of Tin Pan Alley, Jazz Lane, or whatever you like to call the music-publishing quarter of London, to get their pet songs into pantos, is still remarkably keen.

Publishers, writers and composers all have their wares to offer. Producers, singers and dancers all want words and music. Putting the two wants in touch with each other causes some fun.

This is how the producer works. During the summer he has had his "scouts" at the big, popular seaside resorts with their eyes and ears open. They are noticing what songs the pierrots have most success with, and what numbers the concert parties favour.

The possible trend of taste is judged for future reference, and perhaps a song or two is earmarked. Then somewhere about October the producer begins to think about his show.

What special "production numbers" must he have? What good ideas for scenic effects has he got that require music? How about a good, rousing chorus song, so that the whole audience can join in with the leading comedian?

All the time these producers are listening to the songs of the day, trying to gauge what songs will fit their needs, and what songs will be popular (but not done to death) by Christmas.

Meanwhile, the citizens of Charing Cross Road are doing their share of thinking. "What have we got to offer?" is the question. Every new song is a potential hit to them—so they turn on all their eloquence for the benefit of the pantomime producers, who every year make a solemn pilgrimage to London for the purpose of hearing and securing the best songs.

Round about the beginning of November you will see the famous figures of pantomime in the West End. Francis Laidler, King of Yorkshire pantomime, is up looking for the hits. He likes songs round which he can build lovely scenes for troupes of his Sunbeam dancers.

Then there is Harry McKelvie, from Glasgow, the man with the longest-run panto, of all. His shows start with the cast rehearsing in fur coats and end with them wearing flannels! They last from Christmas till early summer.

Prince Littler, from Birmingham, is another visitor, while we have the Melville Brothers and Julian Wylie always with us.

Mr. Wylie is producing six pantos, this year, in various parts of the country. He has a little tradition of his own about panto. He always uses the same incidental music, which was written by the late James W. Tate.

The business of picking the winners for panto, furrows the brows of all these gentlemen. They sit in Charing Cross Road offices while three men at a time come in to play over the new numbers. One man plays the piano, another sings, and the third is the salesman who tries to convince the producer that here, at last, is the very thing for him.

And for weeks it goes on. This year's frenzied search for panto, songs will result, I can forecast, in most of the following songs being heard:

"Er String Along With You"; "Kiss Me Good-night, My Dear"; "What Shall I Do?"; "Nobody Loves a Fairy When She's Forty"; "Little Man, You've Had a Busy Day"; "Dreamy Serenade"; "I Never Had a Chance"; "The Isle of Capri"; "Soon"; "It's a Parade"; "What Good is the Good in Good-bye?"; "I Bought Myself a Bottle of Ink."

You'll be hearing them!

CALLING ALL STARS

Reading down from the left, across, and up, here are some of the stars who will shine in this year's pantomimes.

Binnie Barnes, Gene Gerrard (Manchester), Kitty Reidy, Will Fyffe, Jean Adrienne (Glasgow), Helen Gilliland, Will Mahoney (Manchester), Dorothy Ward, Albert Burdon (Birmingham), Jean Colin (Manchester), Shaun Glenville (Birmingham), June, Phyllis Neilson Terry (Drury Lane, London), Kitty Franklin (Glasgow), G. S. Melvin (Newcastle), Gwladys Stanley (Victoria Palace, London), Mona Vivian (Bristol), Kittie Prince (Blackpool), Elsie Prince (Lyceum, London).



ON HER DOORSTEP LAST NIGHT

Words and Music by ROBERT HARGREAVES and STANLEY J. DAMERELL

CHORUS.

The musical score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written in a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are: "He lov'd her, WHO DID? He did, WHERE? On her door.step last night — He hugg'd her, WHO DID? He did, WHERE? (On her door.step last night — He said 'You are my dar.ling Kate' Squeezed her fingers in the gar.den gate. Then he kiss'd her, WHO DID? He did, WHERE? On her BIRTHDAY last night. — He night." The piano accompaniment is written in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of one flat and a 4/4 time signature. It includes dynamic markings such as *f*, *ff*, and *ffz D.S.* (fortissimo, Da Capo). Above the piano part, there are guitar chord diagrams for each measure, showing fingerings for the strings. The score is divided into two systems, with the second system ending with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

World Radio History



THE CONTINENTAL.—Sparkling pictures of the new dance sensation, as featured in the Radio film "The Gay Divorce," by Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. The Hand Kiss, done in eight beats, or two bars of music. The gentleman advances on One-Two. The girl approaches him on Three-Four. (Picture One.)—During the next four beats he bows and kisses her hand, taking her into his arms for The Fox-Trot Whirl which is a series of four rhythmic whirls to the right, each whirl in four beats (two beats to each turn). The turns are done on one foot, the other being held upward and outward. The feet hit the floor for the pivots on One-Two-Three and Four. (Pictures 2 and 3.)—Then the Skip-Strut Step. The gentleman holds the girl's hand above his pivot in a complete whirl in four bars of music. On the first beat the right foot is advanced and pointed, striking the floor. Before the second beat the girl lifts her left foot, hops backward with the right foot as the left is advanced and pointed, both the right and left foot striking the floor on "Two!" This is repeated on "Three" and "Four" and continued for four bars. (Pictures 4, 5, and 6.)—Next into the Face-to-Face Whirl, which is done in six bars of music, or twenty-four beats. The gentleman leads the girl into four whirls to the right, taking a count of One-Two to each half whirl, and four counts to the complete circle. This is a regular waltz-whirl, only speeded up to fox-trot time. If desired a fox-trot walk can be substituted, four beats forward, four backward and then repeat. (Pictures 7, 8 and 9).

COME DANCING
AROUND
BRITAIN No. 4.

WHERE THEY DANCE THE POLKA!

By
HORACE
RICHARDS

THE Christmas bells will ring out over a lighthearted Lancashire, for the lads and lasses love dancing, and they are sure to take full advantage of the several gay dance-halls that are there for their entertainment in Liverpool and Manchester.

Certainly if a twist of Fate were to land me in Liverpool this Christmas I would make either for the Grafton Rooms or the Rialto, and be sure of a right royal time. But I should have to be prepared to dance vigorously the whole time. You see, Liverpool's motto is "Dancing for dancing's sake," and so cabaret and any entertainment other than the actual dancing is out to a minimum. Young Liverpool has "itching feet" that demand to be satisfied on the dance-floor.

Cutting Out Comedy

So neither Hamer at the Grafton Rooms nor Jack McCormick at the Rialto allow their hands to indulge in over-much comedy or anything that will interfere with dancing. Malcolm Munro, manager of the Grafton Rooms, will only occasionally stage a cabaret or a novelty "Go-as-you-please" competition. "Our band is not for show; it's for dancing." Manager Winstanley of the Rialto told me, and that just about sums up Liverpool's attitude to dancing.

Gay halls are these two Merseyside ball-rooms, yet neither is ablaze with colour. Indeed, one man who has danced in the district for years told me that it seems to be a peculiarity of Liverpool dancers that they prefer dancing in a subdued light. Both halls have made a speciality of floor and band rather than of brilliance of decoration.

I have already told you in "P. M." that Malcolm Munro claims to be one of the pioneers of the "new-old" craze for Old-Time Dances. The Polka is a particular favourite at this hall. The family parties that these evenings attract should be a big feature of this Christmas

The graceful whirl completed, the couple separate and prepare for The Tap Step. They face each other and execute a triple tap and sideways walk from right to left and back again. Beat one, the gentleman strikes his right heel and then does two taps with his left toe, one as it goes forward and one as it comes back. Beat two, he moves his left foot backward and places it to the right of his right foot. Beat three, he rests upon the left foot as he makes a sideways step with his right. On beat four, he places the left foot across and in advance of his right. This is repeated for four bars, or sixteen beats, with the girl following the same movements and beginning on the same foot. (Pictures 10 and 11.)—Now we have The Cut Out Step, done in two bars or eight beats. The gentleman hops upward on his right toe and strikes it against the floor on the count of One and Two. On the first beat the left foot is lifted and kicked backward to the right and then straight out to the left on the second beat. On beats three and four the hop is on the left foot. The partners start on alternate feet so that the kicks are in the same direction. (Picture 12.)—The partners merge straight into The Low Down Walk which begins when the couple are face to face and about two feet apart. Each circles independently of the other, and in two bars completes a circle with an ordinary fox-trot walk, the shoulders being shaken in rhythm with the music. (Pictures 13, 14 and 15.) Back again to a series of waltz whirls for three bars. On the final beat of the third bar the couple start to walk forward in the ordinary ballroom position. The walk is continued over beats two and three and on beat four the gentleman bends his knees and the lady leaps lightly on them to be kissed. (Picture 16.) And that, ladies and gentlemen, is THE CONTINENTAL!



BILLY GASKIN, hot trumpet stylist with Joe Loss' band, was once a trombonist in the Salvation Army. From the sublime to the Red Nicholous.

Jack Armstrong, member of the Jesters, radio act, is an ex-tennis champion. Held junior West of England title before going to the States. Teddy Joyce is another tennis fan.

They still won't allow Jack Hylton and his band into the States. Here are just a few famous leaders from that country who have been to England with their orchestras: Dave Appollon, Paul Whiteman, Abe Lyman, Hal Kemp, Duke Ellington, Cab Calloway, Vincent Lopez.



The top of one of Syd Lipton's fingers is missing. It does not, however, affect his violin-playing, although it is with that hand he stops the strings.

Debroy Somers, who went through the Irish rebellion, accompanied John McCormack when he was only fourteen. McCormack got two guineas; Somers got one. He says it's the "proudest pay-day" he's ever had.

Eddie Pola came into prominence first of all by winning a Charleston championship. Franz Vienna, nee Steininger, with whom he has collaborated on several songs, is a nephew of Franz Lehár.



Bert Boardman, tenor sax at the Havana Club, Edinburgh, used to be an insurance agent. Even now his band colleagues feel they are not safe from his clutches!

Babetto Odeal, personality soubrette with Popplewell's "Gaiety Whirl," and now booked for pantomime in Glasgow, has found a new sport. Otter-hunting! Can anyone beat that one?

"Rooster Number One"—Perry Merriman—was a boy chorister at the Lyceum with Irving, Ellen Terry and Forbes-Robertson.

Blackpool's popular band-leader, Bertini, had to run away from home to avoid being apprenticed to an ironmonger! His real name's Bert Gutzell.

"Unless," Tolchard Evans' hit song, is known in Archer Street, the musicians' rendezvous, as the Income Tax collectors' National Anthem!



After the last Royal Command Performance Sonny Farrar, of Jack Hylton's band, and Theo Farrar, of Henry Hall's band, started chatting. Discovered to their mutual surprise that they are second cousins.

Jack Couley, Sheffield band leader, challenges any musician in the British Isles to golf. He has played with Walter Hagen, Densmore Shute, and Cotton—Henry Colton—who all praise him highly. Hagen's manager invites Jack to return with them to America.



Talking of sport, it's not only tennis that young Fred Perry enthuses over. He's a very keen dance-band fan, and knows many of the boys, here and in the U.S.A.

Howard Jacobs, star American saxophonist and band leader, once attended a typing school as a means of improving his fingering. Got on so well at it that he carried off a State Championship one year later.

Some weeks ago I mentioned Tiny Winters, Lew Stone's minute bass player. He also sings on the air, and as a result gets considerable fan mail. Unfortunately, his voice is as tiny as his nickname, and most of it is addressed to "Miss Winters" or "Miss Windsor," ears of Lew Stone's band. One parcel of music arrived for "Mademoiselle Tiny Windsor soprano."



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SONGS to SING the NEW YEAR IN NEXT WEEK'S SPLENDID PROGRAMME

GO TO SLEEP

REFRAIN

GO TO SLEEP! Stars have be-gun to peep,

CHORUS

YOU OR NO-ONE, one ca-ress and dar-ling I know, — YOU OR NO-ONE.

YOU OR NO ONE

THROW OPEN WIDE YOUR WINDOW

KEY

Throw o - pen wide your win - dow, dear. The Spring the glor - ious Spring

CHORUS

One bra-dil gown — one ei-derdown, I've been sav-ing em — one eight een nine - ty four. Got me
One chief-fun eer — one keg o' beer. And some orange and pur-ple li-no for the floor. Got a

IN MY LITTLE BOTTOM DRAWER

HILLS OF DEVON

CHORUS

Hills of De- von you've a path that leads to Hea- ven, Which I'm goin' to climb in the

ALSO —

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January 5th, 1935.



EDITED BY

JACK PAYNE

**AND DANCING
WEEKLY**

THESE BIG SONGS THIS WEEK

Good Night, Lovely Little
Lady

Moon Country

Best Wishes

Prairie Lullaby

I'm One of the Lads of
Valencia

You've Made My Life
Complete, Dear

NO
13

NEXT WEEK—"Grinzing" and "Love Thy Neighbour"

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IF IT IS NOT let me show you how rapidly, and practice-drudgery, without any of the old-fashioned beautifully as to give pleasure to yourself and to every listener. I CAN do away with that finger stiffness, I CAN perfect fingering, increase speed and stretch, strengthen touch, and beauty tone so that you shall make the piano sing! I WILL send you BY POST *Sou-Clear, Modern, Musically Training—Physical* as well as mental—from Ordinary Music—no French methods—enabling you to read and play at sight any standard musical composition.

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I am making great progress with the lessons, and am very pleased.—W. R., 21/11/34. Y 40178. Age 17.
I am progressing very favourably, and am more than pleased that I decided to learn by your method rather than an ordinary teacher.—E. C., 16/11/34. Y 40140. Age 20.
I must thank you for what you have done in so short a time, and I shall praise your System to everyone.—P. O., 19/11/34. Y 40223. Age 23.
With everything explained so clearly and arranged so attractively it would be difficult for one to do other than improve rapidly.—A. S., 15/11/34. Y 40129. Age 27.
The first lesson, by its simplicity and clearness, has given me confidence to continue.—V. S., 20/11/34. Y 40183. Age 32.

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MR. H. BECKER,
(Dept. 269), 69, Fleet St., LONDON, E.C.4



Two chords, major and minor, to start off right! Major is Reggie Richmond, bass player with Joe Loss' band. Minor is his brother, Ivor Richmond, bass player and vocalist with Len Daniels' band. Both play in the West End Astoria, London. Ivor Richmond, known professionally as Ivor Rich, is part of Rich and Silva, popular broadcasters. Reggie taught him to sing, and made a good job of it, too.

Fred Latham, crooner with Jack Jackson's band, bicycled from Manchester to London to get the job. Proper ending to this story would be for him to roll back in a sumptuous limousine. Judging by his fan mail, that may well prove to be the case.

He used to be a Life Guard. Sydney Kyte, of the Piccadilly Hotel Band.

Tommy Ladd, of the Jesters, radio act, is of Spanish and Scottish descent. He is a cousin of Leo Carillo, film star. His mother, who is Scotch, is related to Sir Harry Lauder.

Wally Barker, favourite concert party clown, used to work in the carriage-department office at Stratford Railway Station.

Max Erard, father of Clive Erard, whose band plays at the Windsor Grill in the West End, used to tour a fourteen-ton cathedral organ in his variety act. He earned £500 a week.

Max Bacon's brother, Harry, runs a gentlemen's outfitter's shop in Shaftesbury Avenue, London. Max is, of course, Ambrose's drummer. Lew Stone's brother runs a snack bar just off Coventry Street, London.

Autograph-hunters are not all fans. One band-leader, surrounded by admirers, signed his name to a piece of paper which was later presented to him as an I.O.U. to the value of £5.



Billy Mason, band leader, studied to be a marine engineer, and worked for nearly two years in the Clyde dockyards.

Burton Gillis, heavyweight saxophonist of the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra, is a fervent film fan. Favourite stars: W. C. Fields, Mickey Mouse and Laurel and Hardy.

NEXT WEEK'S BIG ATTRACTIONS
"GRINZING" and "LOVE THY NEIGHBOUR"

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Edited by
SIR LANDON RONALD

PART 11 ON SALE TO-DAY—CONTAINS

- TROIS MORCEAUX (Minuetto Caprice) Borowski
- THREE BAVARIAN DANCES (No. 1) Elgar
- MINUET IN E FLAT Beethoven
- BOLERO (Scene de Ballet—Violin & Piano) de Bériot
- MY MOON Pélissier
- THEME FROM IMPROMPTU IN B FLAT Schubert
- AN OLD FAIRY STORY Baynton-Power
- LEAD THOU ME ON Newman-Wood
- VALSE NOBILE Schumann

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GOOD-NIGHT, LOVELY LITTLE LADY

Words by
MACK GORDON

Tone Ukulele in C



Music by
HARRY REVEL

Moderato

PIANO

KEY C

Chimes are ringing, — Evening is ending, sweet-heart

ad lib.

(Chimes)

Chimes are ring - ing, — Lips that were blend - ing must part.

(Chimes)

REFRAIN

Good - night, — Love - ly Lit - tle La - dy, — I must say a dieu to you and

p-f

Symbols for Banjo & Guitar
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V.M.S 615

World Radio History

Learn to Dance!Join Our Weekly Dancing School

HOW TO HOLD YOUR PARTNER

by

VICTOR SILVESTER

Mr. Victor Silvester—partnered by his wife—is internationally famous as a world's champion ball-room dancer, Mayfair teacher, and writer of books about dancing. He is going to conduct, week by week, in "Popular Music," a dancing course for readers. If you are a beginner you will learn the correct fundamental principles of dancing. If you are a dancer already, you will be able to put right faults of which you may not be aware. Mr. Silvester will deal in simple, non-technical language with all the main ball-room dances of to-day, after giving you the basis that is essential to all good dancing. This is the first of his series of instructive articles.

Just a few introductory remarks before we learn how to hold a partner.

Ball-room dancing to-day is not a question of learning a series of complicated steps, twists, or twirls. There are no tricks to acquire.

Dancing is built up on one or two elementary principles; it has been "streamlined" and standardised. In these weekly lessons of ours we will master those simple foundations of dancing first of all, so that later, by your own practice, you can acquire your polished style.

When I say that dancing has been standardised I mean that every accredited teacher in Britain to-day gives his or her pupils the same basic instruction. Teachers do not go out of their way to impart styles and steps of their own. There is no individual freakiness in ball-room teaching practice, but, as in golf or tennis, the same foundations are taught.

Pupils of the POPULAR MUSIC WEEKLY school need have no fear about dancing with pupils of any other academy. You will have both learned the same things.

Balance is the Secret.

What are these basic principles of modern ball-room dancing? Well, the prime basis is the simple, ordinary *walk*. If you can walk correctly you can dance correctly.

One often hears middle-aged folk saying, a shade contemptuously, that dancing to-day is only walking to music. If by that they mean that there is no prancing about on tip-toe, they are right.

But I said walking correctly—which is a thing few people do!

Balance is the secret of proper walking, as any health specialist will tell you. Therefore, balance is the vital thing in dancing. I will deal with that at length in our next class.

Meanwhile, as dancing is a thing for two people, we will now talk about the earliest point—how to hold your partner, and how to hold yourself. Obviously, if you can hold your partner in the correct fashion you will feel at ease, and have confidence in yourself, which is half the battle.

If Your Partner is Tall.

Now, a gentleman, please—so that I can demonstrate with him the correct hold.

First, stand in a perfectly natural and erect position, head held naturally. Raise your left arm so that your hand is slightly above the level of the left shoulder. Bend your arm at the elbow to give a graceful, easy curve.

Now will a lady step up, please?

Stand in front of the man, and close to him, for in dancing it is essential to be so close that you move as one person. The gentleman should always keep the lady in front of him (except in the Tango, of which more later).

However, I know that often your partner will be nearly as tall, if not taller than you are, which means that you will not be able to see where you are going when she faces you. In this case it is better to hold your partner slightly to your right, on your right hip.



The correct hold for ball-room dancing, demonstrated by Mr. and Mrs. Silvester.

Now the lady must raise her right hand to the same level as her partner's, keeping the palm of the hand downwards, with the arm slightly bent at the elbow.

The gentleman, meanwhile, must grasp the lady's right hand so that it lies in his, with her palm downwards.

Now for the other hand. The gentleman's right hand should be just under the lady's left shoulder-blade. Elbows well up, without raising the shoulders. Left forearm, wrist and hand, at this time, must be in a straight line.

In the case of the gentleman this left hand is used solely for balance and appearance, not for steering, which is all done by the body and right hand.

The lady's left hand should be raised and placed with the fingers close together on the back of the man's right upper arm.

There, then, is the correct hold. But you are, I can hear you saying, stationary. What happens when we move off?

Keep Your Arms Still!

My answer is that when you move, your body and arms must be kept quite still. In dancing you move only from the hips as you take your steps. That odd movement of the arms when dancing, which we call "pump-handling," is wrong, and shows lack of muscle control.

The gentleman must do all the steering in dancing. The lady must never in any way attempt to lead or guide. She must just follow her partner. Steering, as I have said, is done by the gentleman's right arm and body.

All movement, I repeat, is from the hips. Therefore relax all your muscles, and don't keep yourself taut. Keep still, but easy.

Your knees should appear to be straight when you are dancing. Actually they should be naturally relaxed the whole time (not bent, remember), with the one exception of when you are out to the full extent of your stride. At that moment the knee of the leg that you are stepping with should be straight, but a fraction of a second afterwards, as your weight goes on to that foot, the knee should relax naturally. Remember that a straight knee does not mean poker-stiff—there is a difference.

Your feet should be kept perfectly straight in ball-room dancing; avoid turning your toes out, for it looks frightfully ugly.

So now you know the way to hold your partner, and how to carry yourself. Bear these things in mind, for next week we talk about balance, when you are moving round the floor.



SOME OF NEXT WEEK'S ATTRACTIONS

Love Thy Neighbour : Grinzing:
Seven Years with the Wrong Woman!

Articles : Gossip : Pictures



MOON COUNTRY

(IS HOME TO ME)

Words & Music by
HOAGY CARMICHAEL &
JOHNNY MERCER.

Tune Ukulele to G.C.E.A. (by arrangement with Muller Music Pub. Co.)

Moderato.

KEYC.

I know where the peach trees bear a har-vest all the year

(Hum)

d : - : r : - : m : - : r : - : d : s : - : l : s : - : f : m : d : r : m : f

I know where an old grey mare eats blue grass from the ground.

s : - : - : - : d : s : - : l : s : - : f : m : d : r : m : f

That's where folks rev-er turn a hand, they just live off the land. My rock-in' chair is

r : r : m : f : s : m : s : - : - : r : r : m : f : s : - : - : s : d : s : l : - : - : l

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|| s : d | s : - f | m : d | r : d . d | - : - : - : || d : - | r : - | m : - | r : - ||

wait - in' there, that's why Im home-ward bound.

(Hum).....

|| : m | m r r r | r : - | d . r : - | : m | m f f e | s : - | d . r : - | : m | m r r d } ||

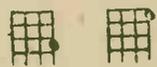
I long for that MOON COUN-TRY; that 'pos-sum and 'coon coun-try, That syc - a-more

|| r : d | - : r | d : - | : m | : l : m | - : l : ta | : l : ta | - : s : | : m | m r r d | r : - | d . r : - | }

hea-ven back South (I'll lose my mind till I get there.) I long for that ol' coun-try,

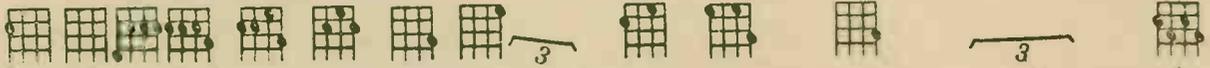
|| : s | s f e m | s : - | f e . m : - | r : r m s : - | l : l | l s : l | s : - | f : - | r : - | - : s : l | }

that "good for the soul" coun-try, Good for cook-in' things that melt in your mouth. (Oh Lawd) When my



|d'.d:-:ta :l.s |:-: -:-: d .d |s.d:-:is :f.m |:-: -:-: d |s .d is :-:f|m.s:-: -:-:r .r }

cous-in, Cin-dy Lou, plays a twi-light hymn to you. She makes that ol' pi - a-no sound ex-



|d :d it, :d |r:-: -:-: | :m m r d |r:-: d.r:-: | :m m f s |d' -:-: t.l }

-act -ly like brand new. I long for that MOON COUNTRY that's where I should be, 'Cause that



|s :s |l t ,d' |d:-: r:-: |d:-: -:-: | : : : |d :-: r:-: |m :-: r:-: }

ol' MOON COUNTRY is home to me. me.....



|d :-: r:-: |m :-: r:-: |m .f |s :s |l t ,d' |d:-: r:-: |d :-: -:-: |:-: : : |

(Hum).....'Cause that ol' MOON COUNTRY is home to me.....

World Radio History



THE SONG and DANCE PARADE

The Real Rumba In a Film.

Song Stars' "Worst Moments."



YOLA DE FRAINE is billed nowadays as a "torch-singer." Rather curious how she acquired the label. You know her now famous signature tune, "I Want to Sing a Torch Song," too, and the reason for it is this: A year or so ago she was headlining at a West End music-hall, singing the latest numbers in her own style.

One of the newspaper critics, well up in transatlantic slang, wrote a review of Yola's work and said that she was an "English torch-singer."

Yola was very struck with this, and found out that her type of work was called "torch-singing" on Broadway. Most "blue" numbers or plaintive songs are thus tagged over there.

Claudette Colbert's film, "Broadway Singer," for instance, was titled "Torch-Singer" in America, which gives you an idea of the meaning of the term.

Then just after that along came "Gold-diggers of 1934," the musical film with "I Want to Sing a Torch Song" as a big hit. The cue was too good to miss, and Yola adopted the song as her signature tune.

Television Star.

Yola de Fraine is really one of that clever trio of real sisters named Prince. Elsie Prince is a music-hall and pantomime star, and so is Kittie. Yola and Kittie, also, have been teamed together as the Prince Twins on the halls and in revue.

Yola broke out into television and took part in the first television transmission to a cinema. This was when she acted before the Baird apparatus in the old Long Acre, London, studio, and the result was shown on the screen at the Metropole Cinema, Victoria, a mile or so away, with an image six feet high.

Raft to do The Rumba.

The new trend in song-and-dance films is giving George Raft plenty of work, so my Hollywood reporter informs me.

George, as you know, worked in night-clubs and cabaret as a dancer, and appeared in London at the old Kit-Kat Club. He also worked with Ben Bernie, one of the biggest American band leaders, as a "hooper" in his stage act.

Now he is to make a film with his old maestro Ben, called, so far, "One Night Stand." In addition he will appear in a picture titled "Rumba," with his partner of "Bolero" fame, Carole Lombard. The real Cuban Rumba will be a feature. We shall see the genuine Cuban dance—as recently described in POPULAR MUSIC—for Paramount went down to Cuba and enlisted a troupe of twelve Rumba girls.

George Raft is still a keen dancer. He practises for two hours every day.

Man Who Changed His Name.

You've heard of British folk adopting foreign names to get a break in the song-and-dance world. Examples: Gerald ("Geraldo") Bright, Bert ("Bertini") Gutzell, Monty ("Sherman Myers") Ewing. The reverse is less common.

Meet Peter Fielding, *née* Antonio Volpi. He's the biggest noise in dance-band music in the North-East, nightly weaving sweet music at the Oxford Galleries, Newcastle. Recently, too, his was the first band to broadcast from the newly reopened station at Newcastle. Originally in hair-dressing, Toni Volpi tired of that, ran away, and joined the famous "Mumming Birds" as call-boy. Then started to work on a farm, and learned to play the guitar and banjo in his off-duty moments. But the show business lured him back.

He eventually became musical director

already the proud father of three children, has recently been presented with a baby daughter, Gloria. Congratulations!

What Happened to "Gee."

I met an old newspaper colleague recently who is now engaged in collecting "worst moments." His name is Cyril Butcher, and he has just published a book recording the "worst moments" in the lives of famous men and women.

"I collected some good ones from song-and-dance stars," he told me.

"Gertrude Lawrence's was when she went to a party and, because it was a filthy wet night, got her shoes and stockings badly splashed with mud. She retired to a lovely, well-appointed bath-room to remove the damage, and then followed a complicated chain of accidents that ended in Gertrude wrecking the bath-room and ruining her complete outfit! She returned, after terrific struggles, to find the party over."

How They Brought The News.

Vivian Ellis, composer of the music for "Streamline," the famous Cochran revue, says that his worst moment was when his first big success, "Mr. Cinders," was produced. Because he was ill he had to go away to the South of France and miss the vital first night. So he arranged to have a telegram sent to him as soon as the curtain went down, flashing the news which meant success or failure to him.

On the great night there was actually a snowstorm on the sunny Riviera, and communication was badly delayed. Ellis fumed in an agony of suspense waiting for that wire. At last a telegraph messenger arrived. With a telegram. For M'sieur Ellis. Vivian tore it open. It was from his London home, telling him that all the water-pipes in the house had burst! . . .

The Great Music Boom.

The film moguls are going nap on music for this bright and merry new year of 1935. Studios have so many musical pictures in production, in fact, that there is a sudden shortage of singers, dancers and song-writers.

Amidst scenes reminiscent of the great "back-stage" boom of five years ago, chorus-girls, dancers, crooners, singers and hit-writers are trekking to Hollywood as fast as they can. And the demand exceeds the supply.

It's almost the same at Elstree and Shepherd's Bush. "Radio Parade," "Dance-band," "Brewster's Millions" are three new films with music. With more on the way.

"Let's go to the cinema and hear a film" will be the motto in 1935. And a very good one, too! say we.



(Above) Peter Fielding, a Northern radio and dance favourite and (below) Yola de Fraine, who can thank a critic for a good signature tune idea.

to Cheltenham Corporation. Then it was that it was pointed out to him that . . . "well . . . Antonio Volpi . . . not quite British, old man." So Antonio went for a walk, chose two names from shop-windows, and has been known ever since as "Peter Fielding."

Tyneside Likes The Tango.

He's small, slick and hospitable. Believes in a benevolent despotism over his band. Will not allow them to smoke in front of or mix with the Oxford Galleries guests whilst on duty.

The result is that the Oxford Galleries flourishes under the able management of Manager Gray. The ball-room holds two thousand dancers comfortably, yet capacity has often been taxed to the utmost. The hall is decorated austerely, but the floor is superb. The rumba is not too popular in Newcastle, but the tango is pulling well.

By the way, Peter, who is thirty-two and



The Sincere Ballad Success BEST WISHES

Words by
TED KOEHLER
the author of "Stormy Weather"

Tune Ukulele
G C E A

Music by
DUKE ELLINGTON

Slowly

Introduction for piano, marked *Slowly*. The music is in F major and 4/4 time. It begins with a *f* (forte) dynamic and includes a section marked *ad lib* (ad libitum) with a *mf* (mezzo-forte) dynamic. The introduction concludes with a repeat sign.

Key F

First line of the song. The vocal melody is written on a single staff with lyrics below it. The piano accompaniment is on a grand staff. Dynamics include *f*, *mf*, and *p* (piano). Chord symbols above the piano part include *Bb*, *Ami*, *A7*, and *D7*.

1. It's not for-give-ness I'm seek-ing, It's just my heart that is speak-ing, Your
 2. I'm lone-ly, dar-ling, with-out you, My thoughts are al-ways a - bout you, At

Second line of the song. The vocal melody and piano accompaniment continue. Dynamics include *p*. Chord symbols above the piano part include *G7*, *C+*, *A7b5*, *D7*, *G7b5*, *C7*, and *Bb*.

let - ter came to - day, It's o-ver now and I've lost you, In
 night - time and by day, Our ways were fa-ted to se-ver, And

Third line of the song. The vocal melody and piano accompaniment continue. Dynamics include *f*. Chord symbols above the piano part include *Ami*, *A7*, *D7*, *G7*, *Db7*, and *C7*.

case I don't run a - cross you, I write these lines to say:
 tho' we've part-ed for ev - er, Be-lieve me when I say:

* Symbols for Guitar & Banjo

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CHORUS
Slowly and with expression

re :m | re :m | r :d | - :m | f .f :- . | f :m | r :- | - :- }
 You have my best wish-es, You did-n't want my love,

f :f | f :m | s :s | - :l | t :t | l :l | m :- | - :m }
 Just to know you're hap-py is all I'm think-ing of, If

l :- | l :t | d' :m | m :- | r :r | r :m | s :- | - :f }
 you've found love's par-a - dise with some-bod - y new, Then

re :m | re :m | r :d | - :m | s :- | s :- | s :- | - :- || s :- | - :- ||
 you have my best wish-es, Good luck to you. you.

fz D.S.

PRAIRIE LULLABY

Tune Ukulele to G.C.E.A.

By BILLY HILL.

Valse moderato.

mf

Two *

Key C

|| d' : 1 : - : | r' : - : m' | d' : 1 : - : | - : - : - : | d' : - : 1 | r' : - : t | l : - : - : | - : - : - : |

Shadows slow - ly creep - ing Down the prai - rie trail.....
 Moon will soon be climb - ing..... In the pur - ple sky.....

|| d' : 1 : - : - : | r' : - : m' | d' : 1 : - : | - : - : t | d' : 1 : - : | t : - : se | l : - : - : | s : - : - : ||

Ev - 'ry - thing is sleep - ing,..... All but the night - in - gale.....
 Night winds sort a chim - ing,..... This ten - der lul - a - by.....

CHORUS.

|| m : f : fe : s : - : m' | d' : - : t : d' . de' | r' : - : d' | r : - : - : m | s : - : s | s : - : s }

Cares of the day have fled my lit - tle sleep - y head.....The stars are in the

p - mf

||s:-:-| -:-:- | m . f . fe :s :- .m' | d' :- .t :d' .de' | r' :- :d' | r :- :m . f | s :m' :- |

sky,..... Time that you're prayrs were said, my lit - tle sleep - y head, To a prairie

||f :r' :- | d' :- :- | -:-:- | t :- .le:t .d' | r' :t :s | d' :- :l | s :- :s |

lul-la - by..... Sad - dle up your po - ny, the sand - man's here To

||d' :- .t :d' .r' | m' :- :d' | r' :- :- | -:-:- | m . f . fe :s :- .m' | d' :- .t :d' .de' |

guide you on the trail of dreams;..... Tumble in bed, my tir - ed lit - tle

||r' :- :d' | r :- :m . f | s :m' :- | f :r' :- | d' :- :- | : : || d' :- :- | -:-:- ||

sleep - y head To a prair-ie lul-la - by. - by.....

I'm One of the Lads of Valencia

Ukulele arranged by R. S. STODDON

GEORGE LLOYD

TUNE

4 3 2 1

 B, E, G, C

Tempo di Valse

Piano *ff* *sfz* *sfz* *sfz*



Key G mi



|| :m | l, :l, :l, | l, :t, :d | r :d :t, | l, :- :l, | t, :t, :t, | r :d :t, | l, :- :- |

I'm always in love so I know how to love, I've rich Spanish blood in my veins, —
 Love is di-vine, it ex-cites me like wine, I've rich Spanish blood in my veins, —



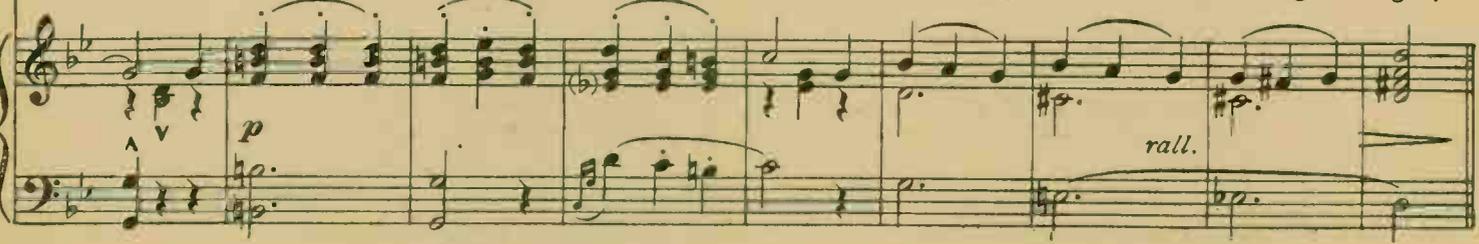

||- :m, | l, :l, :l, | l, :t, :d | r :d :t, | l, :- :l, | t, :t, :t, | r :d :t, | l, :- :- |

- I'm one of the lads when the moon's up a - bove, I've rich Span-ish blood in my veins, —
 - I get all worked up like a frisk-y young pup, I've rich Span-ish blood in my veins, —




||- :l, | m :m :m | m :f :m | m :r :de | r :- :l, | d :t, :l, | d :t, :l, | l, :se, :l, | m :- || *rall.*

- To sweet Sig-nor-i-tas I give the glad eye, They all fall for me, would you like to know why?
 - Our sun-ny Va-lencia's a land of de-light, We're all making love there from morning to night,



As I Know Them

If John Bull has any direct descendants, one of them must surely be Billy Cotton, that very popular dance-band leader. He is bluff, hearty, equable of temper. Off the stage he moves and talks slowly and leisurely, almost lazily. Few things ruffle him, and on the day that I see him in a savage, malicious temper I shall feel that there can no longer be certainty in anything. For on those rare occasions when he permits himself an outburst it is invigorating, clears the air, and is dispelled as swiftly as ice-cream in an August sun.

Temperament he hates. Pettiness he detests. And there is no word to describe his loathing of anything that savours of the mean or disloyal.

There is a rare and attractive air of dependability about Bill that is worth a ton of pretty speeches and elegant refinements. For you'll get none of these from Bill. Take him as you find him. Genial. Blunt. Honest.

Billy Never Poses.

And if you don't like him that way, then don't seek his company, because he certainly won't put on an act for you. Impressing people deliberately is not in Bill's line—even if they happen to be important.

But it's a different Billy Cotton that you see on the stage. No longer leisurely and placid, but a swift-moving mass of volatile energy. Darting here and there, whipping his willing team of clever musicians to a pinnacle of enthusiasm. If you've seen Bill act you'll know there's nothing static about it. It's amazing that a man of Billy's girth—he makes no secret of his fourteen stone—can keep it up without flagging. What is his secret? Sheer love of his job, and the knowledge that the public likes a show.

I've called Billy the "he-man leader." Sport to him is as necessary as salt to eggs, Dwyer to Clapham, Minney Mouse to Mickey.

Cricket. Even now he bats well, though on his last outing at the wicket sheer weariness caused him to fall asleep and slump on to his own wicket for the ignoble score of 1!

Football. Played for the R.F.C. during the war, and later for Brentford. Golf, tennis, swimming. But best of all, put him at the wheel of a racing-car. Or at the joy-stick of an airplane. A member of the International Aero Club, he's as happy in the air as on the air.

"My happiest moments have been spent up above," he told me. "You get a new angle on things in the air. Feel you're only part of a vast something that's much more important than you. That's a bit humbling, but very good for you." It's only at such moments that you realise that Bill is really a philosopher, because he does not parade the fact.



"Big Bill"

Reverting to sport—you always do when thinking of Bill—it may surprise, but will certainly thrill his many admirers to know that Bill is a valued member of the Brooklands Racing Club, and has competed successfully against ace racing motorists in open competition.

A cynical journalist dared to dispute this fact in print. Then it was that I for once saw Billy flicked on the raw! He made that typewriter-hammerer eat his words in no uncertain fashion, and two hours later was conducting his band in some soothing waltz "as gently as any dove"!

Chips off the Old Block.

What else is there about Billy Cotton? Happily married, with two miniature "he-men" kids—Teddy, aged ten, and Billy, aged five. To those kids the universe is bounded by Billy Cotton. Maybe that's because he's not simply a father, but a gay member of young Teddy's gang of three. Because Billy's a vice-president of the Leander Swimming Club those kids swim like nobody's business; and because, as soon as the show is over, Billy is prone to slip swiftly away from the theatre at which he's appearing in order not to miss a single punch of whatever boxing contest happens to be staged at the Ring, Blackfriars, it is perhaps

By "Recording Needle"

inevitable that the young Cottons each pack a punch that is the terror of the North London suburb in which Billy resides.

I said Billy was happily married. Maybe that's because Mrs. Cotton keeps well in the background. "Why not?" she asked me. "If there were nobody to form an audience there would be no need for people like Billy." Mrs. Cotton, that remark was the remark of a genius. Or a clever wife, which is much the same thing.

Maybe, also, it's because Billy is a family man, much preferring to be home than at parties. Why not? It's a comfortable, homely home. Visiting-room, pale green decoration. Drawing-room, rose-coloured. Bed-room, blueish. Pleasant garden. Furniture that doesn't sag beneath Billy's not inconsiderable frame. A man's home.

Those Important Ties!

Consider Billy's tastes. Caviare? No! Fish and chips? Definitely yes! Expensive wines? No! Good, wholesome beer? Yes! He smokes cigarettes—but much prefers cigars. And for breakfast a cup of tea suffices Billy.

And what fun the Western Brothers would have in his dressing-room! The show is over. He dresses and calls his dresser. . . . "My ties," he says, and his tone is suddenly almost reverent. The dresser appears with a handful—strange, multi-coloured club ties, and Billy selects the tie of the moment as carefully as he does any number that is to appear in his programme. That is his one conceit.

He has his "hates." The thin-lipped, sleek-haired gigolo type. The ostentatious, loud-voiced woman. But he's tolerant about them. Never bitter.

He is a devoted son. He flew miles on one occasion to reach the sick-bed of his mother, aged seventy-six. Recently she saw his band's stage act for the first time. That was a fulfilment of a promise that he made to her on that occasion.

Billy may often be seen wandering around Smithfield Market with—to use his own words—"my old man." To the Smithfield porters Billy is "Good old Bill." He loves the tough atmosphere there, the good humour, the hard work. Because Billy has had to work equally hard in his own sphere.

That's Billy Cotton. A man's man. It's an odd-on chance that when you tap on his door you'll be welcome. If he's busy he tells you so candidly, and you go away and call again some other time. Which, after all, is the supreme test. . . .

His hand-grip is one of the firmest I've met in the song-and-dance world.

Extra Choruses to "I'M ONE OF THE LADS OF VALENCIA" by Philip Seeley

I'm one of the lads of Valencia—
Sing tra-la-la-la-la-la-la!
I sat in the park on a bench-ia
Sing tra-la-la-la-la-la-la!
The ladies they swarmed all around me;
The park keeper said when he found
me,
He's one of the lads of Valencia—
Sing tra-la-la-la-la-la-la!

I'm one of the lads of Valencia—
Sing tra-la-la-la-la-la-la!
I'm full of pounds shillings and pence-ia,
Sing tra-la-la-la-la-la-la!
They say that my gains are illgotten;
I know that my overdraft's rotten;
I'm one of the lads of Valencia—
Sing tra-la-la-la-la-la-la!

I'm one of the lads of Valencia—
Sing tra-la-la-la-la-la-la!
'Cos I never sit on a fence-ia,
Sing tra-la-la-la-la-la-la!
I don't wait for times to recover;
I work overtime as a lover;
I'm one of the lads of Valencia—
Sing tra-la-la-la-la-la-la!

I'm one of the lads of Valencia—
Sing tra-la-la-la-la-la-la!
The range of my voice is immense-ia—
Sing tra-la-la-la-la-la-la!
When I sing to my lady's eyebrow,
The song may be low but it's high-
brow;
I'm one of the lads of Valencia—
Sing tra-la-la-la-la-la-la!

I'm one of the lads of Valencia—
Sing tra-la-la-la-la-la-la!
I do what I'd rather not mench-ia
Sing tra-la-la-la-la-la-la!
I don't tell a soul where I'm going,
And when I get back there's no know-
ing;
I'm one of the lads of Valencia—
Sing tra-la-la-la-la-la-la!

I'm one of the lads of Valencia—
So play on your gay castanets!
We Spaniards all love a cadenzia.
Let's play ocarinas—'Oh! let's'!
I dance the old waltz and the tango
The bolero and the fandango—
I'm one of the lads of Valencia—
So let's have a Spanish guitar!

YOU'VE MADE MY LIFE COMPLETE, DEAR.

Words by
SPENCER WILLIAMS.

Tune Uke in D
A D F# B

Music by
HORATIO NICHOLLS.

Moderato.

KEY G.

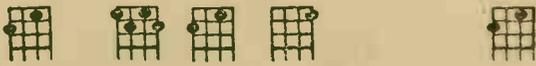
I let you go But did - n't know,
I've paid the price For wrong ad - vice,

I'd long for you some day..... I was un - kind,
But now I make a - mends..... I hope and pray

Now dear, I find, My skies are dark and grey.....
You'll come to - day, Dear, all on you de - pends.....

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CHORUS.



m : - re : m | s : - it, : - r : - : - : d : - : - : - | r . d . r . d . r

You've made my life com - plete, dear, Why did I ev - er

p-f



d : - r : - | r : - : - : - : - : - : - | f : - m : f | s : - m : -

let you go?..... { You've made my world so
You've made my dreams so



r : - : - : - | d : - : - : - | m : - r : d | l, : - d : - | s : - s : -

sweet, dear, And now I need you so, My
sweet, dear, That's why I love you so, My



fe : - af . - | m : - re : m | s : - it, : - r : - : - : - | d : - : - : -

Dar - ling, How can I face de - feat, dear,
Dar - ling, Come back let me en - treat, dear,

|| 1 : se, 11, : t, | d : d r : re | m : - - : - | - : - 1 - : - | f . m . f m : r }

I'm down-heart-ed and want you to know,..... Without you near me,
My heart's ach-ing I want you to know,..... Oh! hear me plead-ing,

f . m . f m : r | f : r r r : r | - : - 1 - : - | m . r . m r : d | m . r . m r : d }

Sweetheart, to cheer me, All hope is gone. I'm oh, so lone-ly craving you on-ly,
It's you I'm need-ing, Let naught en-hance. Tonight I'm yearning for your re-turn-ing,

m : d d : r | - : - r e : - | m : - r e : m | s : - it, : - | r : - 1 - : - | d : - 1 - : - }

Can't car-ry on..... {for, Give me a chance {for, You've made my life com-plete, dear,

d . ta, d ta, : d | ta, : - id : - | m : - 1 - : - | - : 1 : | m : - 1 - : - | - : 1 : |

Why did I ev-er let you go?..... go?.....

D.C.

CASABIANCA.

Words by
STANLEY J. DAMERELL &
ROBERT HARGREAVES.

Music by
TOLCHARD EVANS.
(Composer of "BARCELONA")

CHORUS.

D.

She's a hor-rid, sim-ply tor-rid, vam-per
She can do you brown at "Crown and An-chor,"

Cas-a-bi-anc-a. Ev
Cas-a-bi-anc-a She

'ry mar-ried wo-man wants to spank her, Cas-a-bi-anc-a!
can place the Ace and twist at "Bank-er" Cas-a-bi-anc-a!

When she's out to "Singe her Wings," she flutters about like a moth; Billiard markers, par-sons too, lose
When she plays at "Farthing Nap," she puts them all under a spell, Strokes their hands, will pinch their cheeks, and

all their "re-spect for the Cloth!" On the bottom deck they ought to Twank her
"Pinches" the "Kit-ty" as well She's a Double-Crossin' Hanky-Pank-er

THIS BING BOY

The "Success Story" of BING CROSBY, Romeo of Rhythm, told to you by H. W. SHIRLEY LONG

ALL sorts of cyclonic things whirl into the song-and-dance business. You never quite know what is going to happen next. First it was gramophones, then radio, then talking pictures. Then the radio combined with the talkies to bring about—Bing Crosby.

And in the wake of young Mr. Crosby came the whole tribe of crooners. "Learn to Croon" warbled Bing into a microphone, and straightway every young man or woman with an ache for fame did so. Popular music is always giving press, pulpit, and people generally, something to argue about. There was jazz, then the Charleston, then "hot" rhythm. Now it's crooners.

Following on Rudy Vallée, Bing Crosby has set tongues wagging all over the world with his style of singing. Certainly he is something of a phenomenon. His voice is a "trick" one, but it is the sort of voice that the talkie or radio microphone just revels in.

Playing at Local "Hops."

The rise of this young man to fame is an amazing one. He is a film star who never went through the customary routine of stage, small parts in pictures, then stardom, but jumped to film fame because of the fact that he could sing popular songs over the air in a way that made young men and maidens stay at home to listen.

Bing Crosby is the typical twentieth century troubadour. He started by being just a Voice, and a Name. Then because millions of loud-speakers and gramophones were sending forth his voice people wanted to see him, in person. So he became a screen star.

At the very beginning of his career Bing Crosby was just another of the boys who played in the band at local dances, and sang the choruses of the hits of the day. There have been thousands like him.

But Bing had stage leanings, too, so he got himself a job as a "prop" boy in the local theatre of the Middle Western town where he lived. Rather contrary to the usual success story, at least one member of this stage-struck young man's family wanted him to go on the stage. That was Bing's mother, who was herself a fine pianist and singer. She encouraged him, though his father—also a good amateur musician—did not.

The great point about Bing Crosby's career is that he owes nearly all his success to women. It was a woman—his Irish mother—who stood by him at the start. Then when he landed in

Los Angeles broke, but young and healthy, it was a woman, who is now a famous American radio personality, who helped him along. Her name is Mildred Bailey. Then Elsie Janis, celebrated music-hall and revue star, gave him a helping hand. To-day, says Bing, it is Dixie Lee, once a screen star but now Mrs. Bing Crosby, who is his greatest help.

And, of course, all the while it has been women in millions who have bought Bing's gramophone records and songs; who have written enthusiastic letters to radio stations and film studios, who have written to Bing himself begging for autographs and pictures.

But, fundamentally, Bing is a product of the dance band world. He is not from Tin Pan Alley, or Jazz Lane. He is newer than that, having shot up in the last few years by a different route. It has always been the men who can sing the songs we like who have "made" talking pictures.

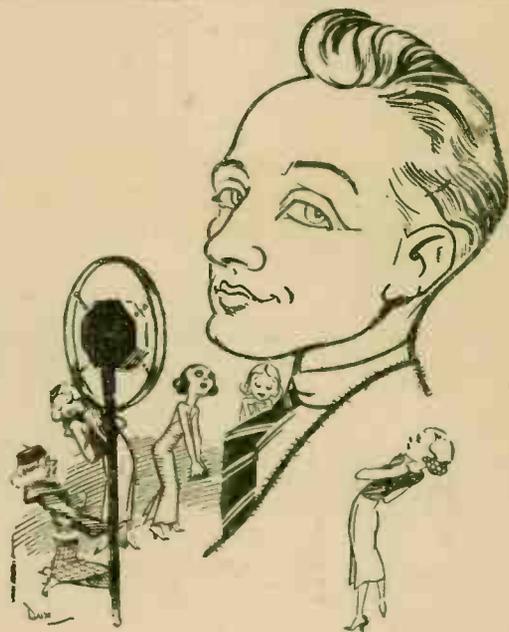
Look at Al Jolson! If the "Jazz Singer" and "Singing Fool" hadn't been a success six years ago, we might not have had talkies at all. And then when the cycle was due for another change—along came Crosby. Yes, the screen owes a mighty debt to the song-and-dance men.

Paul Whiteman's Boys.

But, as I say, Bing Crosby's "success story" is a different one. From his youthful efforts as a local band leader—he ran a six-piece band, what is known in the profession as a "gig" band—Bing decided to try his luck, not on Broadway, as in the story books, but in Los Angeles. Bing turned his eyes westward.

His chum, Al Rinker, to-day a well-known American band man, had a sister in that Pacific Coast centre who was in show business. In a second-hand "flivver," partly financed by Bing's mother, the two set off. Bing had at last decided that his idea of being a lawyer wasn't so good, in spite of father's protests.

Broke to the wide they landed in Los Angeles and that is where Al's sister, Mildred Bailey, came to the rescue, the second "woman-in-Bing's-life." The going was very tough for the two youngsters. They got a café job first, singing in the restaurant every day, and that meant six pounds a week. Then a famous booking agency gave them an audition and put them to work singing in small theatres, music-halls, and picture houses.



One night no less a person than Mack Sennett heard them, and offered them an audition. The result was they joined the King of Jazz's court and became with another man "Whiteman's Three Rhythm Boys." That meant £20 a week. They were on the way up, at last.

When a few years later Bing struck out on his own it was Elsie Janis who helped him, "good trouper" fashion, by teaching him the tricks of the trade.

Then came the time when Bing's unusual voice, his caressing, murmuring way of putting his songs over, his odd trick of humming "bo-boo-boo-boo" at the end of a line, began to insinuate itself into the ears of the radio and record audiences. In a short while Bing was enthroned as the crooning king.

Hollywood Steps In.

Hollywood, eyes and ears open for talent and new personality came on the scene and whisked Bing away to Los Angeles again. But what a difference this time, for Bing!

"The Big Broadcast," "Too Much Harmony," "We're Not Dressing," and "She Loves Me Not," soon showed that Bing could act as well as croon. So the song-and-dance world gave the screen another big star.

A short while ago I asked two famous Hollywood stars, Richard Arlen and George Burns (of Burns and Allen) who was their favourite person in the film colony. They both said without hesitation: "Bing Crosby. He's a grand fellow."

There is something about this Bing boy . . .



Irving Berlin's MILESTONES of MELODY

SONG, to some men, is a language; often the language in which they can fully express themselves. Of these men, none speaks the language of song with lovelier or more natural fluency than Irving Berlin. He has given us the story of his life in that glorious tongue.

And what a romantic story it is, too. Let us learn about it by glancing through the titles of the songs that have made Berlin famous; they will tell us more of his life's vagaries—his ups and his downs, his joys and his sorrows, his love affairs and his travels—than ever we could hear from the lips of shy and modest Irving himself.

Of course, we cannot expect them to tell us anything about his early years. The language of song is one in which men do not become articulate until they have left their adolescence behind. Life, for them, may have been one song after another from their very childhood; but not till their minds are fully developed can they give proper vent to those songs. Not till then can we hear and interpret them.

The Singing Waiter.

Irving Berlin was twenty-three when he really began his autobiography in song. But the romantic part of his life was only just starting then. He had been born in Russia as Israel Baline, had come to America with his parents when quite a small boy, and had worked in New York's famous Bowery delivering meat and selling newspapers. After this he had been a singing waiter in a Chinatown saloon known as Nigger Mike's, and then—at the age of twenty-one—had blossomed out as a composer.

Two years later he wrote a hit that made his name known in every part of the world—and it is with this number that we take up the thread of Irving Berlin's melodious life-story.

Do you remember how it went?

*"Come on and hear, come on and hear
Alexander's Ragtime Band!"*

In this case it is not the title or the words that tell us of Irving Berlin as he was in those days, but rather the exhilarating swing of the tune. You're cheerfully tapping the floor with your feet at this moment, aren't you? And there's a smile on your face as you recall that enchanting lilt?

Enter—Love!

And why? Because there's something so infectionally gay about "Alexander's Ragtime Band"—it seems infused with such spontaneous light-heartedness. That tune could never have been written by an unhappy man, could it? Thus we gather that young Irving Berlin was finding life pretty good in 1911, just before he had it published.

A little more detective work on our part, and we discover the reason for this. What, we ask ourselves, are the things most likely to make a young man of twenty-three feel elated? We can think of only two—love and success. We turn back to the Berlin song titles of that time, and try to trace from them which of the two was responsible in his case.

"Before I Go and Marry, I will Have a Talk with You," "Dear Mayme, I Love You," "Bring Back My Lena to Me"—here are a few of

If you want to trace the colourful romantic life of Irving Berlin, study the titles of his famous song-hits. Irving has told the story of his career in his songs. Each new hit has marked an important point in its writer's affairs. Each song has a story behind it, as T. E. B. CLARKE reveals in this article. From time to time we shall tell you more about the men and women who write our songs.

those titles. They certainly suggest a gay life, but they hardly give us the impression that the one and only girl has yet arrived, do they? Then we come across "I'm Going on a Long Vacation," and we are convinced that Irving's good spirits in 1911 were due to the fact that he was doing well in his new career.

We have deduced rightly. Berlin has himself admitted that the tune of "Alexander's Ragtime Band" was a manifestation of the sudden joy that filled him when one of America's greatest composers slapped him on the back



Courtesy of National Broadcasting Co., New York.
IRVING BERLIN, America's Master of Song, a list of whose successes would read almost like a History of Great Hits!

in a New York street one day and declared that he was "there."

But when we examine Berlin's compositions of the following year—1912—we at once think: "Now he has fallen in love!" A song called "Real Girl" seems to make that clear. And we at once visualise Irving Berlin going courting when we discover the title "Meet Me Tonight."

Then comes "After the Honeymoon," and we know that he has married the girl of his choice. If we want to find out where his honeymoon was spent, we are given plenty of hints by such titles as "Spanish Love" and "Sombrero Land."

It was, in point of fact, to Cuba that Irving Berlin journeyed when, in 1912, he married Dorothy Goetz. But that honeymoon was the start of a terrible tragedy. Irving Berlin's bride caught typhoid while they were away; she died five months later.

Berlin's broken-heartedness is typified by that famous song of his called "When I Lost You," which he wrote shortly afterwards. In its tenderness and pathos, the song is perhaps the most wonderful of all that he has composed.

Certain unthinking people professed at the time to be shocked by his writing of the number! it was wrong of Berlin, they said, to commercialise his personal sorrow. They were unthinking because it did not occur to them that such a man as Irving Berlin could never have regarded his composition from this angle; that he was simply giving vent to his grief through the medium of the only language in which he could possibly express it all—the language of song.

Songs for "The Doughboys."

Coming to the War years, it does not take us long to realise that Irving Berlin joined the Army. Who but a soldier could have exemplified the rigours of Army life so truly as he did in "Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning"? That he was a "doughboy" in 1917 and 1918 is made still clearer by some of the other numbers he wrote at that time—"Ever Since I Put On a Uniform," for instance, and "Dream on, Little Soldier Man."

After a lapse of several more years, Irving Berlin fell in love again. The girl was Ellin Mackay, daughter of a well-known New York business man. Now, Irving Berlin, of course, is Jewish—and the Mackays were ardent Catholics. So what was the inevitable consequence? The answer lies in a Berlin number of 1924 entitled "Unlucky in Love."

Irving loved Ellin, and Ellin loved Irving—but for a time there seemed no prospect of the marriage for which they both longed. Irving Berlin's despair because they were thus kept apart is shown in every line of his "What'll I Do?"—that plaintive little song that became the anthem of all separated lovers.

His dejection was responsible for another haunting number which came soon after.

*"All alone, I'm so all alone,
'Cause there's no one else but you—"*

And then—made glorious by its notes of triumph—we are given "Always, I'll Be Loving You." It's easy to see what happened. Differences were smoothed out, the way was made clear for Irving Berlin and Ellin Mackay to become man and wife. "Always" was the song he wrote to celebrate their engagement.

**SIX MORE "HITS"
NEXT THURSDAY**

and our usual

"Behind-the-Scenes" Gossip and Articles



The Banjo Has Gone; the Sousaphone too, in fact—

Dance Bands Are Always Changing

VICTOR KENNEDY tells you about some things you probably haven't noticed

There is a whole lot of difference between the dance bands of 1924 and those we hear to-day. Instruments come and go, styles and tempos change. Play a few old records and see for yourself.

Take the banjo, for instance. Before the saxophone came into popularity, the banjo and the banjolin were the hall-mark of the dance band. The banjolin played the melody and the banjo the rhythm.

The banjo lasted a long time after its real usefulness was over. Paul Whiteman at one time employed as many as three; and one at least was thought essential for every rhythm section. Where are they now? I'll bet you haven't heard a banjo solo with a first-class band for years.

Everywhere the guitar is replacing it; and there is no doubt that for the new slower tempos—and to see just how much rhythms have slowed down, play some of your six or seven-year-old records, you'll be surprised—it really is an improvement, besides being much sweeter in accompanying the voice.

Another instrument that has gone the same way is the sousaphone. At one time every band had the great brass bell of a tuba at the back, going *womp, womp* on the strong beats. But its day, too, is over. The subtler rhythms of the "picked and slapped" double-bass have beaten it, and the sousaphone has returned to its proper place—the military band.

The violin is another instrument that looks like disappearing from the dance orchestra.

It's a useful instrument to conduct with, and you'll still see a good many waved about in front of orchestras in time with the rhythm; but they aren't often played on, and except for people like Joe Venuti and Matt Malneck of Whiteman's band, they aren't much use when they are. They haven't the power, for one thing.

Yet a few years ago every big band had two or three. The Savoy Orpheans, at the time when their brass section was down to one trumpet, had three fiddles. Al Staita's Kit-Cat band actually combined with a "straight" string quartet—Jean Pougnet's, in which, by the way, that excellent tenor saxophonist Harry Berley played viola. Harry sticks to the sax for jazz now, and only plays straight music on the viola. The fiddle family have never been much good at dance music, except for dreamy waltzes.

There have been smaller changes, too, quite as interesting. Not long ago the sax section was always three altos and a tenor. Now we often get two tenors, or even tenor and baritone, giving a much more sonorous effect. The fashion for tenor sax solos has gone over to the baritone, too.

Brass sections are getting bigger. The big bands of yesterday had two trumpets and a trombone. To-day three trumpets are the rule; Teddy Joyce's band in the Palladium "Radio New York" show had a six-piece brass section out of a total band of seventeen—not including Will Mahoney with his alto trombone!

The soprano saxophone is another instrument that has almost disappeared. Not long ago every commercial orchestration had a chorus of sopranos, but people began to realise at last that the players who could make them sound like anything but Klaxon horns were all too few, and in these days they have given way to clarinets.

Two pianos are much more the rule now than they used to be—perhaps to make up for the "snap" the rhythm section has lost with the banjo. The piano accordion, too, has come to stay—the result of the tango craze that left its wake of paso dobles, rumbas, cariocas, and what not. The one man who seems to have remained where he is is the drummer; and even here there are fashions in "accessories" that only a drummer really knows about!

The first band in history we have any details of was that of Nebuchadnezzar, the King of the Jews. It contained "Cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery and all kinds of music"—which, when you remember that the sackbut was a sort of trombone and the psaltery a very primitive piano, isn't so strange, after all. And "all kinds of music" no doubt referred to a trap-drummer!

Where shall we be in another ten years? Shall we see sarisophones, mellophones and tarogatos replacing our present instruments? Or will the whole thing be done by a couple of hearties waving their arms in front of a "music-from-the-other" machine?

Time will tell!



We Must Have Harmony!

Songs Cannot be Popular Without a Good Accompaniment says AL. DAVISON, M.A., F.R.C.O.

EVER since melodies existed, they have been the cause of giving much pleasure, and the reason for a certain amount of strife.

Love-sick swains do not serenade their lady-loves as they used to do. Richard Cœur de Lion, locked up in his prison, must have been very pleased when he heard his faithful henchman singing his "signature tune" outside! But anyone who tried the same stunt outside Pentonville would soon get "moved on."

Many a time has a melody helped to alter the course of history.

And it is always the "melody" that is blamed (or praised, as the case may be). No one ever gives credit to something without which that same melody would have lost half its effect—the accompaniment!

Most of the historical tunes were sung to some sort of an accompaniment, were it ever so crude. A lute or a harp, perhaps in later days, a guitar or mandoline helped to make the song sound sweeter or sadder or more fierce.

A few hundred people singing the National Anthem or "La Marseillaise" may sound impressive enough, but neither melody would have been adopted for its original purpose had it not first been heard complete with its bass notes and chords.

Your favourite fox-trot, somehow, doesn't sound so good when the paper boy whistles it in the early morning!

Invariably, it is the harmony that "makes" the tune. This fact brings us to a very interesting point.

In view of the absolute necessity for accompaniment, it seems strange that there is only one musical instrument in the world which whilst being portable, enables the same person to play tune and harmony together. That is the accordion.

For years many of us have accepted music as something to be obtained by the turning of a knob on the outside of a box.

Now, we are realising that music-making is not the almost unattainable gift that we once thought it was. There will always be a limited number of virtuosi, but most of us are musicians at heart.

That is why we are beginning to realise that self-expression in music is a joy in which we can all indulge.

We can all make melody for ourselves, and, if we use the accordion as our medium, we can make the melody more melodious still, because we can add the harmony.

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LOVE THY NEIGHBOUR

CHORUS

So Love Thy Neighbour, Walk up and say "How be yal" "Geet but I'm glad to see ya, Pal, How's

CHORUS.

The Cap-tain's daugh-ter... fell in the wa-ter... But she couldn't swim, so Johnny went in, And pulled her a-

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER

SEVEN YEARS WITH THE WRONG WOMAN

Key C

1. Sev-en years with the wrong wo-man Is more than a
2. Sev-en years with the wrong wo-man Is pun-ish-ment
3. Sev-en years with the wrong wo-man Pat me in this
4. Lis-ten boys if you're think-in' of mar-riage Take warn-ing to

CHORUS

Who'll buy my lav-en-der? Six-teen branches Sir for a pen-ny

WHO'LL BUY MY LAVENDER?

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W. LUI

GRINZING

REFRAIN

mo-ments were done world that's di-vine. I want to be there with your

ALSO—

IF I HADN'T BEEN GREEN

A Great New Song

THE CHANGING OF THE GUARD (Chorus)

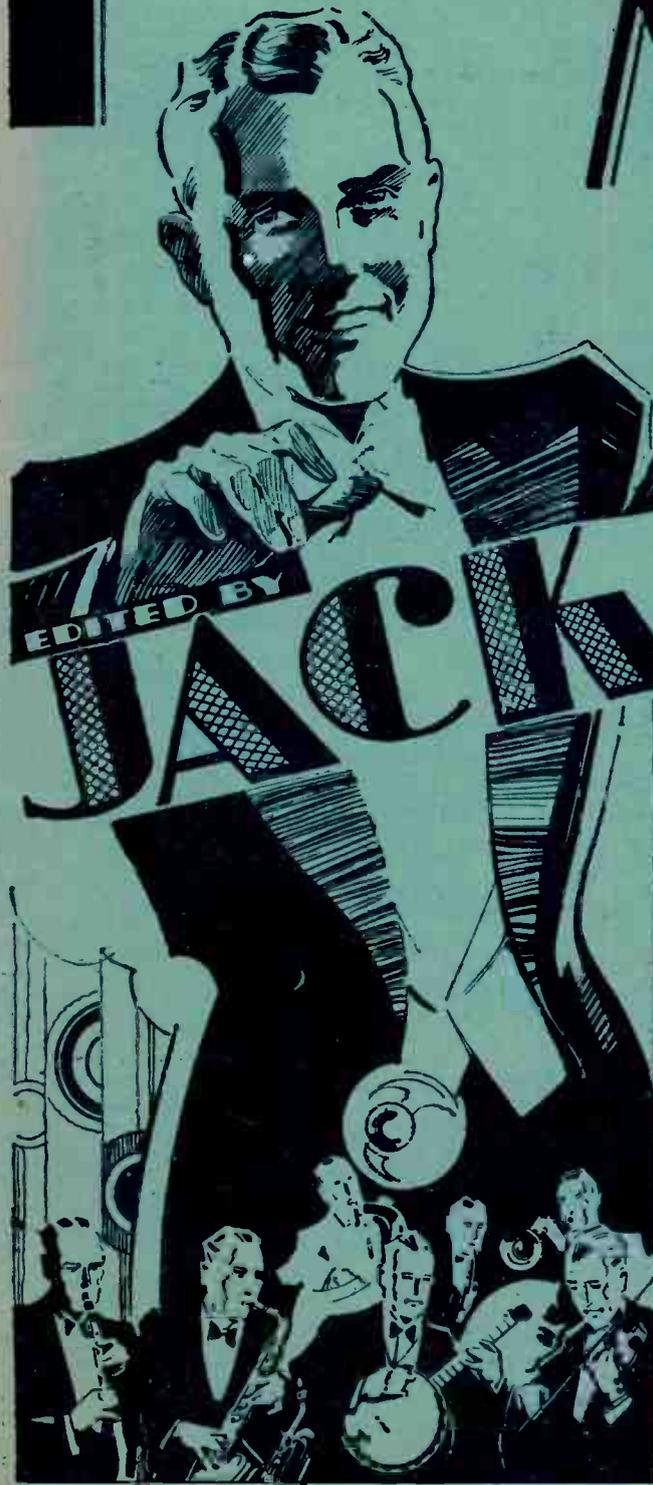
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Who'll Buy My Lavender?

**Seven Years With the
Wrong Woman**

Love Thy Neighbour

The Captain's Daughter

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NO
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(see testimonial.)

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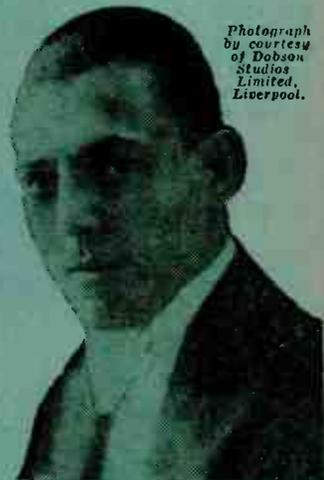
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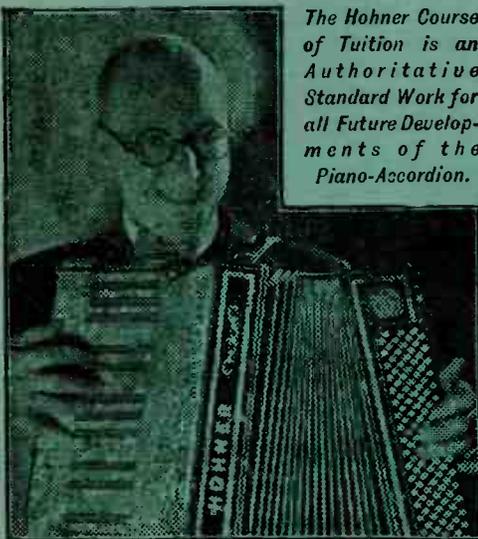
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GRINZING

(In Grinzing, back with you)
WALTZ SONG

Words by
EDWARD LOCKTON

Music by
RALPH BENATZKY

In a flowing Waltz tempo

KEY D || :m :- .ma || m :- .ma :m | - .na :m :- .ma |

VOICE

1. Down a hap - py vale — be - side a
2. When I dream at night — I seem to

PIANO

||m :d' :l | :m :f | s :l :s | f :l, :-t, | d :- :- | - :m :- .ma | m :- .ma :m |

moun - tain far, There's a lit - tle old town that I know; — Where I used to stray
roam with you Down those twis - ty old streets of the past; — In that town I love

||- .na :m :- .ma | m :d' :l | :s :l | t :d' :r | m' :r' :-l | s :- :- | - :r :m |

— be - neath each moun - tain star With a heart that I loved long a - go. — Down a
— once more I'm home with you, And you wan - der be - side me at last. — From the

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f :-m :f | :m :f | r' : :s | :r :m | f :-m :f | :m :f (m' : :r')

lone - ly street she would meet me, When the sun went down she would greet me;
 bel - fry tall bells are peal - ing, By the riv - er bank we go steal - ing.

| :m :-ma | m :-ma :m | - ,ma :m :-ma | m :de' :l | :f :-m | f :-m :f | - ,m :f :-m |

Then with hand in hand we'd wan-der through the night, Dream our dreams of love while shone the
 Love a-wakes a-gain, in pa-ra - dise I stray, You look down on me with ten - der

Meno

f :r' :s | - :m :f | s :s :s | d' :d' :d' | r :- :- | - :m :f | s :s :s |

bright moon - light, Join the sing - ing and danc - ing and fun, Till the beau - ti - ful
 eyes that say I am yours and your heart shall be mine, We will live in

REFRAIN

|| :l :l :l | s : : | : : | : . | : :s || s :s :-f | m :f :s |

mo-ments were done. I want to be there with your
 world that's di - vine.

rit. *p*

heart a gain. In Grin - zing, back with you: To love you and nev - er to

The first system of the musical score features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The vocal line begins with a melodic phrase, followed by the lyrics 'heart a gain. In Grin - zing, back with you: To love you and nev - er to'. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

part a - gain With the dreams of de - light that I knew. With life full of sun - shine and

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line includes the lyrics 'part a - gain With the dreams of de - light that I knew. With life full of sun - shine and'. The piano accompaniment features a 'rit.' (ritardando) marking and a 'Ped.' (pedal) marking. The music concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

love all day long, The world just a gar - den of laugh - ter and song, For, the dreams of my heart will at

The third system of the score contains the lyrics 'love all day long, The world just a gar - den of laugh - ter and song, For, the dreams of my heart will at'. The piano accompaniment includes a 'rit.' marking and a 'f' (forte) dynamic marking. The system ends with a double bar line and repeat signs.

last come true, In Grin - zing, back with you.

The fourth and final system on the page contains the lyrics 'last come true, In Grin - zing, back with you.'. The piano accompaniment features a 'rit.' marking, a 'f' dynamic marking, and a 'Ped.' marking. The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs, and includes a fingering sequence '5 3 2 1 3' for the piano part.

Balance is the Secret of Good Dancing

Lesson Two of "Popular Music Weekly's" Dancing Course

By

Victor Silvester

(The Famous Ball-room Dance
Champion and Teacher)

IF you will take up the correct dancing hold which we talked about last week, we can now learn the most important thing in dancing.

Balance.

I told you that this modern ball-room dancing, which looks so simple, is not a question of trick steps, but a matter of assimilating certain fundamental principles.

Balance is the greatest of these. It means the correct carriage of the weight of the body, when moving forwards or backwards. If you can walk—and, as we saw last week, the walk is the basis of all dancing to-day—with your partner, and carry your weight in the right place, it will not take me long to make you a good dancer.

Provided, of course, that you practise between these weekly lessons.

Keep Your Weight Forward

Since balance is a question of the position of weight, the rule to bear in mind is that the weight of your body—lady or gentleman—should always be *forward*, towards your partner, in whatever direction you are moving.

But this does not mean to say that you *lean* forward. Keep upright.

Thus, when you are moving forward, endeavour to keep your weight *over* your front foot. Do not, however, push your foot forward and then carry your weight on to it. If you do this you will always be treading on your partner's toes, which we all hate.

When you are moving backward keep your weight still forward, towards your partner. Swing your leg well back from the hip, and never let your back heel touch the floor until the other foot passes it.

This point is of the utmost importance. It is a cardinal virtue, and applies in every ball-room dance, whenever you are moving backward. You see, if you lower your back heel too soon, the whole weight of your body is carried backward, which means that you will automatically pull your partner forward. Which won't do at all.

Watch your Back Heel!

Now let us do some walking, remembering our hold, and this business of balance.

When you walk, in dancing, your legs must swing freely from the hips, but, remember that your body must remain naturally erect and upright.

When you swing your foot forward you must do it with your *heel on the ground first*. On every walking movement your foot should be pushed along the floor, stretching right out from the hips, the heel coming down first when out to the full extent of your stride, then the full foot.

Going backward, swing your foot well out from the hips, keeping it in contact with the floor all the time. When you are out to your full stretch your back foot should be right back on the toes before you lower it on to the ball of the foot and continue on.

But—that back heel must never be allowed to touch the floor until the other foot has passed it. Sorry to repeat myself, but it is important.

Walk a few steps forward and backward.

Now about your heels. Let them rest on the floor when it feels comfortable and natural to do so. Dancing is a cross between running and walking; when you run, you use the ball of the foot; when you walk, the heel. The different movements which I shall teach you are made up



An example of perfect balance and correct stride demonstrated by Mr. and Mrs. Victor Silvester.

of quick steps and slow ones. The quick steps may be likened to running, therefore you use the ball of the foot, and the slow ones to walking, in which case you use the heel.

Take long steps, straight from the hips, not too long, of course, but just the length of your natural stride. Always keep your legs close together when one foot passes the other. Nothing looks worse than to see a person dancing with legs apart.

Are you getting the idea? Do you see what I mean by having your weight forward? Try thinking about it this way: when walking forward THINK of yourself as very gently trying to push your partner over! Likewise, when moving backward imagine yourself as trying to stop your partner from coming forward.

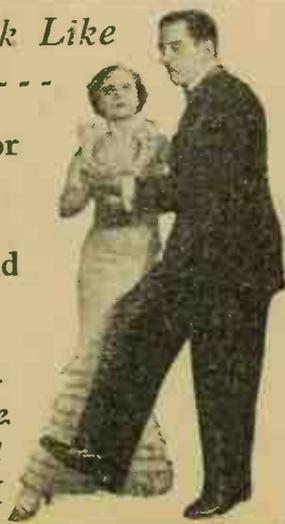
(Only THINK about it in this way, though! You must never do drastic things like shoving your partner. . .)

Balance, and easy swinging walk—to quote

*Don't Look Like
this -----*

Read Victor
Silvester's
Weekly
Articles and
Learn to
Dance

Six Dance Tune
Hits as Usual
NEXT WEEK



the title of the famous rhythm hit that POPULAR Music published a week or two ago—"It Don't Mean a Thing if It Ain't Got that *Swing*" . . .

Now I want you to practise the swinging walk and correct hold and balance for a while, because the next point I would like to deal with is a trifle more complicated.

As the radio engineers say, "balance and control O.K.?" All right, we'll proceed.

I want to tell you now about the thing we call Contrary Body Movement. Sounds a little awe-inspiring? It isn't really, but I'll be frank and say that it is no use your attempting to study it until you have acquired good balance and movement. So practise!

However, you can keep these remarks for reference, so I will tackle Contrary Body Movement, or, as you will see it printed every week in my future articles on dance steps, "C.B.M."

Briefly, C.B.M. makes the difference between a straight line and a curve. In ball-room dancing the curve is obtained by turning your body so that the opposite hip and shoulder are towards the leg you are stepping out with.

It is used on practically every turning step in modern ball-room dancing, so you see it is important. It makes all the difference between an ordinary and a good dancer. We all want to become good dancers . . .

This movement is always initiated in the shoulders and carried down to the hips. Here are the four ways in which C.B.M. can be used.

Hall-mark of Good Dancing

Step forward with the right foot, turning your left hip and shoulder forward.

Step forward with the left foot, turning your right hip and shoulder forward.

Step back with the right foot, turning the left hip and shoulder backward.

Step back with the left foot, turning the right hip and shoulder backward.

There is another form of contrary body movement, known as "contrary body movement position." This occurs when taking a step *across* your body.

If you take a step forward with your right foot across to your left, keeping your body facing front, you will notice that you get the same effect as if you stepped straight forward with your right foot, at the same time turning your left hip and shoulder forward.

On "Outside" Steps

This second form of contrary movement—contrary body movement position—is used on all "outside" steps—that is, on any variation where you step outside your partner, or your partner steps outside you. It is used very much in the Tango, for instance.

You see how it works? Remember that the opposite hip and shoulder should turn *as* you take your step, not *after* you have taken it.

When this movement is introduced on a step your body will face a certain direction. You must continue to face that direction, more or less, on all the following steps, until the next ones on which you use contrary body movement again.

Will you, please, go away and think on these things? Balance, swinging walk, and C.B.M. They are the fundamentals of dancing.

Next week we will move on to music, which we have not mentioned yet, and I will tell you about time, tempo and rhythm. We will set, hold, balance and walk to music, and then pass on to the waltz, quick-step, slow fox-trot and Tango.

WHOLL BUY MY LAVENDER?

TUNE UKR
4 3 2 1
Bb Eb G C

CLARK GIBSON, ELTON BOX
and DESMOND COX

Written and Composed by

Moderato (not fast)

Piano

Key Eb

1. I heard a gyp-sy lav-en-der girl
Sing-ing as she strolled a long
2. And so I bought her sweet-scented flow'rs
From the bundle in her arms

And ev-'ry word went to my heart
How could I re-sist that plaintive song?
Ho-ping they'd bring me happy hours
As she breath'd on them her magic charms

CHORUS

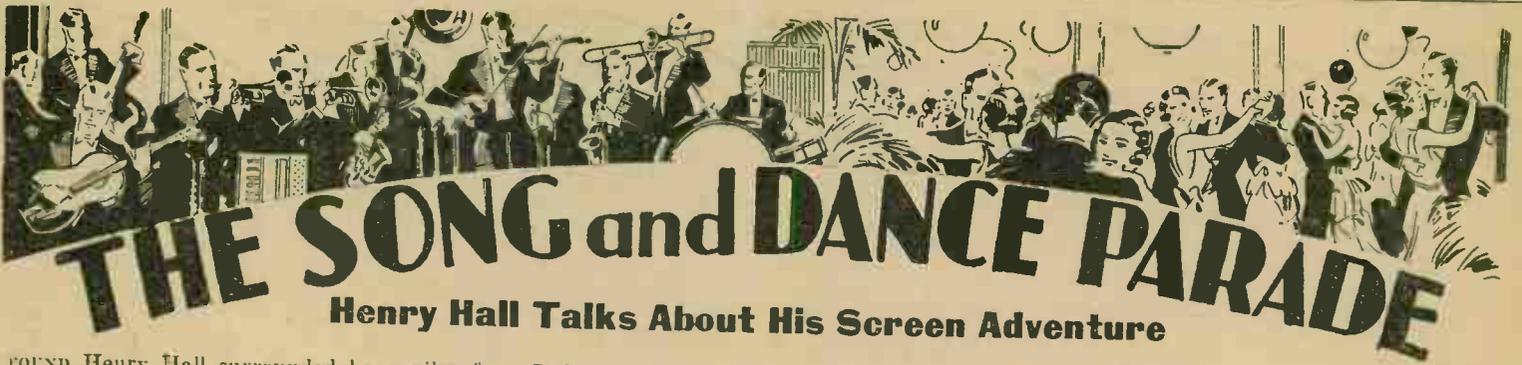
Who'll buy my lav-en-der? Six-teen branches Sir
for a pen-ny

Each one love's mes-sen-ger — To your la-dy, Sir — for a

pen-ny! — Scent - ing her dreamswith de-light — Close

by her side in the night — Who'll buy my lav-en-der? —

— Six-teen branches, Sir — for a pen-ny — pen-ny —



Henry Hall Talks About His Screen Adventure

I FOUND Henry Hall surrounded by a pile of letters the other day in his little room at Broadcasting House. It wasn't the normal flood of letters from radio admirers. This stack of mail was additional. It came from girls who wanted to be in Henry's film.

As you know, H. H. is turning film actor. In about four weeks' time he goes in front of the cameras on the British International lot at El-tree to play the lead in about the biggest musical film ever attempted in these islands of ours. He has a five-figure contract for the job.



Jack Martin, Northern Radio favourite, playing a fiddle solo at St. Anne's-on-Sea.

B.B.C. to B.I.P.

Henry grinned and said: "Look at this. We can't have them all in the picture. I wish we could."

"How do you feel about your new job?" I asked the B.B.C. maestro.

"Looking forward to it immensely. I have done a few things in my twenty years of show business, but never have I played a lead in a film.

"Except, of course, the band and I appeared for a few minutes in the film that the Post Office film unit made of Broadcasting House. Now I am going to be an actor for a change. It should be great fun. And hard work."

The British movie folk are making a great stride with this Henry Hall picture. H. H., the man with the biggest audience of any radio star, is going to be "put over" in a big way. A special story is being written round him, and the important thing is that Henry is going to be a real leading man. He won't be just a band-leader with his boys playing a few numbers in front of the cameras.

H. H. is the hero, though his B.B.C. band will play a big rôle with him. It will be a musical show, of course, but with plenty of romance and action. "Radio Parade" has shown B.I.P. that there is a huge audience for clever radio films.

Jack O' Many Jobs.

We talked about the pioneers of the song-and-dance world the other week. Now add Jack Martin to the list. Jack, to-day, of course, the resident conductor at the famous Hotel Majestic, St. Anne's-on-Sea, lays claim to having the first British band to appear in variety. That was in 1924, if you are fond of searching among records.

It was Jack Martin and his band which succeeded no less a star than Paul Whiteman in the revue, "Brighter London." Which was news in these days.

Jack can chalk up another pioneer record, too. He was leader of the famous Kettners Five when it was the first British band to broadcast to America.

This Northern radio favourite is a man who has "gone places and done things." There isn't much that he has not sampled in the way of music. He has played in seaside hotels, palais-de-danse, night-clubs, cinemas, Lyons restaurants, music-halls.

He has seen dance-music and dance-music stars grow up. Music is in his blood, for his father was a well-known composer and conductor. Jack, though, didn't want to go into music. He was making a lot of headway in the auctioneering business as a youngster, and then suddenly threw this career up and took to music.

South to North.

Like his near radio neighbour, Bertini, Jack Martin is a southerner. Born in the other



famous seaside town, Brighton. Used to play in Sir Harry Preston's hotels there.

Keenest critic to-day is Mrs. Martin. Very practical one, too. His great friend George Duncan, golf champion, says that as a golfer Jack is a fine fiddler.

Dancing Makes News.

In Soviet Russia jazz has made its latest conquest. To-day in Moscow five leading hotels advertise "jazz orchestra and dancing," and there is an eleven-till-midnight session of dance music over the radio every night.

An English dance-band played in Moscow last summer, and the Soviet studios have just turned out a musical picture. This is a minor revolution in Russia!

Meanwhile in England we have no less an authority than Sir George Newman, Chief Medical Officer to the Board of Education, stating officially that "dancing is a vital form of exercise, of which schools should not fail to make full use."

On the other side of the medal we have, however, Mr. G. K. Chesterton. In his latest book of essays, called "Avovals and Denials," he reveals himself as a jazz-hater with a string of typically Chestertonian remarks. "Jazz is a nightmare of noise, recalling the horns of hell rather than the horns of eliland, generally accompanied by an undercurrent of battering monotony," he writes. Now we know!

Girvan Dundas—Child Star.

Twenty-two years' experience in the show world is a long time. But that is the number to the credit of Girvan Dundas, the new croonerette who is singing with Charlie Kunz's band. Yet she is only twenty-five!

Her father was J. P. Dundas, a well-known variety artiste, and he worked Girvan into his act when she was only three. He would ask for a big, strong man to come from the audience and sing a chorus on the stage. Whereupon a tiny voice would pipe "I'll come," and Girvan would toddle from the back of the theatre and lip a couple of choruses.

Since then she has been in the limelight on her own merits. She went, for instance, to Australia to play three weeks at a Melbourne theatre. They liked her well enough for her to stay twenty-one weeks.

Labelled "Legs."

In Australia she became known as Girvan "Legs" Dundas, because she won a competition for well-shaped legs. That broke her into the news, and she used to contribute fashion articles to "Aussie" papers—still with the "Legs" inserted in her name. She's a talented writer, and has composed, either wholly or partly, twenty-four songs.

Ambrose played "Carry On" on the air quite a lot, you may recall? That was Girvan's.

"I'm still a bit dazed about this delightful new life of crooning," she told me. "At present I think I'm only fair. But I hope to get very much better soon. Pat Hyde's my favourite crooner, and when I'm as good as she is I'll be happier!"

But Charlie Kunz—rightly, I think—believes that he's got a real find in Girvan, and Charlie's a good picker! By the way, she has been married for eight years to Jack Barker of Walsh and Barker, the variety duettists.

(Above)
Girvan Dundas,
croonerette with
Charlie Kunz.

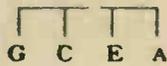
(Right)
Henry Hall
snapped in ac-
tion. You'll be
seeing him on
the screen soon.



SEVEN YEARS

(WITH THE WRONG WOMAN)

Written and Composed by

Tune Ukulele


BOB MILLER

Valse moderato




Key C 



1. Sev - en years with the wrong wo - man Is more than a
 2. Sev - en years with the wrong wo - man Is pun - ish-ment
 3. Sev - en years with the wrong wo - man Put me in this
 4. Lis - ten boys if you're think-in' of mar - riage Take warn - ing to




man can stand Sev - en years with the wrong wo - man
 that is bad Sev - en years with the wrong wo - man
 dirt - y jail And she's got all o' my mon - ey
 what I tell Don't you mar - ry the wrong wo - man



*Symbols for Guitar & Banjo.

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will wreck 'most an - y good man Sev - en years with the
 will drive 'most an - y man mad When you've mar - ried the
 and laughs 'cause I can't get bail In that fin - al
 it's worse than liv - ing in hell Sev - en years with a

wrong wo - man It's the same in the moun - tain or dale
 wrong wo - man There is on - ly one thing you can do
 day of judg - ment When the good Ga - briel starts in to blow
 wrong wo - man It -'ll age you and turn your hair gray

She'll stay a - wake all night Try - ing to start a fight, Then
 Dig your - self a hole And crawl in that hole, Then
 If I see her face In that heav - en - ly place, I'll
 They say love is blind, But search till you find A

have you thrown in - to jail. Sev - en
 pull the ground ov - er you Sev - en
 ask to be sent down be - low Lis - ten
 face you can stand ev - 'ry day. day.

Between verses *Last time*

LOVE THY NEIGHBOUR

Lyric by
MACK GORDON

Tune Uke in Eb
Bb Eb G C

Music by
HARRY REVEL

PIANO *Moderato*

ad lib.

KEY Eb

Eb Bb7 Eb Bb7 Eb Ab Ab mi
 || s . l : s . f | - s : f | m : - | - : - | s . l : s . f | - s : f | m : - | - : - | l . l : l . d' | - d : - |

Nev - er treat oth - ers with scorn, We're on - ly here 'cause we're born. Al - tho' you're "way up"

Eb Cm1 F7 Fmi Bb7 Gmi D7 Gmi G D7
 || s . s : s d' | - d : - | : m | m . d : m | s : - | - : - t , | t . d' : t . l | - t : l | s : - | - : - | t . de : t . l | - t : l |

You may not "stay up," Stop tooting your horn. — Who cares 'bout the wealthy you pos - sess High on the hill of suc -

G Gmi D+ Bb C7 F Eb Dmi Cm1 Bb Ab Gmi
 || se : - | - : t | t . s . t | - s : l | t : - | - : t | r' . r' : d' | t : l . l | s . s : f | m ||

- cess, — On friendship you nev - er should frown, You'll need the same friends On the wea - ry way down!

poco rall.

poco rall.

^{*)}Symbols for Banjo & Guitar
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World Radio History

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

By { AL BRYAN,
GEO. B. McCONNELL &
DICK SANFORD

Tune Ukulele to G.C.E.A.

KEY F 1 : m . f ||

Once a
Oh, that

Key F

sail - or lad - die fell deep in love With the Captain's daughter fair,.... But the maid - en nev - er re - turned his love And it sail - or lad - die re - grets the day That he ev - er learn'd to swim,.... Tho' he's won a med - al and won a wife, What a

filled him with des - pair,.... But here's the cir - cum - stance... That start - ed his ro - mance. mess it's made of him;.... Says he, "When la - dies drown,.... Just watch them go - ing down"

CHORUS.

Uke silent.

The Cap - tain's daugh - ter..... 'fell in the wa - ter,.... But she couldn't swim, so Johnny went in, And pulled her a -

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S.M.P. 102

SECRETS OF THE "MIKE" By Bertram Fryer

Would-be Crooners and Radio Stars—here's some advice from a man who was a B.B.C. producer for ten years, and is now "headmaster" of the London School of Broadcasting.

RADIO broadcasting does, I suppose, look easy—at first glance. You just stand up and say things to a small box arrangement! Well, at first sight, so do stage and screen acting look simple, but we know that talent and training go to make up the actor. And, though few people realise it, there is a very great deal more in radio broadcasting than saying a few words to a microphone. There is a definite technique of broadcasting, different from stage work, or screen acting—a new "third dimension" of entertainment art.

The all-conquering microphone is the cause of it. The mike is a queer affair. It does the most peculiar things to the human voice. Scarcely anybody who has heard their own voice coming from a loudspeaker (which can be done by means of the "speak back" recording system) has recognised it.

So, the mike demands a brand-new technique from all performers. It also creates a new type of audience reaction, and therefore demands new style material. It was because I realised what a startling new art broadcasting had become that I am to-day working hard teaching people the tricks of the mike in my own studios.

Your favourite radio star does not, of course, just stand up in front of the B.B.C. microphones and say his or her piece. The real radio artiste plays to the mike. The good broadcaster knows where to stand, how to pitch the voice, how to achieve the right touch. He knows what words or sounds will jar your ears; he knows how long his material should run.

The aspiring broadcast artiste has a more difficult journey ahead of him than, for instance, the stage or cinema artiste. In these two latter instances the artiste is able to "walk on," or

to take part in "the crowd," which presents him with the opportunity of studying the masters of the art by close contact. If he is worth his salt, his opportunity occurs one day to take a small part, and so up and up.

The unfortunate inexperienced broadcaster, however, confronts the microphone, probably for the first time, at his long-awaited B.B.C. audition, and fails hopelessly, either through ignorance of the "mike" or through nerves.

The most experienced orator, artiste or instrumentalist dreads his introduction to the microphone. Unfortunately, the actual meeting proves to be worse than he had anticipated. Gone are his familiar stage, his audience, his limelight; he is alone—or practically—in a futuristically decorated studio, with a glistening microphone waiting with a relentless grin (or so it seems to the unhappy broadcaster) and a strange, overpowering "deadness."

The science of sound means nothing to him, and "acoustics" is something which he probably associates with unfortunate lack of hearing. He is very, very ill at ease. A white light flashes at him; his heart commences to sink—the red light is before him; he must begin . . . and he is paralysed!

The safest policy the inexperienced broadcast artiste can adopt is to forget that the microphone is a medium through which he is reaching millions and to regard it as one intimate friend to whom he is speaking or performing.

Personality, in an artiste, is, more often than not, the intimate touch. Take for example, Mr. Christopher Stone. The listener adores him because he feels that each little remark is sent personally to him. This "intimate touch" is not an art—and can be acquired.



Mr. Bertram Fryer listening to the play-back of an aspiring radio star at his studio control panel.

The new broadcaster must study his material from the new angle, bearing in mind, whether he be orator, vocalist, or comedian—particularly in the latter instance—that his success depends solely on what the listener *hears*. No error can be covered, as on the stage or platform.

The orator must avoid redundancy, and realise that to be pedantic is fatal.

The vocalist must not linger through verse and chorus; the listener is impatient, and variety is the spice of his programme. The "straight" singer, likewise, must avoid numbers of undue length.

And now a special word to the would-be crooner: Do not attempt to copy any well-known crooner, no matter how popular. Study your own style, develop your own personality—and take your job seriously.

"I do," pretexts the potential crooner indignantly. Perhaps. On the other hand, the crooner forgets that he needs a basic knowledge of singing, that his diction must be perfect, and his breath control above reproach. Crooning, like all radio work, is a real art.

THE CHANGING OF THE GUARD

Words and Music by:

"Mr." Flotsam and "Mr." Jetsam.

Marcia Moderato

|| d : - | d : - t, | d : - : - | - : - : r | d : - : t, | t, : - : lo, | t, : - : - | - : - : | r : - : - | - : - : de | r : - : - | - : - : m |

There— you'll see — the changing of the guard. — Stand, — may - be, — With—
You — will

|| r : - : d | d : - : t, | d : - : - | - : - : r | m : - : m | m : - : m | m : - : m | r : - : - : r | r : - : - : r |

- in the Pal-ace yard. — And if your plea to en - ter fails, You press your nos-es
Or swell the crowd a - round the gate, That dai - ly come to

to the rails, And watch from there The
con-tem-plate The cel - e - bra - ted changing of the guard.

See now they come!
Ob-serve the style

To beat of
Of rank and

drum. A touch of pride and pomp on ev-er-y hand, A sharpstac-ca - to word of command, Be-
file. The ar - my drum sup-plies a reg-u-lar beat, To man - ly tramp of march - ing feet Be-

- hold, - Be - hold, -
- hold, - Be - hold, -

The chang-ing of the guard! - guard! -

As I Know Them

By "Recording Needle"



A new portrait of Lew Stone one of our most brilliant band leaders

PERHAPS you've caught a glimpse of him amongst the crowds hurrying in and out of the B.B.C., or walking with his quick, decisive stride along Charing Cross Road—a short, shy, preoccupied man, hatless. You might notice his large head and fresh complexion, giving the false impression that he spends a good deal of his time out of doors.

As he breezes along, business case in hand, you would take him for a doctor or lawyer.

Never for one moment would the stranger imagine that the stocky, erect young man with the retiring manner was the leader of one of Europe's most modern dance orchestras. There is nothing about Lew Stone to suggest fame, unless you happen to strike him on one of the rare occasions when he travels around the West End in his lovely Alfa-Romeo. Mostly you will find him walking, for he dislikes more luxurious modes of travel, being a man whose every movement speaks of modesty.

His Modest Tastes.

He dresses in the quietest way, invariably wearing a sober grey suit, and he never by any chance affects the camel-hair overcoats, large black hats, and other over-distinctive clothes favoured by so many of the musical fraternity.

This modesty he carries even to eating, for if you happened to enter a restaurant and sat next to Lew Stone—and he doesn't mind patronising quite humble ones on occasion—you would find him passing over the more pretentious things on the menu and hurrying through poached eggs on toast or Welsh rarebit, with the inevitable cup of weak tea. He rushes his meals like he does everything else.

A stupendous worker, he believes in occupying every single moment in a useful manner, and he is known as the man who never wastes a word. To him superficial conversation seems an utter waste of time. Go and discuss a business matter with him and he is all attention; digress to talk of general topics, and you'll find him fidgeting, shuffling his feet uneasily, and at last backing away and saying vaguely: "Ah, yes, well, there it is. I must get back to my work."

No Time For Small Talk.

This dislike of general small-talk is not "side," as a few very misguided people have sometimes thought. Lew feels very strongly on the subject. He is of opinion that a great deal of "polite" conversation is so puerile that it is better left unsaid, and, in any case, in his extraordinary modesty, he genuinely thinks himself incapable of discussing anything outside the one subject upon which he is such a tremendous authority—modern dance music.

Nevertheless intimate friends who can draw him out will vouch for Lew being an exceptional conversationalist when anything intelligent is being discussed.

LEW STONE—

ARCHITECT OF DANCE MUSIC

In the same way that he manages without other luxuries, Lew denies himself the most precious of life's gifts—sleep. Sometimes between midnight and three a.m.—according to where they are working—his bandmen creep dog-tired to bed. Not so Lew. The small hours are to him the most vital part of the day. With invincible determination and energy he utilises these precious hours to write the wonderful arrangements which have made him famous. It is very seldom that he gets to bed before six, although his business day is ushered in by the constant ringing of the telephone before ten o'clock.

He Made Jazz History.

His brilliant arranging is beyond all else the thing that has brought Lew to the fore. About 1925 he began to revolutionise the industry by his remarkable scoring of dance music. He started his career as a pianist in a night-club, earning five shillings for his first engagement, but although he has until the past two years always played the piano, he holds a comparatively low opinion of himself as a pianist.

His arrangement of "Body and Soul" for Ambrose made jazz history, and since then he has utilised this remarkable gift in every way. And it is a gift—a divine flair for sensing exactly how certain effects and tone colours will



Lew Stone . . . "began as a Night Club pianist . . . for five shillings."

sound. No power can keep Lew from his arranging, and he worked on one of his notable efforts—"Free and Easy"—when confined to bed in great pain.

Once Lew Stone used to have occasional spare time—and he utilised it all playing football. He has always been a keen, competent player, and is a great authority on the game. He used to play for the Casuals at one time—wing half, inside forward, and centre-half, the latter a strange position for anyone of his diminutive stature. If it hadn't been for the lure of music he might have been a second Alec James.

Two seasons ago he organised an all-musicians' team, and it was never once beaten. During the season it aggregated 215 goals in the "for" column, whilst against it were scored only 15.

At one time Lew also had aspirations to other sports in the palmy days when there was time for recreation, and somewhere in his unique home at Regent's Park may be found a case of rusting golf clubs.

This house of Lew's is one of the most remarkable establishments in London. It is part

of a converted stables, but it is so beautifully appointed that to enter the small door is almost like going into a different world. And the silence, so near the West End, is positively uncanny. The place is away from the main traffic arteries, and its peace is so profound that jocular visitors have even been known to ask when the bell was going to ring for prayers!

A Happy Bachelor.

And there are few visitors to disturb the silence, for much as he likes congenial company, Lew simply cannot spare the time. There is no Mrs. Stone, and Lew's more intimate friends say there never will be, for he is wedded to his work. His daily wants are ministered to by a small well-trained staff.

As Lew's band goes from success to success there is keen disappointment in at least one quarter—the British film industry. Not very long ago Lew was up to his eyes in the arranging of film music. He was behind the musical arrangements of the Ralph Lynn and Tom Walls films, and many more. Now, although his band makes occasional appearances on the screen, he is too busy to undertake any more of the arranging of film accompaniments.

Does this dynamic little man who stands at the very head of British dance music ever take a holiday? Yes, a couple of years back he undertook a motoring tour in Scotland, about 1942 or so he hopes to have another.

"I love the silence of the Scottish lakes," says Lew. "It helps me to think of fresh melodies, rhythm, harmonies—new arrangements, y'know."

It is a chastening thought that Lew Stone—like so many other prominent people—is a square peg who narrowly missed spending his life in a round hole. Think of the tragedy to dance music if he were now carving cabinets instead of those harmoniously intricate dance rhythms! Yet to escape that fate he had to run away from home.

And, after a gloomy experience with a concert party, circumstance led him cunningly to yet another round hole, one that was even more ludicrous. Madame Fate played her joke and made of Lew a dock labourer! Other men have taken up jobs of convenience and never struggled from the rut. Fortunately, Lew had an ally—his passionate conviction that he could some day succeed in music. And after two days he said good-bye to the labouring job with which he had flirted and set out on a long journey to fame—a journey for which he has apparently taken a one-way ticket.

In much the same way Lew has always had tussles with things outside his control—the sudden switch-over of the Monseigneur from a high-class restaurant to a news cinema, and the important loss of Al Bowlly, his "big-draw" crooner, for instance—yet he is always one move ahead of that train of circumstance.

NEXT WEEK!

"COCKTAILS FOR TWO"

The Great Carl Brisson Screen Hit.

Articles : Gossip : Pictures

IF I HADN'T BEEN GREEN

(I WOULDNT BE BLUE TODAY)

Words and Music by

ARTHUR LE CLERQ &
REX BURROWS,

Tune Uke in D
A D F# B

Moderato.

KEY G.

How ma - ny know the se - cret of real ro - mance?
Now that Ive tast - ed loves bit - ter pill Im through

How ma - ny know that love is a game of chance?
Seems that I wast - ed time and af - fect - ion too,

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LAWRENCE WRIGHT MUSIC CO Ltd
19, Denmark St., London W C.2

||s 1 :t |m :m |m :- | - :- | f .s :l |r :r |r :- | - :- }

Not know - ing at the start I've got an ach - ing heart,
If at the first I'd known I would have nev - er shown,

||m .f :s |d :- .d |d .r :m ||, :d |s :- | - :- | - :- | - :- ||

Wish that I'd had ex - per - i - ence in ad - vance.....
How much I cared and how much I trust - ed you.....

CHORUS

||s, .l, || d .l, :d .m | :-r |d :l, |m :-r |d .l, :d .m | - :r |s :- | - :- }

If I had - n't been green when I met you, I would - n't be blue to - day,

p-f

||s .f :s .f | - :-s |f .m :f .m | - :-f |m .r :m .r | - : .l, |d .l, :d .t, | - :s, .l, }

I'd never let you kiss me, or pet, 'Cos kisses like yours are hard to for - get, If I

||d .j₁ :d .m l- :- .r | d .j₁ :d .m l- :- .r | d .j₁ :d .m l- :- .r |

had-nt been green, then I would have seen That you nev-er meant to

||s :- l- : | s .f :s .f l- :j₁ | s :- lf :-

stay, You taught me one..... good les-son,

||f .m :f .m l- :l | m :m lm .r :s, j₁ | d .j₁ :d .m l- :- .r |

Love is a game that needs quick gues-sin', If I had-nt been green when

||d :j₁ lm :- .r | d .j₁ :d .s l- :m | d :- | :s, j₁ || d :- l- : ||

I met you I would-nt be blue.. to-day. If I - day.....

D.S.

THESE KINGS OF DANCE RHYTHM—

HOW DO THEY DANCE?

They set millions of people dancing, these famous dance band leaders, but—what happens when they themselves take a turn on the ballroom floor? HORACE RICHARDS has been asking some pertinent questions on the subject.

A BEAUTIFUL girl with dark, lustrous eyes sat in a ball-room, sipping a liqueur. She raised her eyes, and for an instant they met those of the blond, handsome band-leader. In them was—"invitation to the waltz." Momentarily the band-leader hesitated, and in that moment he was lost. He handed over his baton to his "second," stepped off the stand, and the couple danced. . . .

The beautiful girl was Dolores del Rio. The dancing band-leader was Gene

"I get so little leisure from my work that I like to get right away from the dance atmosphere whenever possible. But if I've got to dance . . . well, give me a rhythmic fox-trot," he told me.

Howard Jacobs, West End leader, came out as a definite non-dancer. "Dancing?" he said to me. "Well, I suppose I can get around. But I'd rather play the saxophone! Anyway, you'd need brute force to drag me away from a bridge four to go and dance."

Speak to Charlie Kunz about dancing, and he'll smile and try to "kid" you that he has two left feet, and is as cumbersome on the dance-floor as that much maligned bull in the china-shop.

But I have personal recollections of Charlie dancing very enthusiastically and nimbly at the Water Rats' ball. Girvan Dundas, his charming crooner, told me that Charlie dances very well in the American fashion.

"He's particularly good at the quick-step," said Girvan, and Charlie admitted that, though he is not very smitten with dancing, that is his favourite.

It's only to be expected that the irrepressible Teddy Joyce—has anyone ever seen that "Stick of Dynamite" keep still?—

What of the others? Jack Harris? No. He is a non-dancer. Harry Roy? Yes, sir. I remember that he and Elsie Carlisle danced a lot together at that "big news" party which Christopher Stone threw to celebrate his twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. Harry has done a lot of stage dancing, of course, but the two things do not always go together.

Sydney Kyte believes that every dance-band leader should be a dancer, if only to understand some of the problems that bands set the dancer!

"I don't get a lot of time, and, anyway, having to watch some of the people whose dancing is so hard on the eye is liable to put one off! But I like dancing with my wife, particularly the slow fox-trot."

And here's a tip to the many Sydney Kyte fans. If you want to see him in action, you are most likely to do so at the Florida. That is Sydney's favourite spot for an after-supper dance.

Henry Hall can be rated a dancing dance-band leader. He took up dancing afresh some months ago and had some lessons. Henry is always thorough. He also saw to it that his children, Betty and Michael, had a course of lessons at home from a young Bond Street academy teacher. The B.B.C. maestro has been seen dancing at several big functions recently.

Finally, let me reveal that not so very long ago, before Joe Loss had made a name for himself in the dance-band world he was a brilliant dancer, winning competitions regularly. Now, well, dancing above all things needs constant practice, and Joe has had to let his dancing be neglected.

"Whenever possible I like to dance," he told me. "It's the only way I can really get to know the likes and dislikes of dancers. Besides, it's a grand busman's holiday to be able to relax and watch some other poor fellow having to keep in time without flagging! The quick-step is my



Howard Jacobs: No!



Teddy Joyce: Yes—Sure!



Syd Lipton: Can dance but has no time.



Jack Jackson: A good dancer but has little time.



Billy Cotton: Not often a dancer.



Lou Preager. A dancing champion.

Raymond, and it happened in the film, "Flying Down to Rio." Remember?

Such an incident rarely, if ever, happens in real life! Prominent dance-band leaders make a point of not dancing with the guests of the hotel while their bands are playing. To do so would lead to endless complications, and anyway, conducting a modern dance-band demands the personal attention of the leader throughout.

But how many of our "top-line" leaders could answer such an invitation if they were so disposed? The answer is "all of them." I know of none of the leading conductors who is not able to acquit himself reasonably well on the dance-floor. Some, indeed, are brilliant dancers. Others are only fair. Many can dance, but are not particularly keen about it.

Perhaps one of the most skilful is Lou Preager, whose band you hear on the air from Romano's twice a month. To see Lou and his wife dancing a slow fox-trot is to see poetry in movement. Little wonder that this pair has won many competitions on the Continent. Now, night and day, Lou is seeped in dance music, yet he never tires of it, and dancing remains one of his favourite pastimes.

On warm summer afternoons his rendezvous is the river, and at the smart dance-clubs of Maidenhead and Bray you may often see him. In winter months he slips off occasionally to a near-by tea-dance. Sometimes he will go on to a night-club after he has finished his job. That's keenness!

Another skilful dancer is Sydney Lipton, Grosvenor House Hotel leader, but he frankly admits that he does not care for it very much.

can trip a pretty measure with a skilful partner. Straight forward plodding around the floor doesn't suit Teddy. Those feet of his are inclined to frills and capers which make dancing with him an exhilarating experience.

But nobody could accuse Billy Cotton of "fancy stuff" on the dance-floor. As a matter of fact, not many people have ever seen Billy on a dance-floor. He'd much rather go and see a fight or a football match. But Billy's no "grouch," and rather than kill a party he'll allow himself to be led on to the dance floor, especially in a dreamy waltz.

So limited is the spare time of these Melody Men that dancing has to war with their other interests. Ambrose, of the Embassy, is an excellent dancer, and so is Jack Jackson, of the Dorchester, but they have scant opportunity.

favourite dance, and for preference I like to dance at some quiet spot. Ladies, take your partners! These Kings of Rhythm have obedient feet. . . .

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Edited by
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CHORUS

High in the hills, down in the dales, Hap-py and fan-cy free,

CHORUS

You're In My Power Hal Hal Hal Hal Hal What-cha gon-na do now, it's up to you now

YOU'RE IN MY POWER

ILL WIND

Slowly, with expression

Voice: Doh is Bb | d - f - : m : r | ta - ta, | l, - f - : na : r | d : ta, |

Piano: *mf* *p* *mp*

Blow ill wind, blow a-way. Let me rest to -

Bb Eb Bb F# Eb Eb2

REFRAIN *Ute tacet*

Insomese-clud-ed rea-dex - vous, That ov-er-looks the av-a - oue, With someone sharing a de-

COCKTAILS FOR TWO

CRADLE IN THE TREES

REFRAIN

Birds all sleep in their CRADLE IN THE TREES Lit-tle Mother Bird looks

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EDITED BY
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**EVERY TIME I LOOK AT YOU
OVER ON THE SUNNY SIDE
YOU'RE WONDERFUL
HOLD UP YOUR HANDS
RUFUS ON THE ROOF
BLUE MOON IN THE SKY**

COOMBS

NEXT WEEK: "WHEN DAYS BEGIN"

AL BOWLEY is the star of Ray Noble's weekly radio programme in America. Al has made a big hit on the air over there.

Mills Brothers may be over here again in the early summer. John Mills, the boy with the guitar, is now a proud papa. Son . . . crooning already.

Paul Whitman's treasurer, one of his band-boys who did the job as an extra, has quit. Too dangerous carrying all that money around. Gangsters were getting to know him.

Mrs. Bing Crosby has returned to films. But you are forbidden to mention the fact that she is Mrs. Crosby. She is going to get back just as Dixie Lee. Same thing goes with Bing's brother Bob. No connection with any other firm of same name.

Fred Astaire plays the piano and conducts a dance band in his next picture.

Henry Hall thinks that Gipsy Nino, concertina girl, is one of the best acts he has ever seen. She "Guest Nighted" with H. H., and is in the Hylton show.

Reginald (B.B.C.) King began to play the piano at five and composed at six years of age.

Marius B. Winter plays to over 250,000 people at private dances during a year, and travels 35,000 miles to do it. Marius is known as the Champion Gipsy.



Jigsaw puzzles are the hobby of Sydney Baynes, the B.B.C. light orchestra star. He always works against the clock when solving them, aim being to cut his time down.

Paula Green, Marius B. Winter's emoncrette, was once a dancing instructor. Also a cup-winning swimmer and tennis player.

The "Air-Do-Wells" radio concert party perform in the St. George's Hall studio with a back-drop representing a seaside beach behind them. Atmosphere.

Phil Silverton, Teddy Joyce violinist, is a crack billiards player. Will take on any musician. What offers?

Leslie Holmes, Syd Lipton and Raymond Bennett, of Bennett and McNaughton, all with new cars. Sparkling "road shows."

Hal Wyn, playing with Kentucky Minstrels stage show, claims to be only conductor who has taken a band to Moscow.

During the sketches of "Hi-Diddle-Dee-Dee" at the Savoy, members of pit orchestra amuse themselves by solving crossword puzzles.

Alice Mitchell, trombonist with Teddy Joyce's outfit, used to be a hairdresser. Often trims his boss' hair when Teddy is too busy to go to a barber!

By the way, Teddy hates being called "Mr." He's "Teddy" to the whole wide world.

Gloria Kaye and Annette Keith both singing with Benny Loban's Music Wonders.

A trumpeting family. The Fourms. Sid with Jack Payne. Eddie with Billy Cotton.

Cyril Farmer and Adela Boston, runners-up in British waltz championship in 1933-34, now "hosting" and "horseing" at 101 Club, Leeds.

Favourite literature of Horace Finch, pianist for Bertini's band, is "The Financial Times." He advises the boys on their investments.

Breeding dogs is Peggy Cochran's joy in life. She now has three Golden Retrievers. Susan (mother), Rosa and Rufus (offspring).

Al Berlin and his band once had their instruments confiscated on the borders of Switzerland. They borrowed a few instruments of "nineteenth century" vintage, and as the piano was O.K. they struggled through without syncopeation.



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Tune Ukulele to G.C.E.A.

By MORT CURROY.

Moderato.

KEY F

|| s . s :- s | l . l :- l | f . f :- f | s . s :- s | m . m :- m | f . f :- f |

I've got a feel-ing I'm way past con-ceal - ing, And so I'm re-veal - ing to
 Don't turn a - way, dear, Let me have my say, dear, I swear I'll al - ways be

r :- l :- l | d :- m :- l :- fe . r | s :- is :- s ||

you. List - en, do, Darl - ing, I need you.
 true. Just say yes, Darl - ing, I con - fess.

World Radio History

CHORUS.

|| 1, t, id, r: d, t, cl || - , l : l, m is . s :- d | m : l, t, id, r: d, t, cl, l - , t : t, f il l :- r i

There's a chance I may be wrong, (Don't tell me dear that I'm wrong) But please listen to my song, (Please lend an ear to my

|| f : t, d ir , m : r ed t, l - , t : t, f il l :- r | f, f : t, d ir , r : r e, r e, m | - : - - - |

song) For you thrill me thro' and thro', (Each time you're near me, you thrill me) Ev'ry time I look at you

|| - : l, t, id, r : d, t, cl, l - , l : l, m is . s :- d | m : l, t, id, r: d, t, cl, l - , t : t, f il l :- r |

There's a chance that you may smile, (And you know just how to smile) But please listen for a while, (Perhaps you'll stay for a

|| f : t, d ir , m : r ed t, l - , t : t, f il l :- r | f, f : t, d ir , r : r e, r e, m | - : - - - |

while) For I know I love you true. (The more I see you, I love you) Ev'ry time I look at you,

|| : 1 : | m . m : - m i s . s : - s | f i s . m i r : - | m . m : - m i l l : - l | f i s . m i r : - |

Night time is your time for dreaming sweet dreams, Night time is my time for sadness it seems

⁵ r : r i m : m | s . s : - s i t . t . : - t . r : - i - : - | - : l . , t . i d . , r : d e t . l . | - . , l : l . , m i s . s : - d }

Wondring if the new day will bring you to me... There's a chance you love me too... (If you were loving me

|| : l . , t . i d . , r : d e t . l . | - . , l : l . , m i s . s : - d } . t : t . f i l l : - r | f : t . , d i r . , m : r . d e t . l . | - . , t : t . f i l l : - r |

too) Half as much as I love you... (Why then I'd never be blue) But the feelings something new... (I wonder what I shall

|| f . f : t . , d i r . , r : m . m | d : - i - : - | : l . , t . i d . , r : d e t . l . || d : - i : : i : ||

do dear) Ev'ry time I look at you. There's a chance I may be wrong you.



Geraldo with Yvette Darnac, his singer in the "Chateau de Madrid," and (below) a new and characteristic portrait of the famous band-leader.

GERALDO— HE BRINGS TO YOU SWEET MUSIC.

The Gaucho Tango Orchestra... Sweet Music... Dancing Through... Le Chateau de Madrid... four outstanding features of our dance-band world. And GERALDO is the brain behind them all. An intimate glimpse of a man who has progressed by always looking one move ahead is given to you

by
—HORACE RICHARDS—

the country—he has appeared at the Royal Command Variety Performance.

Maybe that would have been enough for some men. But not for Geraldo. Always he has had his ear to the ground, tapping the message of public opinion. He is a man of ideas, and not so long ago he had another inspiration.

Observing how dance music is nearly surging itself with the apparent necessity for going hot, and realising that it can't possibly last, because at heart people are old-fashioned enough to like to hear melody, Geraldo got working again and formed "Geraldo and His Sweet Music." He solved the problem of presenting the public with true, unadulterated melody yet without robbing them of the swinging rhythm that 1935 demands.

The Gaucho Tango Orchestra was never allowed to die. Throughout it has been part and parcel of his Sweet Music band, and recently, by public demand, it has again made its bow and is getting the "hands" as of old.

What next? Be sure that when the public again demands something new Geraldo will be on hand to supply it. He is quick not only to create new ideas but to make the most of hints and suggestions dropped to him from any source.

It was a half-formed suggestion by Eric Maschwitz that led to Geraldo's success with the now famous "Dancing Through" radio feature. We've told you about that recently in "P. M." The act

is a triumph of industry, technique and showmanship. It is typically "Geraldish." It was a hint dropped at headquarters, a half-veiled plea for something new, that inspired Geraldo to bring into being his mystery "Chateau de Madrid" orchestra. Always on the spot...

And so this clever, quiet man goes his successful way. A charmingly modest companion, exceedingly courteous, and never, apparently, hurried or flustered.

One does not get to know him intimately. I know that he has an excellent taste in pale green notepaper, that he rises amazingly early for a man in his profession, that no matter what time you ring his flat—which he shares with Leslie Holmes—you are almost certain to hear a gramophone or radio working, that his tastes in cars run to immaculate Delages, that he invariably smokes Egyptian or Turkish cigarettes, and that he is very keen on golf and piano-playing for relaxation.

That romantic Continental appearance has helped Gerald Bright to be forgotten in Geraldo. Yet even were he blond, of pink complexion and essentially Nordic appearance, I still think that he would have got away with his tango orchestra and his Sweet Music with as much success. You see, he knows his job...

THERE are still a lot of people who find it difficult to believe that Geraldo is British, and not an Italian, a Spaniard or a Russian.

One of my girl-friends is still only half-convinced that the whole story about Geraldo actually being born Gerald Bright is not a piece of fiction invented by a journalist out to create a sensation. "Why, just look at his pictures!" she says a trifle petulantly.

And looking at his pictures one is almost inclined to doubt one's own knowledge. That sleek black hair, that swarthy complexion, those dreamy, sad eyes. It is surely the face of a Latin. And when one thinks how perfectly he understands the tango and rumba rhythms, what a perfect ambassador he is of the music of the Continent, it makes it even more remarkable to know that he is a Londoner, and that the adoption of the romantic name "Geraldo" was just a piece of shrewd showmanship, a charming deception that has harmed none and thrilled many.

Certainly if Gerald Bright's life had progressed along the lines that he set for himself popular music would have been robbed of one of its most romantic and outstanding figures.

You see, Gerry decided when quite young that he was going to be a Big Business man.

He got a job in an office—though what type of office he has never confessed to me. Music? Yes, of course he was interested in music. Famous band-leaders have to be born with a love of music, else they never get that way.

After Office Hours.

But Gerald's interest in music was limited. A man's got to have a hobby. His was music. It might just as easily have been ornithology, or philately, or fretwork. Most evenings in the week young Bright used to put down his pen rather hurriedly at five-thirty, dash away, leap into a dinner-jacket and go and play in a small band at local "hops."

But you can't keep music under. He found it was beginning to encroach on his office hours. "... Say, Gerry, we're playing over the other side of London to-night... d'you think you can get off a bit early?" That sort of thing.

Gerald Bright must have been in an enterprising sort of band, because one day he did a little mental arithmetic, and he discovered that he was making as much money in his spare-time musical hours as he was in his daily job. So commerce lost a bright office-boy.

Aged eighteen, playing in a tiny cinema orchestra in the North of England. That can be as dull and as unlucrative as any office job, so Gerry threw it up and decided to go places and see things.

He went to America just about the time when jazz was beginning to mean something, when people were realising that a new and vital

force had muscled in on the entertainment business. "I picked up a lot of real knowledge during that trip to America," Geraldo once told me. "It really laid the foundations of my career."

He came back to England and formed his own band, which gradually began to make its presence known in variety halls and hotels and cinemas. Then five or six years ago he went for a trip to Brazil. It was not one of those idle, pleasure-cruise trips; it was a voyage of discovery.

The throbbing, vital rhythm of the Brazilian tango music penetrated into his blood, and he came back excited, a strange urge within him. He came back to a London that was fiercely eager to accept anything new.

And for the second time in his life Gerald Bright made an important decision. Britain wanted something new? It should have it! Gerald Bright became Geraldo, and the first all-British tango band was formed. The sceptics laughed. They always do. Geraldo merely smiled. He always does.

Tango bands sprang up all over the country like deck-chairs on Margate sands. But Geraldo was away with a flying start, and they've never caught him up. Since then he has played at every important cinema and variety theatre in the country. He has broadcast and recorded regularly. He has become an institution at the Savoy Hotel. And he has achieved the ambition of every entertainer in

Next Week's "Sweet" Number
"LULLABY LADY"

OVER ON THE SUNNY SIDE

Words by
ALLAN FLYNN
Additional Lyric by **HORATIO NICHOLLS**

Tune Uke in D
A D F# B

Music by
JACK. EGAN

Aileen Stanley says "This is my biggest hit since "Side by Side" She sang it in the same steady, slowish tempo at the Palladium when she first made it the rage of London.
L.W.

Slowly, and in tempo

Piano introduction musical notation in G major, 4/4 time. The piece begins with a forte (f) dynamic. The right hand features a melodic line with a triplet of eighth notes in the second measure. The left hand provides a steady accompaniment of quarter notes.

Continuation of the piano accompaniment. The right hand continues the melodic theme with various chordal textures. The left hand maintains the rhythmic accompaniment.

Key G

* G	G+	Em1	dim	Am17	Cmi	Bmi	dim	Emi	Gmi6	A7	D7

1. Which side of life's great street do you live on? One side is sha-dows, one side is sun,
 2. Gloom dis-ap-pears with sun-shine and laugh-ter, Skies that were grey soon turn in-to blue,

Piano accompaniment for the first two lines of lyrics. The dynamics are marked piano (p). The right hand accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern.

G	Emi	Bmi	dim	C7	D	Bb7	A7	D7

If you are on the side that is gloom-y, Why not move to-day, just a-cross the way?
 Life was not made for sor-row or sad-ness, Chase dull care a-way, let's be glad to-day.

Piano accompaniment for the final two lines of lyrics. The piece concludes with a final chord in the right hand.

*Symbols for Guitar & Banjo

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REFRAIN

G Bmi A7 D7 dim D7

Just come OV-ER ON THE SUNNY SIDE, _____ You'll be wel-come on the sun-ny side, _____ Ev-'ry

Slowly, and in tempo

G D7 G7 Ami7 Cmi G E7 A7 D7 G D7

gent-le-man and la-dy, if you're liv-ing where it's sha - dy, Come OV-ER ON THE SUN-NY SIDE. _____ You'll be

G Bmi A7 D7 dim D7

hap-py on the sun-ny side, _____ May-be find that dreams you've been de - nied, _____ If the

G D7 G7 Ami7 Cmi G E7 A7 D7 G F#7

blues have got you ill at ease, You still have pos-si-bil-i - ties, OV-ER ON THE SUNNY SIDE.

World Radio History

Bmi F#7 Bmi F#7

Folks who look at life be-hind a shut-ter, Miss this fun-ny, sun-ny world of ours, —

B7 E7 A7 D C dim D7

Look-ing down, they on-ly see the gut-ter, If you raise your eyes, you will see the skies, If you're

G Bmi A7 D7 dim D7

one of those a-cross the way, — And you find that you're not sat-is-fied, — Come and

G D7 G7 Ami7 Cmf G E7 A7 D7 1 G dim D7 2 G

see the blue a-bove a-gain, Live and laugh, and love a-gain, OV-ER ON THE SUN-NY SIDE. Just come SIDE.

D.C.

RHAPSODY IN BLUE!



George Gershwin.

GERSHWIN IN BRIEF

It is a fascinating—and brickbat-inviting—game to rank the world's best stars in anything, but I'll take a chance and state that for most of us the world's greatest writer of jazz music is George Gershwin.

I say "writer of jazz music" because George is not purely a song-writer. There is the "Rhapsody in Blue" . . . and "An American in Paris" . . . and the "Concerto in F," and a new full-length opera, yet to be heard.

Maybe in years to come Gershwin will rank as the pioneer of modern music. Maybe he will be rated as the man who turned jazz into genuine twentieth century music. Whatever happens, he is one of the most important and interesting figures in the world of popular music of this day and age.

There can be few people who have not heard his "Rhapsody in Blue," yet they probably do not know him as the man who has written a long string of world-wide song-and-dance hits, starting from "Swanee" up through "Lady, Be Good," "Tiptoes," "The Man I Love," to "Delicious" and so on.

He Was a Song-Pluggger

The name of Gershwin appears on the scores of some of the most successful musical comedies that we've seen—"Oh, Kay," "Funny Face," "Lady, Be Good," to name a few that have been shown in Britain. George's last musical show in America, "Of Thee I Sing," created such a sensation that it was awarded the Pulitzer prize for the best play of the year.

Gershwin at thirty-six years of age is on top of the world. Broadway producers and their West End brethren fall over themselves to get his work. Hollywood does its best to tempt him. And the New York Metropolitan Opera House has commissioned his new opera.

Musical comedy, movies and opera . . . a strange trio of interests for one young man . . . who started his musical career as a song-pluggger at £3 per week, and was a Tin Pan Alley piano-player for several years.

Liked Skating Better

The name of Gershwin rose to world fame as a clarinet wailed to a high note at the beginning of the "Rhapsody in Blue." But a lot had happened to him before that great day, eleven years ago.

No question of inherited genius in Gershwin. His family, of Russian-Jewish extraction, were ordinary East Side New York folk. George was a regular tough, he-man kid, who thought music and piano-playing and such were fit only, in his own words, "for sissies." . . . He preferred roller-skating, anyway.

But—he still has a very vivid recollection of himself as a six-year-old boy standing outside a penny arcade and listening entranced to an automatic piano playing Rubinstein's "Melody in F," while the elevated railroad clanged overhead and the roaring bustle of Manhattan's streets was in his ears. That may have been the beginning of the "Rhapsody in Blue." . . . Then one day the Gershwin family bought

themselves a piano—mainly because an aunt had bought one, and Ma Gershwin did not want to be left behind in the social scale!

From that moment George took a sudden and inexplicable interest in music. He was always at the keyboard, and even asked for music-lessons, a sad fall from manly grace.

At that time, too, he began to be friendly with a kid named Max Rosen, who was a highly talented young fiddler and later became famous. Rosen opened the doors of music to young George. In between roller-skating jaunts and hockey games and wrestling scraps they talked and thought music.

By

H. W. SHIRLEY LONG

George began to progress beyond the local lady music professor, and sought out some of the colourful musical figures of the East Side, queer geniuses who were attracted to the dark, slim boy and taught him music.

George learned to play, to understand, to appreciate, but to all practical purposes he is a self-taught musician. He had the barest idea of harmony when he wrote his "Rhapsody," and when he was asked to write a concerto he had to look the word up in a dictionary!

So we find him a young man, and the time came for him to think of a future. Following their family commercial instinct, George's folk sent him to the High School, which George promptly quit to become a song-pluggger.

So for a few years young George played the hits of the day for hours at a time in the midst of the cacophony of Tin Pan Alley. Then he got a job as a pianist in a theatre—Fox's Theatre—for £5 a week. Years later the same Mr. Fox paid him £20,000 for working on a film for him in Hollywood!

But it was one of the most humiliating moments of his life, George says, looking back, when he lost that piano-pounding job. He missed his cue in the show.

Meanwhile George was trying to compose numbers, which must have been pretty good, because the house of Harms put him on salary as a composer. One or two of his songs were successful, but not outstanding. Then he wrote a musical comedy.

About this time he wrote a song called "Swanee," one of the outstanding hits of all time. But it was quite a flop at the start, until Al Jolson took it up and made it into a world-wide hit. It sold 2,250,000 records, and spread to London as a first-class success.

"Swanee" was really the beginning of Gershwin's climb. From then on he was a considerable figure on Broadway. So much so that early in 1924 the great Paul Whiteman came along with his offer for George to write a big concert piece. George said no, he was sorry, but he was too busy on a new musical comedy, opening in Boston soon.

But Paul said nothing. Thus it was that George was astonished to read in a newspaper that he was at work on a symphony for Whiteman's band. It was news to George, but instead of calling up Whiteman and asking him what the heck, he thought around the idea a bit and decided that he would compose a piece for the maestro of jazz. And it would be a piece that would show people that jazz need not cling solely to dance style.

Idea on a Train

On the Boston express George thought about this piece . . . milled it around in his mind . . . until he saw his way clear. He would write a piece of music that would typify modern America—modern, crazy Manhattan and all America's melting-pot.

The "Rhapsody in Blue" was born amid the rattle and thud of a train and the steely rhythm of the railroad. It took about three weeks to write, apart from the brilliant orchestration of Ferde Grofé.

The first performance of the "Rhapsody in Blue" was a sensation. George Gershwin, once of the East Side, had America at his feet.

He was commissioned to write another symphony; he was signed up for concerts, for musical comedies. He was famous. And he just went right along learning more about music. He set out to study orchestration; he learned to be a conductor. In succession he became a solo pianist, a theatre orchestra conductor, a symphony orchestra conductor. But he still went on writing musical comedies for Broadway and London. To-day he is one of America's favourite radio stars, and still writing the best songs in musical comedy.

The Rhapsody—and After

That is the outline of Gershwin. Aged thirty-six, and on the edge of even bigger triumphs. A modest but self-possessed young man, with dark eyes, sleek black hair, dark complexion. He is of medium height, slim. He has a cryptic smile and lots of charm.

A very normal young American, who has a small private gymnasium in the ultra-modern flat which is his New York home. George likes keeping fit, likes cigars, and paints or sketches for a hobby. He will play the piano anywhere at any time. Can compose almost at will, and has been known to write three hit songs in one afternoon.

NEXT WEEK
THAT ALL-TIME HIT
"THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING"

YOU'RE WONDERFUL

(WHAT MORE CAN I SAY?)

FOX-TROT

Tune Uke. B \flat E \flat G C

By LEO RISING
BERT HIBBERD
& TED CARSON

Tempo di Fox Trot

Piano

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with triplets and slurs, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment. Dynamics include *f* and *fz*.

Key E \flat

The first line of the vocal melody is written on a single staff with guitar chord diagrams above it. The lyrics are: "Through days of ear - ly child - hood, To - ge - ther as a rule, Still shall we be re - call - ing The days we used to know,"

The piano accompaniment for the first line of the vocal melody, showing the right and left hand parts. Dynamics include *mf*.

The second line of the vocal melody with guitar chord diagrams. The lyrics are: "We ram - bled through the wild - wood, To - ge - ther went to school; When au - tumn leaves are fall - ing, A - mid the sun - set glow:"

The piano accompaniment for the second line of the vocal melody, showing the right and left hand parts.

The third line of the vocal melody with guitar chord diagrams. The lyrics are: "And ev - er since those hap - py days, 'twas fa - ted so to be, And love shall be our guid - ing star, wher - e'er our roads may wend!"

The piano accompaniment for the third line of the vocal melody, showing the right and left hand parts.

And love came to stay:— I've known that YOU'RE WONDERFUL For many a day!

- DER-FUL! What more can I say?— Love brought us to - ge - ther,

You're more than de - light - ful In ev - e - ry way— To me, dear, YOU'RE WON -

mf

REPRIN

You've al - ways been my sweet - heart— the on - ly one for me! You'll be so to the end!

You've al - ways been my sweet - heart— You've al - ways been my sweet - heart—

When first I stole a kiss from you, I found that life was sweet,

But when I knew that love was true, My joy be-came com-pletē! And so, dear, the fu-

-ture Can bring what it may, For - al-ways YOU'RE WON-

DER-FUL! What more can I say? say?

HOLD UP YOUR HANDS IN THE NAME OF THE LAW OF LOVE

Words by **MERCER COOK**
and **THOS. BLANDFORD**

Tune Uke
F B \flat D G

Music by
J. RUSSEL ROBINSON

Moderato

The piano introduction consists of two staves of music. The right hand plays a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The tempo is marked 'Moderato' and the dynamic is 'mf'.

Voice

Nev - er was a ban - dit Nev - er thought I'd
Here's a note from Cu - pid Sealed with a pe -

Vamp

The first system shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a 'Vamp' section. Chords F7 and B \flat 7 are indicated above the vocal line. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line.

steal love But now I de - mand it Got to have a real love.
tite dart Say - ing "Don't be stu - pid Come and be my sweet - heart!"

The second system continues the piano accompaniment for the second verse. Chords Eb, Cm, Eb, F7, Ab, and B \flat dim are indicated above the vocal line. The piano part includes a 'rall' section at the end of the system.

Chorus

Put up your lips, Put up your hands, In the name of the stars a - bove, Cu - pid com - mands,

The chorus system features piano accompaniment for the first line of the chorus. Chords Ab, B \flat 7, Ab, B \flat 7, Eb, Ab, B \flat 7, Eb, G7, and Cm are indicated above the vocal line. The piano part includes a 'p-mf' dynamic marking.

HOLD UP YOUR HANDS In the name of the Law of Love. Put up your arms,

The final system shows piano accompaniment for the second line of the chorus. Chords Ab, dim, Eb, B \flat 7, Eb, Ebmi, Ab, B \flat 7, dim, Ab, and B \flat 7 are indicated above the vocal line. The piano part includes a 'p' dynamic marking.

World Radio History

RUF-RUF- RUFUS ON THE ROOF

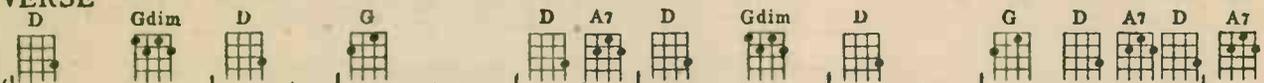
Tune like  4th 3rd 2nd 1st
A D F# B

By SAM DOWNING

Moderato



VERSE

Key D 
|| m : m | r : d | m : s | - : - | d' : d' | d' : l | s : - | - : - | m : m | r : d | m : s | - : - | l : s | f : m | r : - | - : - |

1. Once there was a farmer, By the name of Potts, Had a bunch of children Grown-ups down to tots
2. You should see them dining, At the Pot-ty farm Dougal on his bu-gle Sounds the big a-larm




|| m : m | r : d | m : s | - : - | d' : d' | d' : l | s : - | - : - | s : fe | m : r | s : l | t : - | r' : d' | t : l | s : - |

Just to keep them bu-sy He tried something new, And ac-cord-ing To their names Gavethem work to do.
Just likerows of soldiers They fall in - to line, When that troop starts eat-ing soup It is su-perfine



CHORUS


|| d : r || m : - | m : - | s : f | m : r | d : - | - : - | s : | s | d' : - | d' : - | r' : d' | t : l | s : - | - : - |

There was Dor - Dor Dor-a in the Door - way. And Mat - Mat - Mat-ty on the Mat.



The musical score is written in G major and 2/4 time. It features a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. Chords are indicated above the staff, and fingerings are shown in the left hand. The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "There was Kit - Kit - Kit-ty in the kit-chen sit-ting pret-ty (And Mar - Mar - Ma-ry in the * There was Le - Le - Le-na ev-en lean-er than I've seen her** (And Free - Free - Frée-da who eats dai-ry so con-tra-ry,) There was Pan - Pan - Pan-sy in her pan - try And just to free-ly when you feed her,) give you fur-ther proof*** (There was Stel - Stel - Stel-la kissed her fel-ler in the (There was Mar - Mar - Mar-cus with no place to park his cel-lar } And Ruf - Ruf - Ruf-us on the Roof. There was Roof. car-cass)

* Optional 3rd lines.

** Optional 4th lines.

(There was) Jo-Jo-Jojo playing solo on her yoyo.
 Al-Al-Alice who patrols the Regent Palace.
 Man-Man-Mandy who went bandy drinking brandy.
 Gin-Gin-Ginger who the gin could never injure.

(And) Aunt-Aunt-Auntie with a schnozzle like Durante.
 So-So-Sophie on the sofa with the chauffeur.
 Cré-Cré-Creo lost her eyesight thro' the keyhole.
 Beu-Beu-Beulah who could Yacki-hicki-Doola.

*** Optional 7th lines.

(There was) Ma-Ma-Mable in the stable with Clark Gable.
 Lot-Lot-Lottie who was potty on a scotty.
 Gwen-Gwen-Gwennie not yet twenty, but knows plenty.
 Maud-Maud-Maudié who is forty but still sporty.

BLUE MOON IN THE SKY

Written and Composed by

Tune Uke in D

PETER MENDOZA.

A D F# B

Valse moderato.

First system of piano accompaniment. Treble and bass clefs. Key signature: two sharps (D major). Time signature: 3/4. Dynamics: *f*. The music consists of chords and simple melodic lines in both hands.

KEY D. 

s : m : s | l : - : l | f : - : m | r : - : -

True love is but a game of chance,

Second system of piano accompaniment. Dynamics: *p*. Treble and bass clefs. Key signature: two sharps. Time signature: 3/4.



m : d : m | f : - : f | r : - : - | - : - : - | d : r : m | fe : s : l

Once in a blue moon found..... And I am bid- ing my

Third system of piano accompaniment. Treble and bass clefs. Key signature: two sharps. Time signature: 3/4.



s : - : t | fe : - : m | r : m : s | d : - : t | s : - : - | - : - : -

time un - til My blue moon shall come a - round.....

Fourth system of piano accompaniment. Treble and bass clefs. Key signature: two sharps. Time signature: 3/4.

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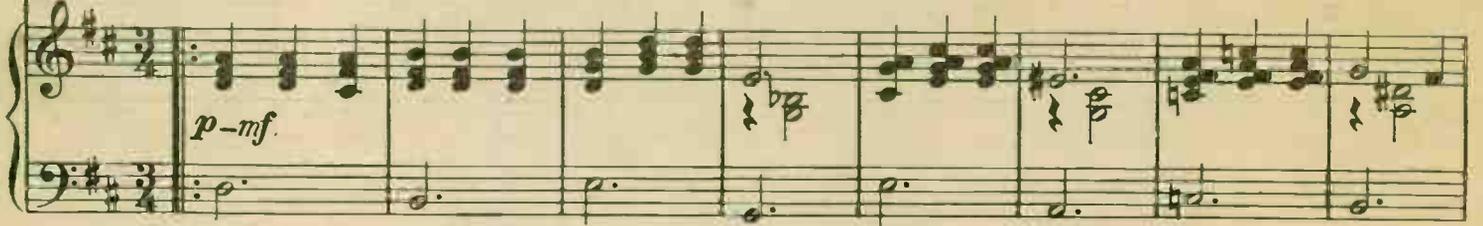
CHORUS.



 s : s : s | l : l : l | l : d' : d' | r : - : - | s : t : t | re : - : - | s : ta : ta | f : - : m }

Soon there will be a blue moon in the sky No more I'll sigh for he'll pass by, The

p-mf.





 s : m : f | d' : - : l | d : - : - | r : - : - | m : - : - | - : - : - | - : - : - | - : - : - }

man of my dreams I'm wait - ing for.....





 s : s : s | l : - : l | l : d' : d' | r : - : - | s : t : t | re : - : - | s : ta : ta | f : - : m }

He will not ask me where have I been, For it will seem nat'ral to him, That





 s : m : f | d' : - : l | d : - : - | r : - : - | d : - : - | - : - : - | - : - : - | m : f : s | l : - : - }

he is the one I've wait - ed for..... With him I'll stray,



||1 :t :d' | r :- :- | r :m :f | s :- :- | s :l :t | d :- :- | d :r :m | f :- :- | f :s :l |

far, far a - way, To that far land where so they say, All of our schemes, and all our

||1 :- :- | m :- :- | r :- :- | - :- :- | - :- :- | - :- :- | s :s :s | l :- :- | l :d' :d' |

dreams come true..... I know he'll come as time passes

||r :- :- | s :t :t | re :- :- | s :ta :ta | f :- :- | s :m :f | d' :d' :l | d :- :- |

by For him I'll wait hope beating high As soon as a blue moon comes in

||r :- :- | d :- :- | - :- :- | - :- :- | - :- :- | - :- :- | || d :- :- | - :- :- | - :- :- | - :- :- |

the sky..... sky.....

OH! SAILOR BEHAVE!

WORDS AND MUSIC
BY DAWSON STREET

CHORUS

Oh, that kiss you gave, That lit-tle kiss you gave... was nice But Oh! Oh!

sail-or be-have! You are bold and brave, But how you need a shave, It tickles, Oh!

Oh! sail-or be-have! I feel that I should have listened to ma..
 Oh! sail-or be-have! "Heavn help the sail-ors," cry some sil-ly elves,
 Oh! sail-or be-have! You've got a wife out in ev-er-y port,

p Each time couplet.

She said, that she knows what you sail-ors are... I am with the na-vy mother, Come and save
 Sail-ors dont need help, they all help them-selves, I am with the na-vy mother, Come and save
 Some of them for love, must go a bit short, I am with the na-vy mother, Come and save

..... me quick-ly Oh! Oh! sail-or be-have!.. Oh, that sail-or be-have!

World Radio History



Ethel Merman

A GIRL we are going to hear a lot about soon is Ethel Merman. Remember her in "We're Not Dressing"? She is also starred with Eddie Cantor in "Kid Millions," and has done a flock of gramophone records.

Right now Ethel is the rage of New York in Cole Porter's show, "Anything Goes." The whole town's talking about her amazing performance, and Ethel is riding the crest of the wave and enjoying it in a big way.

You can't really call her a crooner. Blues singer, perhaps. "Torch singer" is one of her labels. Better still, she is just a singer with Personality and that Certain Something.

It was Ethel who made "Edie Was a Lady" famous. Her rendering of that grand ballad was something to marvel at. She also stopped the show every night a few years ago with "Life is Just a Bowl of Cherries." But "Edie" is her mascot and favourite song.

She Was a Shorthand Typist.

Ethel Merman's early ambition was to be a movie star. She lived near the Astoria Studios in Long Island, New York, and used to peep through a hole in the fence to watch the stars and envy them. But she didn't think she was good-looking enough to crash the movies, so she began to sing at local concerts in a small way, and took a job as a secretary to a Wall Street broker. Then she sang in her spare time at clubs and concerts, and moved a step up by getting a job singing blues numbers in a small night-club, still keeping her office job. That's how she developed into a "torch singer."

She was turned down by George White's "Scandals," and then an agent got Warner Brothers interested in her. A film contract followed, to Ethel's intense surprise. Still more amazed was she when they paid her a salary but didn't give her any work to do!

Edie Is a Film Star.

Then she teamed up with our old pal Jimmy Durante, before the movies had heard of him, and became a Broadway night-club singer. Music-hall jobs followed, so she turned full-time professional. Then everybody wanted her to have her voice trained, but Ethel said "No," and kept right on as she was with her blues.

THE SONG and DANCE

"Edie Is A Lady":

The Man Who Wrote "Snowball."

PARADE

A musical comedy rôle came next, then Gershwin wrote a song for her, and Hollywood perked up again and put her in "We're Not Dressing," followed by "Kid Millions."

So she became a film star, after all. And now, she says, "Edie is a Lady."

Musical Crazy Gang.

Have you seen Frank and Milt Britton and their Band yet? They are touring the country now. And they have something new in band comedy. New? It is a revolution.

The curtain goes up on what looks like an ordinary band. They play a series of imitations of famous composers for a start, which is a very clever gag. Then, starting with the double bass, who falls off his platform, the whole act goes completely crazy. They smash up instruments, fall over each other, squirt siphons and generally create havoc.



Hoagy Carmichael

Every week they smash up several hundred pounds' worth of violins and double basses. This is so costly that they have special instruments made for them in Vienna.

Actually Frank and Milt Britton, with Walter Powell, their chief clown, are all expert musicians, and used to be in the ordinary band business before they evolved their Marx Brothers technique.

He Wants to be a Banker.

We've heard of business-men who would rather be song-writers, but it's new for a famous song-writer to want to be a business-man.

Especially when he has such successes as

"Snowball," "Rockin' Chair," "Moon Country" and "Down t' Uncle Bill's" to his credit.

This phenomenon is no less than Hoagy Carmichael, one of the outstanding composers of recent years. Hoagy is a young man from America's Middle West, keen-faced, quiet, highly intelligent-looking. He was a lawyer once, and he says he'd like to be a banker or something like that.

When he was at Indiana University he used to play the piano, and he says that it was the cornet-playing of the late Bix Biederbecke that turned his attention to the possibilities of what for want of a better term we call "hot jazz."

He laments, does our Hoagy, the passing of the music of the early Red Nichols and Mound City Blue Blowers type of jazz. Doesn't care for this "sweet" stuff.

Origin of "Rockin' Chair."

In his young days Hoagy used to foregather with Paul Whiteman and his boys and Mildred Bailey, famous American singing star, at her Hollywood home.

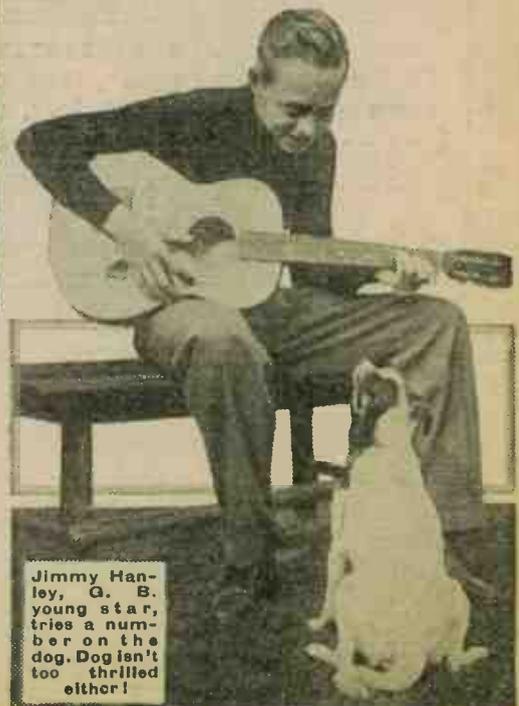
Mildred, who is Bing Crosby's friend, used to sit in an old rocking chair on her porch and sing blues songs with the boys of an evening. Those pleasant evenings gave Hoagy his inspiration for his famous "Rockin' Chair."

Likewise it was a bright, starlight night on the campus of Indianapolis University that gave him his newest success, "Stardust."

Hear "The Heliors."

Those clever brothers, Clifford and Cyril Hellier, with Teddy Brown and Les Allen respectively, are well known as composers of rhythmic numbers with an up-to-the-minute idea behind them.

You can hear them on the air on Sunday, in a half-hour recital of their own numbers—Cyril on the violin, of course, and Clifford will do the piano-playing. Listen particularly for two new numbers called "Chinatown Pay Day" and "The Alluring Lady." You'll like them, I think.



Jimmy Hanley, G. B. young star, tries a number on the dog. Dog isn't too thrilled either!

Victor Kennedy explains

How We Got "Hot" Music

THE first of all "hot" bands was probably that same Alexander's Ragtime Band that inspired Irving Berlin to his Op. 1. The first in this country was almost certainly the Original Dixieland Jazz Band, who paid us a visit about 1916. They had clarinet, trumpet and trombone, with a three-piece rhythm section, and their peculiarity was that they couldn't read music.

At least, that was one peculiarity; nowadays all their music would sound pretty strange! Hot jazz then meant weird glissandos and comic muted effects. Their style never caught on much.

Strangely enough, if you except a visit from a curious outfit called the Mound City Blue Blowers, who made their music mostly by humming into jugs and bottles, England heard little of hot music in the next ten years.

While in America bands like the Wolverines and the Memphis Five were making classic reputations, over here we remained strictly commercial.

We didn't have a chance to learn from the gramophone, because the companies, seeing our apparent tastes, issued only those American records that came near the English style. But, strangely enough, it was in that period that two of the "best ever" hot tunes were published: "Riverboat Shuffle" and "Deep Henderson."

It was the gramophone that ended this stagnation. A record of "Washboard Blues" by Red Nichols and his Five Pennies made perhaps the biggest sensation a dance-record ever has.

New Rhythm Style

Then the same group of players, all stars like Red Nichols, Miff Mole and Jimmy Dorsey, began to crop up on other records as the Charleston Chasers, the Redheads, Miff Mole's Meters, and so on; records of bands like Frankie Trumbauer's and the California Ramblers and Joe Venuti's Blue Four appeared; and the rage for hot music was in full swing.

They played a new style, the "legato" hot style. Instead of mere tricks and acrobatics, they produced even more rhythmic effects by the use of purely musical phrases, some of which showed amazing beauty and originality.

Solo work was almost exclusively featured; even in the ensemble choruses the instruments played against each other—in counterpoint, that is—instead of the close harmony we were used to.

But this simplicity began to pall, and solos were supported by "organ" sustained harmonies played by the other instruments. Later, hot choruses, instead of being extemporised on the stand, were noted down and scored out with second and third parts.

As a result, hot music became less crude and more popular; and Paul Whiteman, the King of Jazz, set the seal of his approval on it with a wonderful series of records about 1930.

The next phase was what might be called the Casa Loma type of hot orchestration, where all the choruses are scored for sections, and solos are definitely the exception. This still seems to be the most popular with the public; but a rather remarkable change soon set in.

This was the influence of negro players. Side by side with the development of hot music by white players there has always been the negro faction, represented by such bands as Fletcher Henderson's and Duke Ellington's.

As jazz became increasingly refined it became the fashion to sneer at these bands as crude and coarse.

Enter Louis Armstrong

However, a gentleman named Louis Armstrong came forward and did his best to explain; and with such success that the whole tide of favour went over to the "dingy" style of playing.

This is very different from the restrained music played by the Casa Loma type of orchestra. It goes back to the old technique of mostly solos; but what solos! It is useless to try and describe the passion and temperament that the best of the negro players can put into a single measure. All you can say is that if you like that sort of thing—well, that's the sort of thing you'll like.

The trouble is that white musicians are not content to leave this sort of music to its proper exponents, but try and copy it. There seems to be a drift away from this style now, and this is probably due to the fact that white musicians have discovered how unsuitable the negro technique is to any but the negroes themselves. All the same, there is no question but that Harlem has had a big influence on hot style as played to-day.

Moreover, it is with them that the future of hot music lies. Despite the fans' best efforts, the man in the street (or rather on the dance-floor) prefers a straightforward commercial orchestration; and the man in the music-hall seems to want "symphonic syncopation" of the type supplied by Van Phillips and his All-Star Orchestra.

Paul Whiteman has almost forgotten to play jazz in his search for a "national American popular music."

Meanwhile the negro goes on playing hot because he can't help it, and doing it well because it's his nature. An ever-increasing number of the hot records on the market are by coloured bands. Perhaps it would be as well to give them a monopoly—unless one day a band-leader wakes up and finds that there are rhythms more wonderful than ever in the music of the primitive Mongols or Aztecs or Eskimos. You never can tell, these days!

NEXT WEEK'S NOVELTY—

"PLEASE PERCY"—RANDOLPH SUTTON'S SONG

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Land
- Our Butterflies and Moths
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- Our Freshwater Fishes
- Our Ferns and Fungi
- Fishes of Our Seas
- Crops of Our Countryside
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A Complete and Popular Survey
of the Nature Life of our own
Land

To all of us is born a love of nature; there is no subject of so many different aspects and such inexhaustible interest, and yet this is the first work to be published dealing solely with Nature Study, within the British Isles. And what a fascinating work it is! Written in simple language that the ordinary man and woman can understand, "OUTLINE OF NATURE" is of as much value to the student as it is of interest to the general reader.

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CHORUS

Let's all sing a SOB SONG, Boo Hoo Hoo Hoo Hoo!

THE SOB SONG

LULLABY LADY

CHORUS

Little LUL-LA-BY LA-DY from Lul-is-by late in drawing of your mel-o-

REFRAIN

SOMEONE'S LAYING THE TA-BLE Some-one's making the tea

SOMEONE'S LAYING THE TABLE

THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING

Tempo di Valse lente

It's three o'clock in the morn-ing, We've
(Chorus)
O'er 'Twee' 'Twee'

CHORUS

Sleep-y co-ses ons by one, Not a greet-ing to the sun When

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POPULAR MUSIC

AND DANCING WEEKLY

JACK DANNE

EDITED BY

Every Thursday.
Number 4, Volume 1.
November 3rd, 1934.

THIS WEEK'S MAGNIFICENT NUMBERS

- Home on the Range
- Mister Magician
- The Lollypop Major
- Little Did I Dream
- So Help Me
- Bells of Memory

No 4

6 COMPLETE SONG & DANCE HITS



HOME ON THE RANGE

(AN ARIZONA HOME)

Words by
WILLIAM GOODWIN.

Tune Ukulele to A.D.F.#.B.

Music by
Mrs. W. M. GOODWIN.

Valse moderato



KEY G || : || :s, | s, :d : | m :- :r .d | l, :- .f :f | f :- :f .f }



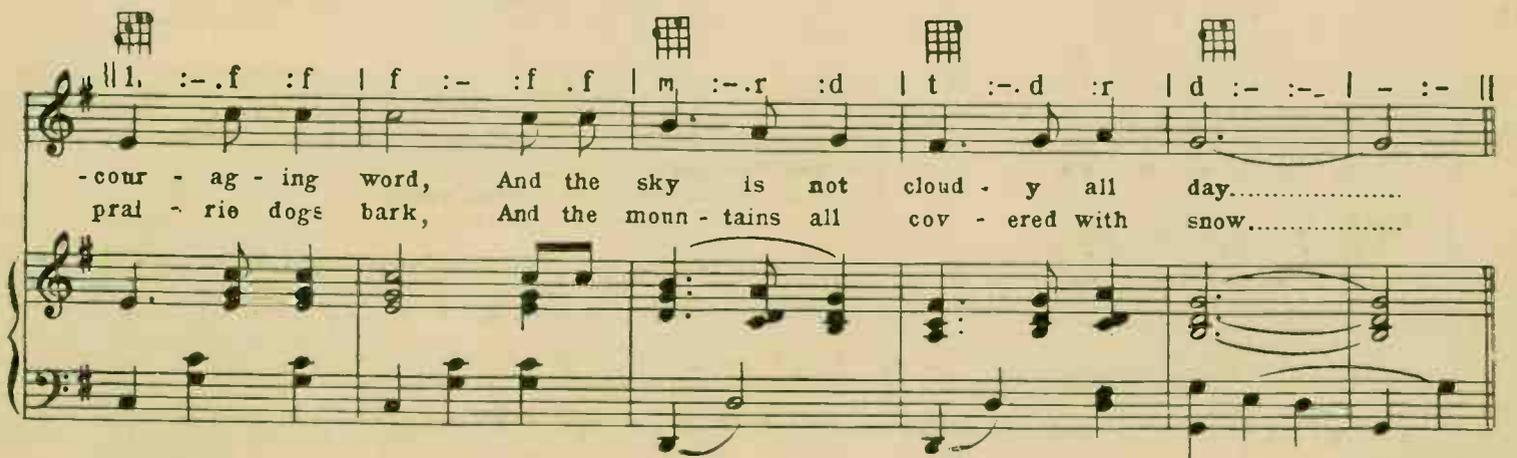
Oh, give me a home where the buf - fa - loes roam, Where the
Yes, give me the gleam of the swift moun - tain stream And o the

||m :- .r :d | d :t, :d | r :- :- | - :- :s, | s, :d :r | m :- :r .d |



deer and the an - te - lopes play..... There sel - dom is heard a dis -
place where no hur - ri - canes blow..... Oh give me the park Where the

||l, :- .f :f | f :- :f .f | m :- .r :d | t :- .d :r | d :- :- | - :- ||



- cour - ag - ing word, And the sky is not cloud - y all day.....
pral - rie dogs bark, And the moun - tains all cov - ered with snow.....

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S.M.P. 105.

REFRAIN

||m || s :- :- | f :-m :r | m :- :- | - :- :s .s. | d :- :d .d | d :- .s :m }

A home, home on the range,..... Where the deer and the an - te - lopes

||r :- - | - :- :s, | s, :d :r | m :- :r .d | l, :- .f :f | f :- :f .f }

play..... There sel - dom is heard a dis - cour - ag - ing word, And the

||m :- .r :d | t, :d :r | d :- :- | - :- :m || d :- :- | - :- : : ||

sky is not cloud - y all day..... A day.....

D.C.

EXTRA VERSES.

Oh, give me the hills and the ring of the drills,
 And the rich silver ore in the ground.
 Yes, give me the gulch where the miner can sluice,
 And the bright yellow gold can be found.

Oh, give me the steed and the gun that I need
 To shoot game for my own cabin home.
 Then give me the camp where the fire is the lamp,
 And the wild rocky mountains to roam.

Oh, give me the mine where the prospectors find
 The gold in its own native land.
 And the hot springs below where the sick people go,
 And the camp on the banks of the Grand.

Yes, give me the home where the prospectors roam,
 There business is always alive.
 In those wild western hills midst the ring of the drills,
 Oh, there let me live till I die.

"She Took her Harp To a PARTY!"



AS I KNOW THEM

Intimate Portraits of Song and Dance Stars
by
"Recording Needle"

rocky climb to prominence. At other times she'll talk of affairs of the moment—politics, international relations, and the like. She talks intelligently, though she is no highbrow and does not aspire to be.

I have been to several parties at which Phyllis has been a welcome guest. She's good fun at a party, quick with a "gag" and with a pretty wit. But a drawing-room is not her chosen setting.

She is as "outdoor" as the hills and the heath. Put a golf club in her hand, or put her on a horse, and you see her at her best. She and Charlie Kunz are great friends, and she is ever a welcome visitor to Charlie's seaside cottage, where she is "Auntie Phyl" to the Kunz kiddies. Down there, the wind blowing through her mop of hair, and in old clothes she is in her element.

Despite this love for the country, her choice of abode is the heart of the theatroland. She has tried living on London's outskirts, but always she returns to "The Centre of the World."



Photo. Phyllis Robins. Capstaak, Blackpool

Yes, Phyllis is a "tweeds-and-brogues" girl. She feels fine in such clothes, and she looks fine. Yet the dual nature of Phyllis enables her to wear evening clothes with grace and dash.

White and black are her favourite evening clothes. Fussiness in dress she loathes. She

likes velvet, and her evening dresses are cut very close to her figure, and of a sweeping line.

Berets are a favourite form of headgear with Phyl, worn at a chic and saucy angle always.

The simplicity of her likes in dress is equalled by that of her tastes in food. Fresh vegetables, salads and grilled meats and lots of fruit-juice help to keep her sylph-like figure. She loves cold roast-beef sandwiches—but always insists on having the "knobbly" bits cut off. She does not smoke. Keeping fit is not a religion with Phyl; it's just a matter of common sense. So that while she does not turn herself into a martyr for the sake of perfect health she simply refrains from excess, and finds her happiness in everyday things.

She does not talk lightly about personal matters. Her opinions on love are elusive. She once told me that she'd "got over all that!" But that dampening remark was accompanied by a smile that might have been taken as either a confirmation or disclaimer. But it was the sort of "now-let's-change-the-subject" smile that effectively prevented further discussion on matters of the heart.

Drives Like The Wind.

And now, because she is a clever business-woman, she is able to "travel" a French maid, and owns a sleek car which she drives like the wind. Not bad for someone who began in such a humble way as a "sister act" on the halls, and who, whilst at school, had been told that her voice was so hopeless that it was not worth her taking music-lessons!

That memory amuses her, and she thanks her stars that what she calls "lucky breaks" came along at the right time. Actually, her success has come because she was not afraid to seize opportunities without hesitation. And, of course, her big occasion was when Noel Gay chanced to write "I Took My Harp to a Party."

Phyllis took the opportunity of burlesquing her own voice, so that she sang that song more funnily than any other of the scores of crooners and croonerettes who tackled it.

Indirectly, the song put her on top of the world. Actually, she was booked for that proud position anyway. Because Phyllis is one of those downright, straightforward persons who have a knack of getting what they want, mainly because they are prepared to work hard enough for it.

Look Out for These Next Thursday

If. My Convent Belle.
Why Not? Nobody's Sweetheart.
Sweetheart of Red River Valley.
Dearest.

MISTER MAGICIAN

Words & Music by
 CHARLES O'FLYNN, JAMES CAVANAUGH &
 FRANK WELDON.

Tune Ukulele to Bb, Eb, G.C.

Mysterioso (Not too fast)

Bill boards colour'd red and blue,
 They're announcing something new,
 They say that the time is

near.. When the great ma-gic-ian comes here.
 Clear the way I've got to go..

Buy a seat in that front row,
 I'll be there on opening day.. And I hope I'll have the nerve to say.

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THE SONG and DANCE PARADE

Reviewed by "WALTZ-TIME"

WHO WAS THE FIRST "CROONER"?—PLAY IT AGAIN, PLEASE

POPULAR MUSIC AND DANCING WEEKLY—the paper that gives you all the hits—has itself been a "smash hit" of a sensational kind. Our audiences have been "house full" ones. Our newsagents and distributors, on the other hand, have been "shelves empty"!

To-day I want to give you some more sensational music news. To the folk who have written to us saying that jazz and dance numbers are fine, but why can't they have classical pieces in the same cheap and handy form as POPULAR MUSIC WEEKLY, I can now say: "You've got your wish."

For THE MUSIC LOVERS' ALBUM is here! Edited by that distinguished musician, SIR LONDON RONALD, this MUSIC LOVERS' ALBUM gives you nine complete gems of classical melody every week. Price: ONE SHILLING only. Now on sale.

The first issue—which is selling fast—contains these beautiful and famous compositions:



Hal Swain gives you a Saxophone solo

Clock, "Butterflies in The Rain," "Five and Twenty Soldiers and a Nurse"? Sherman Myers composed them all. And Sherman Myers is Montague Ewing! So is Brian Hope!

Incidental film music, pianoforte suites, arrangements of classics, comedy songs, dance numbers—Messrs. Ewing-Hope-Myers write them all.

He is a one-man band is Monty Ewing.

"Hal O' The Wisp."

They will be calling Hal Swain the "phantom band leader" soon. It is his habit of popping up for one night with his outfit and then flitting away somewhere else.

Hal is now engaged on a most amazing "one-night-stand" tour. He has covered hundreds and hundreds of miles during the past few weeks, playing one night and then on again.

I caught him for one minute in Town between dashes to the North. "Never been busier in my life," he grinned. "We're certainly seeing Britain first."

The Hal Swain band travels in a special motor-coach.

"First Time Here."

We were talking about "first men"—pioneers—the other day. There is Henry Hall, for example. He and his Gleneagles orchestra were the first dance band to break into the Savoy Orpheans air "monopoly" ten years ago. Henry Hall's band was also the first item broadcast when the B.B.C. moved into their new Portland Place building two and a half years ago.

Marius B. Winter is another "first-timer." In February, 1923 his was the first dance band to broadcast over the radio. He did it from the attic of Marconi House, London, the cradle of what is now the B.B.C.

Marius Winter's was also the first dance band to give a commercial broadcast from the Continent. That was Radio Paris, 1924. In signature tunes and "linking-up" tunes (soft harp music between items) Marius also claims pioneer honours.

Did HE Start Crooning?

Now then we come to the man who started crooning! Anyway, here's a claimant for title of first crooner, "Chappie" D'Amato, deputy leader of Jack Jackson's Dorchester Hotel band.

His claim rests on this fact: In 1922 he was a member of the pit orchestra supplied by Jack Hylton for the show, "Tons of Money," at the Shaftesbury Theatre, London.

One night, on an impulse, Chappie stood up in the pit and sang the chorus of that old favourite, "Evergreen Eye." Whereupon an alert limelight man picked him up with a "lime."

This idea went so well with the audience that Chappie

had to repeat the performance nightly for the rest of the long run. Then he did it again with Jack Hylton's band at the Queen's Hall roof. And look what that led to!

Tunes That Haunt Them.

Make a big success with a particular tune and you will not be allowed to forget it, even though we are supposed to

plug a number to death in a few weeks. Harry Roy can seldom escape without playing "Tiger Rag." In fact, it is almost a trade mark now with him, so often do his admirers demand it.

Duke Ellington, in this country at least, will not get away from "Mood Indigo." He had to play it at every performance on his tour over here, rather to his surprise. "Mood Indigo" will appear in our pages soon.

Henry Hall's biggest request number is "Teddy Bear's Picnic," of which the words were written by my friend Jimmy Kennedy of "Capri" fame. For two years now, in fact, ever since Jimmy did the words, Henry Hall has been besieged by his fans for that tune, and the demand still continues. And I can't suppose Eric Coates will ever separate himself from his "Knightsbridge March" from "London Suite," which we now know as "In Town Tonight." Likewise Roy Fox and "Minnie."



Photo [Naxos] Montague Ewing, the versatile composer of "The Lollypop Major," one of this week's special attractions.



James Cagney reviews four songsters. Telling them that Thursday is Melody Day?

THE LOLLYPOP MAJOR

A Sweetmeat Fantasy

In Fox-trot Rhythm

Words by
STANLEY J. DAMERELL

Tune Uke D G B E

Music by
MONTAGUE EWING

Alla Marcia

Piano

Musical notation for the piano introduction, featuring a treble and bass clef with various chords and melodic lines. Dynamics include *f* and *ff*.

Key C mi.

Musical notation for the first line of the song, including a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. Chord diagrams are provided above the staff.

1 John-ny of sweets he had his fill. Stuffed himself till he felt quite ill, A nightmare sleep he had that night, When the
2 John-ny a-woke when morning came, Found everything was just the same. Mother walked in-to his room And

Musical notation for the piano accompaniment of the first line of the song, including a treble and bass clef. Dynamics include *mf*.

Musical notation for the second line of the song, including a treble and bass clef. Chord diagrams are provided above the staff.

sweets be-gan to mut-iny. Sweetmeat Soldiers thousands strong, Ov-er his bed they marched a-long,
gave him a mor-ning greet-ing, "Ma" said John I've had a fright I had an aw-ful dream last night

Musical notation for the piano accompaniment of the second line of the song, including a treble and bass clef.

Musical notation for the third line of the song, including a treble and bass clef. Chord diagrams are provided above the staff.

Ov-er the sheets and on the floor, John shrieked in a fright, "Don't shoot me!"
Sweets that I had all went to war Too ma-ny I had been eat-ing."

Musical notation for the piano accompaniment of the third line of the song, including a treble and bass clef. Dynamics include *L.H.* and *v*.

REFRAIN

C ma  

Here comes THE LOLLYPOP MAJOR, Riding his horse of cream, Lead - ing the Lol lypop Guards, A

Wonderful Sweetmeat Dream, The Cap - tains, the Sergeants, they charged with lance and gun, The

Corprals. the Privates, they made the Ju-Jubes run, Here comes THE LOLLYPOP MAJOR, Gallant the deeds he's

done, Cap - tured the Chocolate Fort, The Sugar loaf Bat - tle won, Stand at ease! and

call the Old Swiss "Roll," Cheers for the dashing LOLLYPOP MA - JOR! -JOR!

mf-f *ff*

LITTLE DID I DREAM

from the Fox Film big Musical Production
"BOTTOMS UP"

Words by
HAROLD ADAMSON

Music by
BURTON LANE

Tune Ukulele
G C E A

PIANO *Moderato*

PIANO *f*

KEY G * G A7 Ami(open) Cdim G D7

My days were all so un-in - spir - ed, — I thought that life held noth - ing new;

mf

G D Cdim Emi(alt) A7 Ami(open) D7

I nev - er found what I de - sir - ed Till I found you.

REFRAIN G F G D7 G Bm1 E9

LIT - TLE DID I DREAM un - til you came a - long That life could ev - er hold so many charms; — But

p-f

Ami(open) Cmi G A7 D7 Daug G D7

how was I to know That I would ev - er hold you in my arms?

* Symbols for Guitar & Banjo

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G F G D7 G Bmi E9 3

m ., m : s ., s | s , : - . l , | ta , , d : l , , ta , s , | - : - f | m ., m : s ., s | s , , s , : l , , cl , ct , | - - - | - : - . , l , }

The' I used to plan on hav-ing you a - lone. In some seclud-ed se-cret rendez-vous, Oh,

Ami(open) Cmi G A7 Ami(open) D7 G Dmi G7 Dmi

se , , l , : se , l , m | - : - r | fe , , s , : fe , s , , r | - : d | l , : - m : - | d : - l , , t , : d , , de | r : ta , , l , | s , : f }

LITTLE DID I DREAM that ev-ry lit-tle scheme Would soon come true. I nev-er knew skies could be so

Calt Dmi G7 Dmi Calt Emi A7 Emi F#mi D

m : m | - , t , : d , , de | r : ta , , l , | s , : f , s | m : - | - , d : r , , re | m : d , t , l , : s | fe : fe | - : r , , re |

blue, dear, I nev-er knew lifecould be so sub-lime; I always thought when I dreamt of you, dear, I was

Emi A7 D7 G F G D7 G

m : m | - : fe | s : - | - : f | m ., m : s ., s | s , : - . l , | ta , , d : l , , ta , s , | - : - f | m ., m : s ., s | s , , s , : l , , cl , ct , }

wast-ing my time. But strange as it may seem you've open'd up your heart, And you've confess'd that you're in love with me.

Bmi E9 Ami(open) Cmi Ami(open) D7 1 G D7 Daug 2 G

Oh, LIT-TLE DID I DREAM that such a sweet romance as this could be. be.

World Radio History

BUGLE CALL RAG

CHORUS

Words and music by JACK PETTIS, BILLY MEYERS and ELMER SCHOEBEL

Hold me ba-by, let's syn-co-pate to that blue mel-a-dv. Just

p-f

hes-i-tate while a break they take, shh! While we're dancing

please hold me tight, Step live-ly, don't lag, Swing a-long

to that BUGLECALL RAG RAG

Published by arrangement with the Lawrence Wright Music Co., Denmark Street, W.C.

HARRY ROY'S

"REHEARSAL RAG!"

By T. E. B. CLARKE

What it is like when Harry and his May Fair boys prepare a new comedy number. Our man got away alive to tell this tale.



"Tiger Ragamuffin" Roy.

LI-TI-EE-TEEE!" Through the still air of the afternoon came the high-pitched, quavering tones of a yodeller's call.



Off duty! Harry with Ivor Moreton and Bill Currie.

Surprised, I began to make my way from the summit (of the big staircase at the May Fair Hotel) to the valley below—in other words, to the restaurant, which I had believed to be quite empty, since luncheon was long over and it was not nearly time for dinner.

As I descended there reached my ears, clear and unmistakable, the "maa!" of a mountain goat; it was followed a moment later by the whinny of a horse and the mooing of cows. At this I became convinced that I was booked for a visit to Colney Hatch.

And then, as I was wondering apprehensively what it felt like to be wrapped up in a strait-jacket, I found myself listening with tremendous relief to a sound that was both familiar and explanatory of everything—the pleasant sound of a dance band getting under way. One of my favourite dance bands, moreover—that of Harry Roy.

No longer was there any need for me to feel anxious about myself; all was quite plain now. It was Friday, of course—the day of Harry's weekly broadcast—and he was rehearsing his band in the restaurant. I had arrived at a moment when he and his boys were polishing up one of those comedy numbers for which they are especially famous. I decided that it would be fun to look on.

So I continued my progress down the stairs, walked into the restaurant bold as brass, and attempted to disguise myself as one of the many representatives of the music-publishing houses who were grouped round a couple of tables close to the shirt-sleeved boys of the

band, which was playing "By the Mountains in Spring."

But it didn't take Harry long to espy me. "What are you doing here?" he asked. I confessed. He took it quite nicely. A kind-hearted chap is Harry.

"So you want to watch us rehearsing? Okay—so long as you promise not to make a sound. One hoot, and you're out, remember. I've got enough unseemly noises to contend with already." He turned back to his boys. "We'll play that number just once more."

It seemed to be going very well, I thought, but when they reached the farmyard noises Harry became suddenly agitated.

"Goat!" he shouted. "Where's that goat?"

The band stopped playing; Ivor Moreton ceased abruptly to yodel and Bill Currie to cackle.

"Sorry," said one of the violins. "I was 'maa-ing' as loudly as I could."

Harry nodded understandingly.

"The cows were mooing too much." He looked across at the offenders. "I think one of you two cows had better become a goat. And the other cow—don't moo so tunelessly, or you'll interfere with Ivor's yodelling."

"By the Mountains in Spring" was presented at last to Harry's satisfaction. He decided that

"Three Little Fat Girls" should be tried out next.

"Who's going to be who?" asked Bill Currie. "Ivor can be Annie, I'll be Fannie, and you be Hilda."

They got going—but not for long. Up went Harry's hand to halt the music and check Bill Currie's impromptu step-dance.

"I didn't like it much that way. We'll try it again with Ivor being Fannie and myself taking Annie." Then, to the band: "You saxophones weren't laughing quite realistically enough. Those instruments can be made to chortle so that you'd swear they were human voices. Here—I'll show you what I mean."

He grabbed a saxophone from the nearest player, and when I shut my eyes I found it well-nigh impossible to believe that those falsetto chuckles were not being emitted by a stupid and slightly hysterical female!

So this wonderful entertainment went on.

The band played

"Miss Otis Regrets—" and Bill Currie showed himself to be such an exquisite comedian that even "the boys," accustomed as they were to his fooling, could not possibly repress their mirth.

Bill struck absurd postures, he executed a little step-dance of his own improvisation, he brushed his hair back from his forehead in the manner of a temperamental impresario. Anxious to observe Harry's silence decree, I stuffed my handkerchief into my mouth—and the members of the band must have wished they could do the same; but how is it possible when both one's hands are being used to fill the air with merry music? So they just had to give their hilarity full vent.

"Turn off that laughter!" bellowed Harry. "This is stark tragedy, remember." (Miss Otis—as you know, of course—regretted that she could not take lunch that day because she was going to be hanged.)

I found myself likening Harry more than once to a schoolmaster keeping in order a class of high-spirited—and somewhat overgrown—pupils. He would stand no nonsense, though he could never entirely manage to keep that well-known twinkle out of his eye!

"Pipe down!" he would shout, when the boys were becoming a little too hilarious, and then—when two or three of them entered into an argument on how a certain piece should be played—"Stop chattering and listen to me!"

But Harry admitted to me after the rehearsal that it pays to let the boys expend a certain amount of their natural buoyancy. "You see," he explained, "their wisecracks often give me ideas for adding still more gaiety to our comedy numbers. Lots of the gags you hear over the wireless are the result of their jokes at rehearsals."

But I think I gave Harry the best idea of all.

"Why not get the B.B.C. to broadcast one of these rehearsals?" I said. "Take it from me, that would be *some* hit!"

I wonder if my words of advice will reach Broadcasting House—and be favourably received? If so, I can assure all you listeners that you are in for a real treat!



On duty! The new gag looks a good one!

SO HELP ME

Words and Music by

IRVING BERLIN

Moderato

Piano

f

rall.

* TUNE UKE
4 3 2 1
G C E A

Key C

pa tempo

Dmi. *G7* *Gaug.* *C* *C* *Cdim.* *G7*

Gaug. *C* *D7* *Cdim.* *G* *D7* *Cdim.* *G7*

I met you, and ev-er since You've been on my mind; I'm get-ting no-where, and it's
not my fault, You seem to take me with a grain of salt. You're not ea-sy to con-vince,
You're the doubt-ing kind; Why don't you be-lieve; No-thing's up my sleeve.

*Symbols for Banjo and Guitar

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HERE COMES THE RUMBA.



By
M. PIERRE and
MISS DORIS LAVELLE.

It is gay, colourful and exhilaratingly rhythmic, this dance which Cuba has given our ball-rooms. We have been talking about the Rumba for two or three years, ever since that song called "The Peanut Vendor" first intrigued our ears with its odd rhythm.

But so far it has been mainly talk, except for a few experts and adventurous spirits. Frankly, ordinary dancers have been rather shy of the Rumba. They have imagined it to be a thing of difficult steps, perhaps a bit too fanciful and exotic for general dancing.

The stage and ball-room exhibitions have attracted notice, but, even so, people have been content to watch rather than perform.

This season, however, the Rumba—the true Cuban Rumba—is coming into its own. Dance teachers and keen dancing folk have suddenly realised the truth about the Rumba, and from now on I can prophesy that the dance has come to stay.

There Must be a New Rhythm.

We are always talking about new dances; we are always searching for new dances; but every time we are driven to the same conclusion—that without a brand new rhythm no really new dance can ever take hold in our ball-rooms.

So far, no new rhythm has appeared since the Charleston. That had a new beat to it certainly, and before that ragtime and the tango had new rhythms. To-day, though, we are in the position of having only the foxtrot—slow or quick—and the waltz.

But—here comes the Rumba.

That has a new and distinct rhythm. It is fresh, sparkling, but still syncopated and geared to the underlying rhythm of the life we lead.

What is the Rumba? It is an old traditional, classic dance of Cuba, a land where the people are naturally rhythmic and musical. It is not an invented dance of modern origin. The Rumba has a long history, and its music is folk music. The gay, sunny Cubans dance it naturally, for its art is handed down.

No Trick Steps.

You must not confuse the Rumba with dances of Argentine or Brazilian origin, such as Tango and Carrioca. It belongs only to Cuba. That is why its climb to world popularity is slow, for people do not recognise its distinctiveness, and among the mass of South American dances and music that we hear and see nowadays the Rumba has so far been rather lost.

Miss Lavelle and I encountered the dance in Paris, when some young Cubans had introduced it five years ago. Since then we have made a study of it, made it a hobby, in fact, learning the secrets of its rhythm, and how to play the characteristic Rumba band instruments.

"The Peanut Vendor" brought the Rumba from Cuba via New York, and naturally it was orchestrated to suit ordinary dance bands, and thereby we lost a great deal of the flavour.

MONSIEUR PIERRE and MISS DORIS LAVELLE, famous ball-room experts, reveal the secrets of this season's new dance in an exclusive article.



Miss Doris Lavelle and Monsieur Pierre, demonstrate the correct Rumba hold.

You want to hear a band of Cubans playing their native dance to appreciate it fully.

But the "Peanut Vendor" certainly aroused interest. Then a little while ago came Fred Astaire's "Carrioca" in the film, "Flying Down To Rio." Now, as I have explained, the "Carrioca" is not a Rumba. It is a Brazilian dance, though it has some of the Rumba lilt about it; and, furthermore, it is a special dance with that one special tune, and only in modified form could it be danced in the ball-room.

Now here is the difference as compared with the Cuban Rumba: the Carrioca is, if you like, a "stunt" dance; but the Rumba is an elemental rhythm. It is not a series of set steps, an arrangement of twirls and whirls and

poses; it is an unchanging basic rhythm, like the waltz and foxtrot.

The Rumba is just pure rhythm. It is all beat and tempo. To dance the Rumba properly you must identify yourself with the band, merge yourself with the Cuban music, and with your feet beat out that strongly marked rhythm.

You mustn't be afraid of the Rumba! There are no difficult or intricate steps to learn, no tricks to master. Ordinary modern dance movements are all that are required. If you can dance the foxtrot you should be able to do the Cuban Rumba.

Listen to a Rumba band: note the beat carefully as those queer instruments, the "maracas" and "claves" stress it with the drums. You will find that the underlying rhythm is a mixture of slow and quick beats. Once you have seized on that point the rest should be easy.

In Rumba music there are eight beats to a bar, and the music invariably starts on the first beat. Here in simple form is the essential rhythm of the Rumba:

"Slow—quick quick—slow—quick quick," and so on.

How to Dance It.

Step forward on the first slow beat, take two shorter steps on the quick beats, repeat with the other foot—and that is the basis of the Rumba. You can build up from that. Rumba steps are small and not elaborate, and, of course, you move round the dance floor in the customary direction.

The hold, though, is rather different. You stand apart from your partner with one hand on the side of his or her waist, with the other in the usual dance hold. Stand with your hips slightly forward as well, holding yourself loosely and easily.

But don't forget that the Rumba is a rhythm, first, last, and all the time. Pay attention to the music and keep strict time, beating it out with your steps firmly. You can lose yourself in the intoxicating Rumba rhythm, especially when your ear grows used to the music and you can pick out the rhythm-making instruments.

Here To Stay.

The Cuban band-men play some very fascinating instruments, too. There is the "Maracas," the hollow gourd filled with lead shot which is shaken; and the "Claves," the little sticks that are beaten together; and the small round drums played with both fingers and drumsticks in combination. Everything, you see, to emphasise the rhythm.

That is why the Rumba is going to stay with us for years. It is not just one tune, but many tunes—with that new, intriguing, catchy rhythm throbbing through all the while, just urging you to join the dance.

Something new is on the way at last. Dancing is going to have a new thrill, a new interest—here comes the Cuban Rumba!

NEXT WEEK'S BIG HITS

WHY NOT
NOBODY'S SWEETHEART

IF
SWEETHEART OF RED RIVER VALLEY

DEAREST
MY CONVENT BELLE

Remember Thursday Is Melody Day.

BELLS OF MEMORY

Words by
HARRY CARLTON

Tune Uke in Eb
Bb Eb G C

Music by
HORATIO NICHOLLS &
MAX DAREWSKI

Valse moderato.

Piano introduction musical notation in 2/4 time, Eb major, featuring a melody in the right hand and accompaniment in the left hand.

KEY Eb

Sad - ly at ev - en - tide when lights are low,
Sun - shine and ro - ses were too good to last,

Musical notation for the first vocal line, including a treble clef, key signature of two flats, and time signature of 2/4.

Piano accompaniment for the first vocal line, including a bass clef and time signature of 2/4.

Weav - ing a won - der - ful theme..... I live a gain in the
Shad - ows are drear - y and long..... Yet thro' the shad - ows re -

Musical notation for the second vocal line, including a treble clef, key signature of two flats, and time signature of 2/4.

Piano accompaniment for the second vocal line, including a bass clef and time signature of 2/4.

days long a - go, Then like a beau - ti - ful dream.....
call - ing the past, Just like a true lov - ers song.....

Musical notation for the third vocal line, including a treble clef, key signature of two flats, and time signature of 2/4.

Piano accompaniment for the third vocal line, including a bass clef and time signature of 2/4.

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REFRAIN.

Bells of mem - o - ry

The first line of the refrain features a vocal melody in a treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a 2/4 time signature. The lyrics are "Bells of mem - o - ry". The piano accompaniment is in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with a dynamic marking of *p-mf*. Chord diagrams are provided above the vocal line for each measure.

Seem to be call ing me,

The second line of the refrain continues the vocal melody with the lyrics "Seem to be call ing me,". The piano accompaniment continues with a similar rhythmic pattern. Chord diagrams are provided above the vocal line.

Ov er land and sea.

The third line of the refrain features the lyrics "Ov er land and sea." The vocal melody and piano accompaniment continue. Chord diagrams are provided above the vocal line.

Bear - ing me back to that dear land of yes - ter - day

The fourth line of the refrain features the lyrics "Bear - ing me back to that dear land of yes - ter - day". The vocal melody and piano accompaniment conclude the phrase. Chord diagrams are provided above the vocal line.

Where in fan - cy free I loved

This system contains the first line of the song. It features a vocal line with lyrics "Where in fan - cy free I loved" and a piano accompaniment. Above the vocal line, five guitar chord diagrams are provided for the notes: d, r, m, d', and f. The piano part consists of a treble and bass clef with various chords and melodic lines.

you, You loved me, Ring

This system contains the second line of the song. The vocal line has lyrics "you, You loved me, Ring". Above the vocal line, three guitar chord diagrams are provided for the notes: l, t, and d'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a melodic line.

on, ring on, Sweet bells of

This system contains the third line of the song. The vocal line has lyrics "on, ring on, Sweet bells of". Above the vocal line, four guitar chord diagrams are provided for the notes: t, l, s, and d'. The piano accompaniment features chords and a melodic line.

mem - o - ry..... - ry.....

This system contains the fourth line of the song. The vocal line has lyrics "mem - o - ry..... - ry.....". Above the vocal line, seven guitar chord diagrams are provided for the notes: d', r', d', and two instances of d'. The piano accompaniment includes chords and a melodic line, ending with a double bar line and the marking "D.C." (Da Capo).



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The Romance of MOUNTAIN MUSIC

Alan Steele tells the fascinating story of the "hill-billies" those age-old songs of the mountain folk of America's "Deep South" which have to-day gone round the world.

"Home on the range,
Where the deer and the antelope play;
Where seldom is heard
A discouraging word,
And the skies are not cloudy all day."

STIRRING, beautiful words! You will be singing them in your homes this week or, if you turn on the radio, you may hear them coming from the lips of a famous singer. Or else you will be listening to the soothing, peaceful tune that accompanies them, as it is played by some famous dance band.

For "Home on the Range" is sweeping the world.

Lovely as "Home on the Range" must sound to any ear, I do not think you will be able to appreciate this song to the full unless you know of its romantic origin. So let me take you back through the years, and away over the water to a strange and solitary region where jazz and wireless are unknown things; where the only sounds are the gurgling of a mountain stream, and a chorus of rough but strikingly melodious voices.

We have encountered "Home on the Range" in its natural state; whenever we hear it again we will remember this scene, and the song will possess far more meaning for us than it could ever have for those who are ignorant of its story.

I have taken you to a spot in the Appalachian Mountains, which run across the southern states of America from the Atlantic to the Mississippi.

When Day is Done.

It is night, and we are present at that gathering of the mountain folk which takes place regularly when dusk has set in, and the day's work is done.

They are sitting on the steps of their humble cabins, each man with his pipe, some with their fiddles and their banjos, and they are singing their own native songs—their "hill-billies," as they call them.

"Home on the Range" is their favourite, and so it is with this one that they lead off. They are an intensely musical race—every man-jack among them was born with a song in his heart—and it is by means of these hill-billies that they give expression to their emotions.

They are extremely poor people, and so these tiny and primitive cabins mean everything in the world to them. The only other concrete thing which they have been given to appreciate is the glorious scenery amid which they live. Thus it is of these two nearest and dearest possessions that they sing first—home, and the range, which they see as

"... land
Where the bright diamond sand
Flows leisurely down the stream."

Five or six times, perhaps, they sing that song, lazily but feelingly, for every word of it shows the pride they have in their heritage. Then comes a pause; but in a moment's time some unseen fingers will start plucking the banjo strings to a merry lilt, and the voices of the company will burst forth anew with the words of a song called "Sourwood Mountain"—

"My little gal's a blue-eyed daisy;
Yeh, ho, diddle dum day!
If I don't get her I'll go crazy;
Yeh, ho, diddle dum day!"

Even the singers themselves do not know who wrote many of these hill-billies—they seem as old as the very mountains about them. And, indeed, some have been traced right back to England of Queen Elizabeth's time, while



Carson Robison and his Pioneers, the popular American radio, record and stage act, which has helped hill-billies to fame.

others were probably being sung even before Columbus discovered America! But it is by these simple mountain folk that they have been kept alive; these people have had them so long in their adoption that by now they have come to regard them as their very own.

The majority of these quaint ballads actually are, of course, their own ancestors' compositions. Every year they unearth fresh hill-billies, for the greatest event in their lives is the festival at the near-by town of Asheville, when prizes are given for the best of the newly collected local songs.

We hear them sing many more of their favourites as we sit with them outside their cabins in the cool evening air. Some of these songs are gay, even uproarious—like the very old one about "Gypsy Davy"—but many are soft and sentimental—"The Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane," for instance—while some are frankly doleful. Among the latter we hear the very sad story of George Coggins, who hid down on his bed and died, while in the next room his own true love was sewing her silken trousers on.

She would not be comforted, but "she weeped, she moaned and she cried," and then she said:

"Lay back, lay back them corbin lids;
Fidd up them sills so fine;
And let me kiss them dear, pale lips
That never in life has kissed mine."

You, in your present-day sophistication, may smile a little at this, but you will probably hear a genuine break in the voices of the mountain singers as they croon these words.

The Man Who Found Them.

The years roll on, and the agent of a world-famous gramophone company decides to take a holiday in those mountains. On his first evening there he encounters—as we did just now—one of those enchanting sing-songs given by the people of the ranges as they sit at their cabin doors. He is fascinated; he visualizes the entire world being captivated by the quaint and lovely song he hears. When eventually he leaves the neighbourhood, he takes with him a few of its best singers—they have agreed to record some of their hill-billies at the studios of his company.

But when they come to face this ordeal they disappoint. They cannot sing, it is discovered, at an altitude foreign to them. So back with them into the Appalachians goes the company's agent, taking with him on this occasion a portable recording apparatus. In their own familiar surroundings they sing again for the benefit of the outside world, and now all the charm of their native hill-billies is captured to perfection.

When the year 1922 arrived, thousands of families were entranced by the voices of Fiddling John Carson, an Atlanta house-painter, as he sang "The Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane." Soon afterwards the Carter Family, of Virginia—who had a big local reputation for their school-house hill-billy concerts—found that this reputation had grown to be nation-wide. All the hopes and expectations of that gramophone company's agent were being fulfilled; the world was taking the hill-billies to its heart.

Not Changed By Success.

They have increased in popularity ever since. Last year, of all the gramophone records sold in the shops, more than fifty per cent were hill-billies! And the nightly programme of any dance band or radio station is no longer considered complete unless it includes them.

That is how "Home on the Range" and all the other famous hill-billies have come to you.

What, you may be wondering, do their originators think of the fame they have earned? The answer is—not a very great deal. Although the hill-billy rage has brought fame and fortune to some of their number, they nearly all remain as simple and unaffected as ever. If you were to visit their dwellings to-night, you would again find them sitting on their cabin steps, singing the same old songs in the same old way.

FIVE MORE WINNING HITS NEXT WEEK

In Popular Music & Dancing Weekly Next Thursday

IF

REFRAIN

IF they made me a king - I'd be but a slave - to you

REFRAIN

Why not? Life is short and how is fleeting Why not? Let the heart wildly beating

WHY NOT?

NOBODY'S SWEET-HEART

CHORUS

You're no-body's sweetheart now. They don't ba-by you some-how

INTRO Slowly

Piano

DEAREST

SWEETHEART OF RED RIVER VALLEY

CHORUS

Little SWEET-HEART OF RED RIV-ER VAL-LEY, 'Twas in sum-mer we met, You and

ALSO—

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3^D
WEEKLY

POPULAR MUSIC

Every Thursday.
Number 5, Volume 1.
November 10th, 1934.

**AND DANCING
WEEKLY**



EDITED BY

JACK PAYNE

THESE
6
SMASHING
"HITS"
TO-DAY

Dearest

Sweetheart of
Red River Valley

Why Not? :: If

Nobody's Sweetheart

My Convent Belle

No
5

THURSDAY IS MELODY DAY

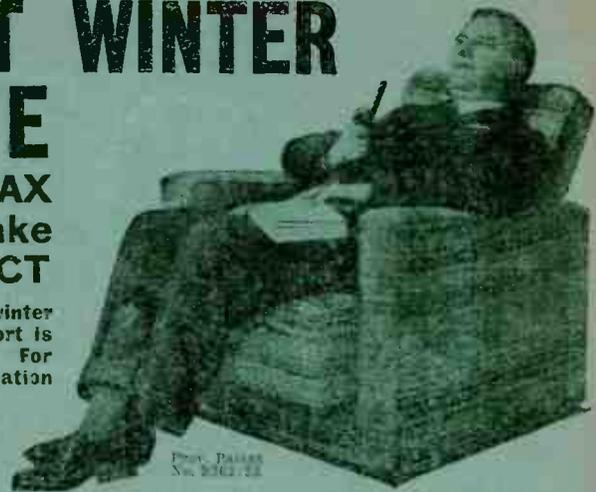
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THURSDAY IS MELODY DAY

DEAREST

Words by
STANLEY J. DAMERELL

(BALLAD FOX TROT)

Music by
TOLCHARD EVANS

Tune Uke A D F# B

INTRO Slowly

Piano

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand starts with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps (D major), and a common time signature. It begins with a series of chords and then moves into a melodic line with several triplet markings. The left hand starts with a bass clef and a common time signature, playing a steady accompaniment of eighth notes.

Key D

The vocal line is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps. It begins with a key signature change from D major to D minor. The melody is simple and follows the rhythm of the lyrics.

Ev - 'ry po - em panned brings a mem - o - ry
Ev - 'ry day that fades Far in - to the night

The piano accompaniment for the first two lines of lyrics consists of two staves. The right hand plays chords and some melodic fragments, while the left hand provides a steady bass line.

The vocal line continues on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps. It includes a triplet marking over the word 'true'.

To me as I read it through Ev - 'ry song I hear
Brings me dreams that might come true Ev - 'ry dawn that breaks

The piano accompaniment for the next two lines of lyrics consists of two staves. The right hand plays chords and some melodic fragments, while the left hand provides a steady bass line.

The vocal line concludes on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps. It includes a triplet marking over the word 'light'.

with its mel - o - dy fills my heart with love for you
seems a shin - ing light lead - ing me to thoughts of you

The piano accompaniment for the final two lines of lyrics consists of two staves. The right hand plays chords and some melodic fragments, while the left hand provides a steady bass line.

CHORUS

|| 1 :- | m :- | 1 :- | m :- | s :f :m | f :l :d' | f :- | l :- |

DEAR - EST! DEAR - EST! Beau-ti - ful · la - dy di - vine

|| f :m :re | m :l :d' | m :- | l :- | r :m :f | s :s | s :- | l :- | m :- |

tho' you may ne - ver be mine Still I shall hope and wait DEAR - EST!

|| 1 :- | m :- | s :f :m | f :l :d' | f :- | l :- | f :m :re | m :l :d' |

DEAR - EST! I search the stars in the skies like look - ing in - to your

m :- | l :- | r :m :f | s :l | d' :- | l :- | ta f :- | l :- | m :- | l :- |

eyes try - ing to read my fate So I dare to

World Radio History

d : d : , l. lt. : s. | l. : - l. : - : | ^{A2} f : - lt. : - | m : - ll. : - | r , m : , f ls : r }

dream of you ev - ry night Your love my star Guid - ing me with its

light DEAR - EST! DEAR - EST! Beau - ti - ful la - dy di - vine

Tho' you may nev - er be mine Still I shall hope and wait. wait.

1 2

D.C.

Last time only

wait.

sadly

(Open)

(Open)

R.H.

SWEETHEART OF RED RIVER VALLEY

Waltz Song

Tune Ukulele: G C E A

Words and Music by
HOWARD JOHNSON

Valse moderato

Piano

mf rall.

KEY F

F dim F7 Bb Bbmi F F7 Bb Bbmi F C7

m :re :m | f :d :f | m :d :- | :- :- :- | d :l :d | r :d :r | m :- :- | :- :- :-

Nights of a Val-ley I'm dream-ing, Down where the Red Riv-er flows;

p

F dim F7 Bb Bbmi F Fmi C G7 C C7

m :re :m | f :d :f | m :d :- | :- :- :- | r :t :r | m :r :m | s :- :- | :- :- :-

I hum a song as I'm dream-ing, And here's the way that it goes:

rit.

CHORUS

F C7 F7 Bb F G7

{ :d .m | s :s :s | ta :ta :ta | f :l :- | :- :s .f | m :m :f | fe :fe :fe }
{ :s, .d | m :m :r | d :r :d | l, :d :- | :- :t, .l, | s, :d :r | m :d :m }

Lit-tle SWEET-HEART OF RED RIV-ER VAL-LEY, 'Twas in sum-mer we met, You and

p-f

C7 F C7 F7 Bb Fdim F

I; _____ And we loved there in Red Riv - er Val - ley, _____ till in au - tumn I

G7 C7 F Dmi Ami E7 Ami Fmi

whis - pered good bye: _____ Now win - ter like our cares will soon be end ed, _____ And

C G7 C7 F C7 F7

spring will come to lin - ger at your door; _____ Then my SWEET-HEART OF RED RIV - ER

Bb Fdim F G7 C7 F D7 C7 F

VAL-LEY, _____ We'll be Red Riv - er sweet-hearts once more. Lit - tle more. _____

rall.

WHY NOT?

from
"SOCIAL REGISTER"

Words by
EDWARD HEYMAN

Music by
CON CONRAD

Tune Ukulele
Eb Eb G C

Moderato KEY Eb

VOICE
How am I to know, that you love me so. If you turn from my ca-

PIANO

REFRAIN
Why not? — Life is short and love is fleet-ing; Why not? — Both our hearts are wildly beat-ing. Try not —
to for-get how much I worship you. Why not — sat-is-fy roman-tic hun-ger?

p-f a tempo

rall.

p-f a tempo

rall.

Chord diagrams for guitar/banjo: Cmi, D7, Ebmi, C7, Fmi7, Abmi, Eb, Cmi, F7, Bbaug, Eb, Gmi, Cmi7 open, Fmi7, Bb7, Cmi, Gmi, Cmi, Ebaug, Eb, Adim, Fmi7, Abmi, Eb, Edim, Fmi7, Bb7, Eb, Gmi, Cmi7 open, Fmi7, Bb7.

^{*)}Symbols for Guitar & Banjo

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The performance of any parodied version of this composition is strictly prohibited

do as Heaven tells us both to do!

Why not? There's no reason for re-sis-tance; Why not? Not to love is no ex-is-tence. Why not

near This is no mere sen-sa-tion. It will last for ever, dear!

you Why an-y hes-i-ta-tion? One kiss, then hold me

Why not? We grow old-er, nev-er young-er. Sigh not, For I swear I care for on-ly

The musical score is written for guitar in a 4/4 time signature. It features a melody line in the treble clef and a guitar accompaniment line in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the melody line. Chord diagrams are provided for the guitar accompaniment, showing fingerings for various chords. The score is divided into several systems, each containing a few lines of music. The lyrics are: "do as Heaven tells us both to do!", "Why not? There's no reason for re-sis-tance; Why not? Not to love is no ex-is-tence. Why not", "near This is no mere sen-sa-tion. It will last for ever, dear!", "you Why an-y hes-i-ta-tion? One kiss, then hold me", and "Why not? We grow old-er, nev-er young-er. Sigh not, For I swear I care for on-ly".



THE SONG and DANCE PARADE

REVIEWED BY WALTZ-TIME

Carroll Gibbons on Signature Tunes

Jack Payne's Message to Song Writers

I was the first person, I think, who heard "On The Air," the famous Carroll Gibbons' signature tune. One night a couple of years ago I was yarning with Carroll at the Savoy while he was waiting to go on the air. As we talked he strummed a tune at the piano.

"That's a nice thing; what is it?" I said.

"Well," drawled Carroll in that soft American accent, "I think it is going to be my new signature tune. Haven't got a title yet, but it will be something to do with being on the air. I hope to have the only signature that has a definite radio tie-up in its title."

"You know, a good signature is essential to a purely radio band. After all, radio is a cold-blooded business; no assistance at all like stage bands get, no chance of showmanship. You must have something to warm up your audience, put them in a receptive mood, make them remember you and look forward to hearing you again. That's where a good signature tune comes in."

A few days after this I met Carroll again, and he told me that the little snatch of melody had now blossomed into the song number you have in this issue—"On The Air."

And he gave me his musical signature as a novel autograph—a few bars of the tune in musical script with his handwritten signature incorporated in it.

"Jack Payne Regrets—"

One of the results of the amazing success of POPULAR MUSIC AND DANCING WEEKLY has been a flood of original songs sent into this office by aspiring song-writers. Some are melody numbers; some are "hot" numbers. Some, alas, are *not* so hot! But with all the sympathy in the world for such struggling authors and composers Jack Payne's many duties do not leave him time to criticize their compositions. Why not send *your* song to one of the recognized music publishers? You may be sure that if there is any chance of your number becoming a hit it will be snapped up eagerly. So no more songs to Jack Payne. Please!

He Made Us "Stomp."

Consider the name Elmer Schoebel. You will find it on "Nobody's Sweetheart" in this issue, but it probably doesn't mean much to you, does it? But actually the name is very important to



Two Thousand Pound Legs! They are high-kicking their owner to fame.

the song-and-dance world. Elmer Schoebel, Broadway jazz merchant, is really the man who paved the way to the "hot" music of to-day. Like most pioneers, he is apt to be overlooked.

Elmer was an arranger, a pioneer at it, too, way back in those hectic tin-can-jazz days of fifteen years ago. He helped to start the habit of "playing about" with the orchestrations of song-and-dance numbers, putting more in than the composer had thought possible!

He set the Blues off on their career; wrote dozens of them, some of which we still play. Then he introduced the "stomp" to jazz, that odd little beat that sets your feet and shoulders moving. We still stomp. It is an essential part of dance rhythm now.

From Blues via stomp to present-day "hot arrangements"—Elmer Schoebel certainly started something!

High Kick Champion.

The shapely pair of legs you see at the top of this page are insured for £2,000 at Lloyds'. They belong to Mdlle. Veronica, the dancer who is billed as the Champion High Kicker of the World. She is being televised this week-end.

In spite of the Continental name—adopted for the same reason that Sir Henry Wood used Paul Klenowsky—Veronica is a twenty-two-year-old North-country girl named Vera Stein. She gets her title from the fact that she beat in competition a German and an American girl, doing 100 kicks in forty-nine seconds for a speed record, and 3,000 kicks in one and a half hours for an endurance record. She has done this for five years running.

She was telling me "back-stage" the other day that she does an average of 1,500 kicks a week in her stage shows, and hundreds more when she does television and film-shorts.

I asked her how she kept her beautiful slim figure; any diet or exercise?

"Oh, no; working on the halls is my only practice, plus some golf; while as for diet, well, I am a vegetarian, but I eat lots of cream-buns and pastries," she said.

If you want a real slimming tip from her, here it is—fifteen minutes' daily skipping. Best thing for slimming in the world, she says.

Men Who Wrote The War Songs.

This week we shall be singing again the world's most famous songs, the songs that won the war: "Blighty," "Tipperary," "Long, Long Trail," "Home Fires," and so on. There will surely be a chapter in our history about them.

But what of the men who created them? What has happened to the writers?

Well, Jack Judge, writer of immortal "Tipperary," is still alive. He has a business near Birmingham. Oddly enough, the girl who was the very first artiste ever to sing that song lives nearby. She is Winifred Ray, who still keeps Jack's original manuscript. They used to give her the nickname of Tipperary in the profession a year or two before the War, because she had featured it so often.

Remember "Mademoiselle"?

The man who wrote "Oh! It's a Lovely War," Maurice Scott, died a few months ago. He was the brother of Bennett Scott, part author of "Blighty." Bennett is still in Charing Cross Road.

Last year Stoddard King, lyric writer of "It's A Long, Long Trail," died, but Gitz Rice, the Canadian who wrote "Mademoiselle From Armentieres," is still alive.

The famous firm of R. P. Weston and Bert Lee, who gave us "Good-bye-ee," and a dozen other wartime hits, are well in the limelight to-day. They had a hand in the Bobby Howes-Binnie Hale success at the Hippodrome, "Yes! Madam." And Douglas Furber and Ivor Novello, who did "God Send You Back To Me" and "Keep The Home Fires Burning" respectively, are also very much with us.

Miss Rogers—Composer.

You know film star Ginger Rogers as a singer and dancer in Warner musicals, and now, I learn, she has written the musical score for a picture shortly to be made in Hollywood.

A hot chorus by Ginger Rogers, Warner Star.



Carroll Gibbons "tuning-up!"

By the writers of "UNLESS"

IF

SONG WALTZ

Words by
ROBERT HARGREAVES
STANLEY J. DAMERELL

Music by
TOLCHARD EVANS

Tune Uke A D F# B

Tempo di Valse Lente

Voice

Piano

Key D It :s :m | d :- :r | t :- :- | - :- :- | t :s :m | d' :- :r | t :- :- | - :- :- }

1. You are my Sweet I - deal _____ And at your feet I kneel _____
 2. I've made for you a shrine _____ In this poor heart of mine _____

It's :m :d | r .m :r :- | f :r :t. | d .r :d :- | l. :t. :d | r :- :m | r :- :- | - :- :- ||

Oh- if you on-ly knew How I look up to you You'd know just how I feel! _____
 Glow-ing so pure and bright, Like an e - ternal light There it will ev - er shine. _____

REFRAIN

1^b d' : - r' d' t' d' | t' : - .d' : t' d' s' | l' : - : m | s' : - : - |

IF they made me a king- I'd be but a slave- to you

mf-f

l' : - t' : l' s' fe | s' : - l' : s' f' em | f' : - : d' | m' : - : - |

IF I'd ev - er - y - thing, I'd still be a slave- to you

l' m' : - : f' : s' l' | f' : - : - | fe : - : s' : l' t' | s' : - : - |

IF I ruled the night, - Stars and moon, so bright -

l' : - : t' : d' .de' | r' : - : l' | r' : - : - | - : - : - |

Still I'd turn for light- to you

cresc. *dim.*

|| d' : - .r' : d' t d | t : - .d' : t d es | l : - : m | s : - : - |

IF the world to me bow'd,- Yet humb-ly I'd plead to you

|| l : - .t : l es fe | s : - .l : s of em | f : - : d | m : - : |

IF my friends were a crowd I'd turn in my need to you

|| m : - .f : s .l | f : - : - | fe : - .s : l .t | s : - : |

IF I ruled the earth, What would that be worth-

|| d' : - .r' : d' t d | d' : - : r | d' : - : | : : || d : - : - | : - : ||

IF I had-nt the right to you! you!

f *allarg.* *fz*



Lawrence Wright,
Publisher.

LAWRENCE WRIGHT HAS A HEART-TO-HEART TALK WITH HORATIO NICHOLLS



Horatio Nicholls,
Composer.

ALMOST every man has the habit of sinking occasionally into an easy chair, lighting his favourite pipe, and sitting for quite a while taking stock of his life. An interesting way of spending half an hour or so, isn't it? Then consider how much more interesting it must be for a man who has led two lives on which he can reflect!

No, I am not thinking of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, but of their successors in the modern world of dance music—Composer Nicholls and Publisher Wright. You did know, didn't you, that Horatio Nicholls and Lawrence Wright are actually one man?

I was about to say "one and the same"—but I quickly realised that this would be quite wrong. Although Nicholls and Wright are one man, each is a very different sort of fellow from the other—although both are equally charming. I know them, and I can vouch for that.

I know them very well, in fact—and therefore I think I can claim that the following is a pretty faithful impression of what must ensue when they sit meditating on their two lives:

Horatio Nicholls: "Well, Lawrence, we've both managed to make quite a decent success of our respective careers. Let's see, how old are we now?"

Lawrence Wright: "Speak for yourself, Horatio! You've been going a good deal longer than I have. Why, you had been composing songs for several years before I arrived on the scene. And rotten songs they were, too. Nobody would look at your work until I started to publish it for you."

Horatio Nicholls: "True enough! And even you turned down a lot of my songs—still do, in fact. I write one a week, and how many do you publish? Only about one a month. You make me tear up a terrible lot of my numbers."

Lawrence Wright: "Well, old chap, as a publisher I ought to know just what the public

wants, and just what it won't have at any price, so—"

Horatio Nicholls: "Wait a minute now! You've often been taken by surprise, you know. Let me remind you of 'Wyoming.' When I wrote that, you thought it so hopeless that you very nearly didn't publish it. In any case, you made me put a new name on to it. And yet it sold over a million copies. Then there was 'Old Father Thames,' quite recently. You were doubtful about that, too—insisted on my signing it with my wife's maiden name. Once more you under-estimated my ability; it's been a great success."

Lawrence Wright: "Well, we all make mistakes. What about you, when that pantomime producer told me that he wanted a toyland song? You were commissioned to write it, and then you refused for weeks to get down to work on it—you kept saying that you couldn't see anything in the idea. Thank heavens I got you to do it in the end—it turned out to be one of the biggest hits I've ever published."

Horatio Nicholls: "I suppose you are referring to 'The Toy Drum Major'? Certainly, I never thought much of that myself. Now, in my opinion, a far better number of mine was 'Sing Me a Song of the Morning.'"

Lawrence Wright: "My dear fellow, that was one of your worst failures. It hardly sold a copy."

Horatio Nicholls: "Well, at any rate, I was very satisfied with it personally. Another of my favourites was 'The March of the Herald.'"

Lawrence Wright: "That was good for the brass bands, and still is; but we can't get the dance bands to appreciate it. Still, it's nice to know that you find pleasure in your work. I like my publishing job well enough, but composing strikes me as being more enjoyable."

Horatio Nicholls: "Isn't that only natural? As a publisher you are tied to your desk, but as a composer I can work anywhere. For instance, I often think out new tunes while I'm motoring to one of your shops in Blackpool or the Isle of Man. Besides, composing doesn't require any effort. My songs just come to me—I never set out to invent them deliberately."

Lawrence Wright: "I'm very glad you don't—the results mightn't be nearly so good. Most of your best sellers seem to have occurred to you spontaneously. Do you remember that time we were in New York? Jack Hylton rang me up suddenly by transatlantic 'phone and said that he wanted me to provide him with a new dance number at the earliest possible moment. I put you on to the job, and you turned out 'Shepherd of the Hills' in a few minutes. And what a winner it was!"

Horatio Nicholls: "I remember well. I rang him back the next day and played it to him over the 'phone, didn't I? And his band played it in London that same night. Now, if I'd sat down and tried carefully to think something out for him, I'd probably have failed him. But I didn't bother. I started reading a racing paper instead. Suddenly the name of a race-horse jumped out of the page and hit me in the eye. It was called 'Shepherd of the Hills'—and as soon as I saw that, I had the title for my number. Oh, yes, composing is easy work!"

Lawrence Wright: "It's more profitable, too. You, as a composer, can make more money than I can as a publisher."

Horatio Nicholls: "On top of which, I've become more famous than you, old man. Lots of people who know my name have never heard of Lawrence Wright. Do you remember that policeman in the North?"

Lawrence Wright: "The one who ran me in for leaving my car unattended? I should think I do! That was a real case of insult being added to injury—the way that bobby snapped up his notebook after taking down particulars about me, and then calmly proceeded to whistle one of your compositions. I had to smile, though. Being such very close friends does tend to make life merrier for us, doesn't it?"

Horatio Nicholls: "You're quite right there. And mention of merriment reminds me that it's time for my good-night drink."

Together: "We'll have a 'double'!"

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ON THE AIR

By CARROLL GIBBONS, JIMMY CAMPBELL and REG CONNELLY

CHORUS.

|| s, l || d: - | - : - | de', r' : de', r' ille , t : le , t | s : - | - : - | se , l : se , l ire , m : re , m | d : - | - : - |

On the air, If you have a lit-tle time to spare, You'll en-joy each min-ute, I'll de-clare.

|| : d , l , i m a : m a | d : - i - : - | - : - i - : s , l | d : - i - : - | d e , r : d e , r i e , t : l e , t |

While we're on the air,..... You can sing, All your cares won't mean a sin-gle

|| s : - i - : - | s e , l : s e , l i r e , m : r e , m | d : - i - : - | : d , l , i m a . m a | d : - i - : - | - : - i - : :

thing, You'll be just as hap-py as a King All the while you sing.....

|| d : i | f : - | t : s i m : - | l . f : - r i l , d : - r | s : - i - : - | d i : f i t , : - | s : m i d : - |

Tho' you are near or far, That makes no difference to me; Just be-gin tune right in,

|| f . f : - m i r : r : - d | t : - i - : s , l | d : - i - : - | d e , r : d e , r i e , t : l e , t | s : - i - : - |

We're like a big fam - i - ly. On the air, Greet-ing's ev - 'ry-bod-y ev - 'ry-where,

|| s e , l : s e , l i r e , m : r e , m | d : - i - : - | : d , l , i m a : m a | d : - i - : - | - : - i - : s , l || d : - i - : - ||

Just one hour of hap-pi-ness we'll share, While we're on the air..... On the

World Radio History

NOBODY'S SWEETHEART

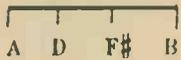
GUS KAHN,

ERNIE ERDMAN, BILLY MEYERS

and ELMER SCHOEBEL

Written and Composed by

Tune Uke in D'



Moderato

PIANO

Musical notation for the piano introduction, featuring a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. Dynamics include *f* and *fz*.

Key G

Musical notation for the first line of the vocal melody, including a key signature change to G major and a dynamic marking of *mp*.

1 You were ev-ry-bo-dy's sweet - heart, not so long a -
 2 In a sim-ple gown of ging - ham. I can see you

ad lib

Piano accompaniment for the first line of the song, including a dynamic marking of *mf*.

Musical notation for the second line of the vocal melody.

- go _____ And in our home-town each boy a - round Longed to be your beau. _____
 still _____ As you went your way at close of day Past the old red mill. _____

Piano accompaniment for the second line of the song.

Musical notation for the third line of the vocal melody.

- But things are diff-erent to - day _____ I'm might - y sor - ry to say. _____
 - You're dressed in sat - ins to - day _____ But still your eyes seem to say: _____

Piano accompaniment for the third line of the song.

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Denmark Street, London, W.C. 2 Cables "Vocable London" Telegrams "Vocable Westcent" London.

You're no - body's sweetheart now, They don't ba-by you some - how
 Fan - cy hose, You be out of place In your own home town, When you walk down the
 av - en - ue, I just can't be-lieve that it's you. Painted lips,
 Painted eyes, Wear-ing a bird of Par - a - dise It all seems wrong some-
 how, That you're no - bod-y's sweet-heart now. You're now-

Musical score for a chorus, featuring a vocal line and a guitar accompaniment with chord diagrams. The score includes lyrics and dynamic markings like "f-du".

Syncopated or Classical—but always “It’s the Same Peggy”

As a pianist and singer with Jack Jackson’s Dorchester Hotel Band, PEGGY COCHRANE is a radio favourite. She is also famous for her novel “Tune-a-Minute” piano programmes from the studios. But she is a classical violinist, too! And a song composer. Here is a revealing interview with this musician of many moods.

By H. W. SHIRLEY LONG



Photo: John Everard

LISTEN to this record. It’s a number with Jack Jackson,” said Peggy Cochrane.

The number was “The Ache in My Heart.” It was smooth, rhythmic, cleverly scored, and the voice of the singer was a nice, deepish microphone one without any bad crooner mannerisms.

“Now listen to this,” said Peggy Cochrane.

It was “You Turned Your Head,” by Vivian Ellis, from the Cochran revue, “Streamline.”

That voice had a touch of Binnie Hale, a touch of June. It was what a “pro” would call a “good musical comedy voice.” Quite different from the previous one, but equally good in its way.

Three Different Peggys.

Peggy Cochrane chuckled and handed me the two records. I read the vocalist’s name—Peggy Cochrane. Another chuckle.

“It’s the same woman,” said Peggy.

“Well, you might as well come clean with the whole story,” I said. “Isn’t ‘Lester Rome,’ composer of ‘The Ache in My Heart,’ also Peggy Cochrane?”

“All right, you win. It’s the same woman,” said Peggy.

That gave me three different Peggys for a start, and as the afternoon progressed I collected three or four more. She is like a good dance number arrangement: this tall, slim young woman who has music from the top of her red-brown hair to the soles of her smart shoes. She is many diverse notes welded together to make a smooth, harmonic whole. But she is a strictly modern “composition”; she has gaiety, rhythm, brightness, like a George Gershwin piece.

For a couple of hours—somehow she had two hours in which, I hope, she had no pressing engagements—we talked. Song and dance “shop,” radio, shows, show people, newspaper men, music . . .

In a Modern Setting.

This Peggy Cochrane to me typifies the modern “popular” musician. First of all she is a supremely expert musician, with years of classical training, study, and experience behind her. Then, she is most astonishingly versatile, even in a business where people “double” in an astonishing way. Then, again, she has no pose, side, or affectation about jazz, radio, crooners, or any of the things that burn up older classicists in furies of denunciation.

We talked in a mews home, modern, lived-in and comfortable, with two grand pianos, a dog, a radio-gram, heaps of music, and friends dropping in and out. A twentieth century home.

Every few minutes as I talked with Peggy Cochrane there came a different glimpse of her personality, and every now and then as each

new facet appeared I would point a journalistic finger at her and say: “But how do you reconcile that with your other activities?” and Peggy would grin and answer:

“Well, it’s the same woman.”

The phrase became the top-line in the arrangement of our talk. It was our main theme.

The real truth about Peggy is that a few youthful “repressions” are now coming out in her. You see, she always had an urge for the stage, but her father wanted her to become a solo classical violinist. Hence the years in the Royal Academy of Music, the solo recitals at the age of seventeen, the constant study and practice. The stage hankering was swamped by hard work.

There were, even then, half a dozen Peggy Cochranes surging about in her mind.

“Once my father took me to Sir Henry Wood for a singing audition,” she said. “Sir Henry

“That was a big week when you had a classical violin recital on the radio, a dance-band session with Jack Jackson, and a ‘Tune-a-Minute,’ all in seven days?” I said.

“What a week! I just didn’t have time to worry about moods. It was work all the while. Just going from one to the other. . .”

“But”—both together—“it was still the same woman . . .”

Like harmony and counterpoint, the things that she had done, the things she was doing now, and the things she wanted to do ran through the conversation.

We talked about shows. Peggy has written ballets for two revues, “Ballyhoo” and “After Dark,” also appearing in the former. We talked about films—she is crazy about them, by the way—and I discovered that she has appeared in a film and written music for several others.

Melody By Memory.

The talk switched to composing and arranging, and Peggy Cochrane, composer and arranger of her own piano work with Jack Jackson, gave me a graphic and admiring account of the way in which the dance-band arrangers work.

Then radio programmes came into it, and Peggy told me how she arranged and worked out her tune-a-minute broadcasts. These, she revealed, are drawn up first, rehearsed, written down on a list, then committed to memory—fifteen of them.

The revival in music-halls was soon on the agenda, and I learned that Peggy Cochrane was going to be a headliner on the halls in the near future.

Gramophone records popped up in the conversation next, and I suddenly remembered that Peggy records as a solo syncopated pianist and as a singer and pianist with Jack Jackson.

Finally, I thought I ought to pin this mercury-like young woman down.

“Now, what side of yourself do you really prefer?”

And the Next?

“Well, I think I like the lighter side of me best. But I shall not give up my ‘straight’ fiddling. You know what I should like to do? Compose a musical comedy! Matter of fact, I have one in my desk now. Then I would give anything to be able to do the music of a film, songs, background music and everything.”

Though Peggy Cochrane is gay, charming, and unassuming, and doesn’t make a fuss, you can tell that being half a dozen different sorts of musicians at once is not an easy life. It means work, hard work, twelve and fourteen hour days, several days a week. There are rehearsals, business interviews, correspondence, telephones, callers, long spells at the piano with sheets of manuscript, recording sessions, broadcasts, shows, programme arrangements.

And then Peggy Cochrane is also the wife of a London doctor, with a home to direct and social obligations.

“It’s a great life, though. So many things. So many different interests,” she said.

But always “it’s the same woman.”



Peggy Cochrane, “syncopated” pianist and “classical” fiddler.

Photo: Claude Harris

liked my voice, too. Said I was a ‘dramatic soprano.’ I loved singing. I still do. My greatest enjoyment is singing songs at the piano. And that’s another thing. I adore the piano. The fiddle was always work, but playing the piano was, and is, pure enjoyment.”

That was three of my Peggy Cochranes, singer, pianist, and fiddler in one.

“The lighter side of me has been getting the upper hand during the past six years or so. Mind you, one has to get into the proper mood. My ‘Tune-a-Minute’ and Jack Jackson work I love. It makes me feel gay and exhilarated.”

“How does a classicist feel among the radio and dance folk?” I asked.

“Quite at home and full of admiration. Those dance-band boys are the most amazing musicians you ever struck. The things they play at night stagger me. It is sheer efficiency, technical ability, and I believe you must have a sound classical training before you can hope to become a good jazz player to-day.”

MY CONVENT BELLE

Words and Music by

Tune Uke in C

HUNTLEY TREVOR &
KEN WARNER.



Moderato.

Musical notation for the piano introduction, consisting of a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. It begins with a forte (ff) dynamic and features a series of chords and melodic lines. Dynamic markings include sfz and sfz.

KEY F

Long a - go in Nor - man - dy, Near a con - vent school,
Lat - er on in Nor - man - dy, By the wish - ing well,

Musical notation for the piano accompaniment of the first vocal line, including a piano (p) dynamic marking.

Once an ar - tist met a maid quite a - gainst the rule, He
Two young lov - ers seemed to have quite a lot to tell, The

Musical notation for the piano accompaniment of the second vocal line.

whis - pered "Dear, be mine, I think you're just di - vine"
ar - tist you can guess, Had made her whis - per "Yes!"

Musical notation for the piano accompaniment of the third vocal line, including a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic marking.

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2 CHORUS.

|| s :- m . s :- d' | - :- it . l :- s | - :- m . s :- t | - :- il . s :- m }

My Convent Belle by the old... wishing well... I'll be wait-

p-f

:- id . m :- s | - :- re . m :- s | - :- : | : | : | :

ing and watch ing for you...

|| s :- m . s :- d' | - :- it . l :- s | - :- m . s :- t | - :- il . s :- m }

Some Sunday morn, When the sun's on the corn,... All our schemes

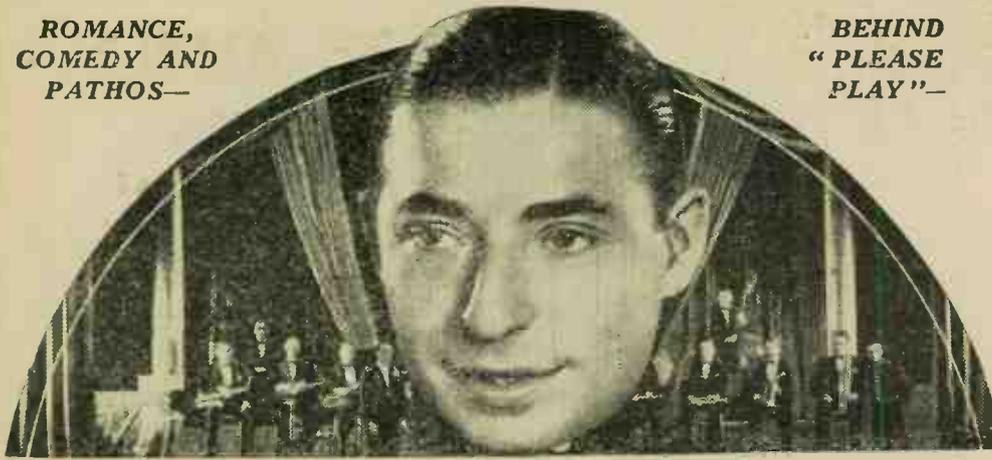
:- id . m :- s | - :- re . m :- d | - :- : | : | : m if : s }

..... and our dreams will come true, There'll be a

My Convent Belle

ROMANCE,
COMEDY AND
PATHOS—

BEHIND
"PLEASE
PLAY"—



“BY REQUEST”

“WILL you please play—” I wish I had a pound for every time those words have prefaced a message for me! Every leader of a dance-band is inundated with such requests, and, as we are there for your pleasure, we are only too happy to fall in with your wishes whenever possible.

Sometimes there is nothing more behind a request item than a desire to hear again a number with a particularly catchy lyric, or a melody that lends itself to easy, rhythmic dancing. Often, however (and these are the requests that fascinate me), there is a real story behind the wish for a certain number.

For instance, only the other night at the Astoria Dance Hall I received a note. Would I, on the following Saturday evening at ten-thirty, play “Omaha”? I duly obliged.

Later, when I had temporarily come off the stand, a man of about thirty-five stopped me and thanked me. He then told me that at ten-thirty ten years before he had met a girl and asked her to dance. She subsequently became his wife. Needless to say, the tune played was “Omaha,” and every year since, by the courtesy of various dance-band leaders, he and his wife had set off punctually at ten-thirty to dance to the beguiling strains of “Omaha.”

I Act as Peacemaker!

Another enterprising young man used my band as an apology a few weeks ago! It appeared that he had been wracking his brains for a suitable way of expressing his regret for a few harsh words that had offended her earlier in the evening. Suddenly he had a brain-wave, scribbled a few words on a card, sent it to me via a page-boy and waited. In due course, I played his request item and I caught a glimpse of the couple dancing gaily, with smiling eyes and all signs of a tiff waved away. The number I played at his request was “I Hate Myself!” I like to think that I and my boys acted as peacemakers on that occasion.

Sadness often walks hand in hand with a request. Once I played “I’ll See You Again.” Noel Coward’s lovely waltz song from “Bitter Sweet,” at the request of a white-haired lady who thanked me with tears in her eyes. By discreet inquiry I discovered that she had been listening-in to that number when the news came to her that her only son had been killed in an accident. Admitting that the lyric of that waltz was peculiarly appropriate to the situation, I am still surprised that anyone should wish to remind herself of such a tragedy. But the ways of different people are strange, and I really think that by playing that number I managed to comfort her and relieve her distress, and with that I am satisfied.

But comedy is never far from tragedy. I think one of the funniest requests I ever had was when I was asked to play “Pink

Elephants,” that extraordinary dance-tune which sets out only too realistically the perils of too much “elbow-exercise.” The man who asked for “Pink Elephants” told me that he was having to abstain from alcohol on doctor’s orders. Whenever, in a dance-hall, he felt the urge for a drink proving too strong for him he persuaded the band-leader to play “Pink Elephants” as a dreadful reminder of what would happen if he fell!

Another funny incident occurred one night at the Kit Cat Restaurant. A young man in immaculate “tails” silled up to me rather furtively and asked me to play “Her Name is Mary.” Two minutes later another young man arrived with a similar request. Hardly had the first strains of this number been played when I found the “stand” besieged by the two highly indignant young men and a lovely, but bewildered, young lady.

Everybody Happy!

Perhaps you can guess the sequel? Of course, her name *was* Mary, and her two cavaliers had each had the bright idea of getting me to play the number as a compliment to the enchantress. So far, so good. But what happened when the number struck up? Naturally, each thought he had the right to claim the girl as his partner for that dance.

Both rather vehemently insisted that I should tell the girl that *he* had made the request. Eventually, I had to admit to Mary that “tails” had made the request first, but that he had only beaten “dinner-jacket” by a short head so to speak.

Suddenly the girl laughed and, fortunately, her boy-friends recovered their sense of humour and joined in the merriment. In the end, Mary danced with “tails,” and “dinner-jacket” was accorded the honour of the encore. So everybody was happy!

And here is another touch of pathos with which to round off this article. It was an occasion when I was asked to play a certain liting fox-trot which was popular about eight years ago. As I started to conduct this number I looked round and saw that the woman who had requested it was none other than an erstwhile famous musical comedy star who, in the hey-day of her fame, had created the song on the stage. Now she was unknown, and pathetically ill. Her eyes told of a thousand disappointments and of a steady slip from the summit of success to the valley of

failure. But as my band swung into the refrain I saw her lips part in a smile and her eyes close. She was re-living her past triumphs and savouring in retrospect the gay days when London was at her feet and the world was a wonderful place. Her name? I respect too much the memory of a great artiste.

Yes, there are stories behind the simple words, “By Request.”

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CHORUS

Lyrics: I'm some bod-y's sweet heart now Oh boy, can she love and

I'M SOMEBODY'S SWEETHEART

ENDING WITH A KISS

REFRAIN

Lyrics: Your lips are near, Why must I sup-press This chance, my dear, For such happiness? To hold you, enfold you in

CHORUS
KEY F

Lyrics: In cuckoo, and you're cuckoo, So let's take a chance and do a new dance, For in cuckoo, and you're cuckoo, Sing

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REFRAIN

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DON'T GO WRONG HERE'S YOUR SONG

3^D
WEEKLY

POPULAR MUSIC

Every Thursday.
Number 6. Volume 1.
November 17th, 1934.

**AND DANCING
WEEKLY**



EDITED BY

JACK PANNONE

THIS WEEK'S MAGNIFICENT PROGRAMME

- Ending With a Kiss
- Dance of the Cuckoos
- Lazybones
- I'm Somebody's Sweetheart Now
- Homeward
- String of Pearls

No
6

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Slow Blues tempo



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This offer is only available for a limited period, and only to readers of POPULAR MUSIC.

Sung by Lanny Ross in the latest Paramount picture "MELODY IN SPRING".

ENDING WITH A KISS

Words by
HARLAN THOMPSON

Tune Uke in C
G C E A

Music by
LEWIS E. GENSLER

Molto moderato

VOICE

KEY C

mp a tempo

Here to-gether,- So close I hear your

PIANO

mf

rall.

mp a tempo

heart Though we're to-gether, Still we're a-part How I'm yearning,

So near and yet so far, Can you be yearning? Tell me you are...

REFRAIN

p - mf

Your lips are near, Why must I sup-press This chance, my dear, For such happiness? To hold you, enfold you in

p - mf

Chords: Dmaj7, D7, Bdim, C, Fmi, G7, B7, G+7, C, Dmaj7, D7, Bdim, C, G9, Fmi, G+7, C, C+7, Bdim, Dmi5, C, D7, G9, Fmi, G+7.

World Radio History

* Symbols for Guitar & Banjo

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V. M. S. 610

C D#dim Ab7 G9 G+7 C C7 F Bdim Dmi⁵₇

l .s :fe,s .ta- :- | : -m .m :re .re | m :- | d :r .f l | - | t ,r' :t ,r' d' | - - }

lin-ger-ing ca - ress, End-ing with a kiss. Your lips are sweet, Sweet and close to mine,

C D7 G9 Fmi G+7 C D#dim Ab7 G9 G7 G+7 C

t .t :d .m l s :- | t ,r' :t ,r' d' | - :- r | m .de :- r | f .re :- m | l .s :fe,s .ta- - - | : | s .s :s .s | s :- | - :- }

Why not complete Nature's own design? A ten-der sur-ren-der To ec-sta-sy di-vine, Ending with a kiss.

Ab7 Fmi Db A7 Ab7 Db G7 Emi

l a .la :- .la | l a .la :- .la | ma'r' :de' | t .ta .d | ta :- | f .f :m .f | - :- | - :- | s .s :- s | s .s :- s }

Words can not tell you The long-ing I'm feel-ing for you, Won-der-ful you. Words can-not tell you, But

C B7 E G7 C+7 F Bdim Dmi⁵₇ C

r' .de' :d' | t .le .l | se :- | - :- | : | C+7 | F | d :r .f l | :- | t ,r' :t ,r' d' | - :- | t .t :d .m l s :- }

my heart will tell you it's true Your lips in-vite How can I be still? Letsweet delight

D7 G9 Fmi G+7 C D#dim Ab7 G9 G7 G+7 C C+7 C

t ,r' :t ,r' d' | - :- r | m .de :- r | f .re :- m | l .s :fe,s .ta- :- | : | s .s :s .s | m' :- | : | m' :- | - :- }

Come to us un-till. We capture the rapture Of love's own perfect thrill Ending with a kiss! kiss!_

World Radio History

THE SONG and DANCE PARADISE

Not So Cuckoo! : Rhythm in "Buttons"
Cads—and Carnations

THERE is quite a romance in the way that "Dance of the Cuckoos," the signature tune which always makes one chuckle inwardly, came to be adopted by Laurel and Hardy.

When those two screen comics were over here they told me about it. It seems that a certain manufacturer of cuckoo clocks and other time-pieces started to use this number in his sponsored broadcasts over the American radio.

One night Oliver Hardy, the rotund member of the team, happened to listen in to this particular programme, and was very taken with the little song.

Its cuckoo theme, he thought, sounded just right for the team's cuckoo brand of humour. So next day he told Stan Laurel, and the two sat that night by the side of their radio.

"What do you think of it? All right for us?" asked Oliver.

The frozen face of Stan relaxed into his famous smile.

"O.K.," he said.

Then the two got in touch with the clock-maker and made a deal with him, after which they hoisted the Cuckoo song to the masthead, as it were, for their pennant. It has heralded every Laurel and Hardy film ever since.

Music in the Home.

We may be a nation of listeners, but more and more we are becoming a nation which loves to play and sing at home. There's no doubt about it, we do like to perform ourselves. Piano-makers, music-sellers, music-teachers all confirm this, and the amazing success of POPULAR MUSIC AND DANCING WEEKLY is positive proof. Now, in a rather different sphere, comes still further evidence of the revival in home music. I refer to the enormous success of the "MUSIC LOVERS' ALBUM." Amateur musicians and lovers of the classics have expressed their unbounded delight in this new work.

Part Four of "MUSIC LOVERS' ALBUM" is now on sale, and here are its nine gems of melody: "Berceuse de Jocelyn," Godard; "Chant D'Amour," Powell; "Sympathy," Marshall; "Ich Liebe Dich" (violin and piano), Beethoven; "Deep River," negro spiritual; "A Thousand and One Nights," Strauss; "Reverie," Borodin; "A Strange Story," Schumann; "Le Regiment de Sambre et Meuse," Traditional. And the price is only One Shilling.

Stanella's Queer Rehearsals.

I've just seen one of the strangest sights in showland—Stanella rehearsing his well-known Mexican Accordion Band in a new number. All



Four Boys and a Guitar! The famous Mills Brothers whose novel act did so much to popularise "Lazybones."

his boys are self-taught—most of them having begun at the early age of seven—and only two of them can actually read music. But Stanella plays over the number to them on the most suitable of the twenty instruments of which he is a master, and then the band repeats it note for note, invariably without error! That's how they've built up a repertoire of many hundred items, ranging from modern dance music to pieces like "The Lost Chord." All the members of his band were boyhood friends, and now they live in the same neighbourhood in London's "Little Italy."

Stanella told me an amusing story of "the moment he'd hate to re-live." A sudden switch in a vaudeville programme one night compelled him to start his show with only half his band on duty. Stepping forward to announce the first number, he saw the truant members of the band sitting in the front row applauding vigorously!



Old School Tie—New Buttonhole.

You'd think that with variety, cabaret, and film engagements, "Britain's Frightfully Pukka Cads" (see Dux's pictorial effort above!) would have little time for other interests. But Kenneth Western—the one who carresses the keyboard—lavishes a lot of time and attention on an aviary which adjoins his garden, and which is filled with rare birds, plants, lizards, snakes and tortoises. Also, the Western Brothers are crazy about flying.

Incidentally, these popular entertainers have a fresh buttonhole every night, for which they pay eightpence. Inquiring minds can now set about the task of discovering how much of their earnings are flerally invested!



Ann Sothorn lends beauty and grace to "Melody In Spring," the sparkling Paramount film from which comes "Ending With a Kiss," one of the big numbers in this issue. Here we see her dispensing soft melody whilst "off-duty."

Jimmy, the Singing Page.

Don't be surprised if in a few years' time your late-night-final dance music comes from Jimmy Craig and His Band. At present Jimmy, who is fifteen but looks about seven, is the page-boy, mascot and occasional vocalist of Alec Freer's band at the Plaza dance-hall, Glasgow. His father being out of work, Jimmy looked round for a job. He was much too small to become a page-boy in the dance-hall, so Alec Freer gave him an audition, and Jimmy wheedled a page's uniform out of Mr. Bannister, the Plaza's manager. Now, with his singing of "The Lollypop Major" and similar numbers, Jimmy has become the pet of Glasgow dancers and regularly holds up the dancing when doing a "vocal."

He'll sometimes conduct while Alec Freer has a short rest, and his look of acute misery when Alec returns to the stand is indescribable.

Wrong Entrance!

Larry Brennan, whose signature tune, "Good Evening!" we feature this week, forms, with Bertini and Reginald Dixon, Blackpool's "Mighty Trio." He and his band have toured the Continent extensively, and in Sweden, he tells me, he had a very funny experience.

The band was playing for a royal dance in Stockholm. Larry was late, and took a cab to the palace, and, being unable to speak Swedish, he was driven to the main entrance, where he received the royal salute. By mimicking various instrumentalists Larry conveyed that he wished to be with the band, whereupon the guards lost all interest in him. And was Larry's face red!

"Flying Trapeze."

Beatrice Lillie is singing it; Claudette Colbert and Clarke Gable sang it in "It Happened One Night"; the bands are playing it—dash it, I'm humming it myself now!

"He floats through the air with the greatest of ease . . . That daring young man on the flying trapeze."

Extraordinary what a come-back that song of our grandfathers has had recently! It was sung first in 1868 or the year before, and to-day it ranks sixth in the latest New York selling list. Over here, too, the old-timer is living again.

After much argument and searching, they have brought to light three copies of the original song in the States. One is in the Congressional Library in Washington; Miss Kay Macrae, radio star, has another; and the Buffalo Grosvenor Library the third.

The words and music of "Trapeze" were by George Leybourne, though the song's authorship was a mystery for years.

BASED ON THE FAMOUS LAUREL & HARDY FILM THEME SONG "KU KU" BY MARVIN HARTLY

DANCE OF THE CUCKOOS

By
HARRY STEINBERG

Moderato

The first system of the score shows the piano introduction. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 8/8. The music is marked 'Moderato'. The piano part features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the bass and chords in the treble.

KEY D

The second system contains the first verse of the song. It includes a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The key signature changes to D major (one sharp, F#). The lyrics are: "If you want to dance folks, You want a rhy - thm that's new; Cuck - oos as we all know, 'U - sual - ly - her - ald the Spring;". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line.

The third system contains the second verse of the song. It includes a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The key signature changes to D minor (one sharp, F# and one flat, Bb). The lyrics are: "All the way from U. S. A. Here's what was brought to you. For Let us prance a - round and dance "The Cuck - oos High - land Fling." For". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line.

CHORUS

KEY F

The fourth system contains the chorus of the song. It includes a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The key signature changes to F major (one flat, Bb). The lyrics are: "I'm cuckoo, and you're cuckoo, So let's take a chance and do a new dance, For I'm cuckoo, and you're cuckoo, Sing". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line, marked 'p-f'.

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f : s : f r : - : s | d : - : - : : | m : - : s | d : - : m | s, : - : d | m : - : - : | m : f : f e l s : - : s, | r : - : - : : }

- tra, la, la, la, la, la..... All the folks have just gone wild, Oh! what a how-dy do.....

m : f : f e l s : - : d | m : - : s, | d : - : - : | s, : d : m | s : - : s, | d : - : - : : | m : - : s | m : - : s, | m : - : s | m : - : s, }

It is because two fun-ny chaps taught 'em all some-thing new.... Side by side you start to glide, for-

f : s : f r : r : r | m : s : m | d : - : s, | m : - : s | m : - : s, | m : - : s | m : - : s, | f : s : f r : - : s | d : . | : s, ||

- get all your troubles let ev-ry-thing slide, For I'm cuckoo, and you're cuckoo, Sing tra, la, la, la, la, la. For

d : - : : || INTERLUDE

EXTRA CHORUSES

D.S.

I'm cuckoo, and you're cuckoo,
 We've found a new step, all ginger and pep,
 For he's cuckoo, and she's cuckoo,
 They're lining up in a queue.
 Ev'rybody wants to learn,
 They're out to join the fun,
 Just see the way they twist and turn,
 Learning the way it's done.
 They slide and slip and shake the hip,
 They're all going dizzy, so let's have a dip,
 For they're cuckoo, and we're cuckoo,
 So let the world go cuckoo.

I'm cuckoo and you're cuckoo,
 You dance 'til you drop, like cuckoos you hop,
 For they're cuckoo, and we're cuckoo,
 We've got a new dance to do.
 If you're "hardy" you're all right
 You will get by somehow,
 Maybe you'll get a "laurel" wreath
 Stuck on your noble brow.
 So strut your stuff but don't get rough,
 You whirl and you twirl till you've had quite enough,
 For I'm cuckoo, and you're cuckoo,
 And everyone here's cuckoo.

Behind the "MIKE" with

"SONGS from the FILMS"

Those ingenious "song cocktails" called "Songs From the Shows" and "Songs From the Films" have proved to be two of the most popular B.B.C. items in recent years. Here is an intimate glimpse of the man who produces them at work.

SOME people hoard away the theatre programmes of shows they have seen, and most of us have a niche in our memories for certain songs we have heard in the theatre. It is pleasant to wander down Memory Lane to music.

That has been, I think, the secret of the success of John Watt's two radio series, his "Songs From the Shows" of recent memory and his present "Songs From the Films."

I have just been behind the mike with John Watt to see how these programmes evolve, for simple though they may sound I had guessed that there was a good deal more to them than met the ear.

"Songs From" are now in their third year and still going strong, but they have retained that gay almost impromptu family party touch which makes them so attractive to listen to.

And, making allowance for the microphone art that conceals art, the "Songs" are a happy party affair.

Producer Watt got the germ of his Shows series from a Memories programme he did in Belfast some years ago. They went well, and soon he was doing research on the song history of all the famous London theatres. And a very interesting bit of research work, too, he says.

A Listener's Idea.

Then one day a keen listener sent in a long list of songs from talkie films and said he would like to hear some. The list was shown to Mr. Watt, and the upshot was "Songs From the Films."

Not that it is really as simple as that, though Mr. Watt says it is the sort of hard work he enjoys most. But there is a good deal of work before the hour's programme comes over in its nice, casual, half-impromptu, very jolly style.

Thus for every hour of programme there is eighteen hours of rehearsal, usually in bursts of three hours each. Chorus are first put through their paces by themselves; then the Shows Gang, people like Anona Winn, Olive Groves, George Baker, have their turn; after which the whole act is whipped into shape.

Then John Watt goes away into a corner and writes out his compère-commentary, learns it, rehearses it carefully, and finally joins in with the others in a grand rehearsal.

And that compère announcing is very definitely not impromptu. Mr. Watt writes himself a very complete script and sticks to it, and every one of his pauses, chuckles, gags and comments is strictly as per the script. It doesn't deviate from the matinee performance to the night. Mr. Watt will never go before the "mike" without knowing what he is going to say.

The selection of the numbers for an hour's programme is quite a job, too. For the "Film" series Mr. Watt went along to Wardour Street and plunged back through five years

of movie history, from Al Jolson to Bing Crosby. Through long lists of musical pictures he went, noting their theme songs and hit numbers, and lining them up in chronological order of general release date.

After selection comes the question of who will sing what! The tenor must have his correct song, the baritone, the soprano, and so on. Then follows the making of the musical scores and arrangements, the grouping of the songs, and the important problem of running time.

Before the programme can go into rehearsal, Mr. Watt, with the assistance of Doris Arnold, who makes all the chorus and Carlyle Cousins arrangements for these shows, has literally to go through hundreds of songs and dozens of vocal scores. The numbers have to be juggled with so that the various artists each get their share of the programme, and then the whole thing goes into rehearsal, and this is what it means when it says in the programme "produced by John Watt."

Now for the studio, usually one of the small basement ones, where Mr. Watt takes over the listening room and studio mike and starts rehearsing. And soon the famous "Songs From" signature tune heralds another programme.

There is, by the way, an interesting little story connected with that tune. As in the case of Eric Coates' "Knightsbridge" march of "In Town To-night" fame, lots of listeners wonder what it is.

It happened this way. Two or three years ago John Watt did a radio show called "The Stage Revolves," for which he wanted a theme song or tune. So he went along to see his friend Harry Pepper, and said:

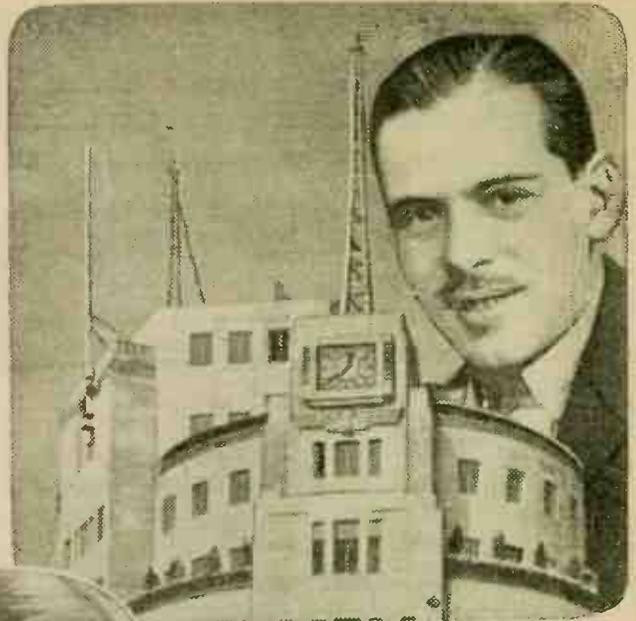
"Harry, I am doing a big show with a sort of revolving stage effect—and I want a symbolic theme tune for it."

And Harry said:

"Ah, yes, I know, something like this," and sat down at the piano and strummed out the first few bars of a tune.

"That's not like it. It is it," said John.

In a few minutes the tune was sketched out, and a few hours later was all ready for putting over the "mike." It was then duly played in "The Stage Revolves," and that, apparently, was that. The tune went into the vast B.B.C. band-part stock,



John Watt, producer and compère of "Songs from the Films," and (left) Anona Winn, one of the stars of his company.



But when John Watt was searching for a signature tune for his first "Songs From the Shows" he suddenly thought of "The Stage Revolves," and it was hauled forth again. Now it is famous, and its creators have quite an affection for it.

All sorts of famous radio stars have taken part in the Watt series. Regulars like Eve Becke, Anona Winn, George Baker, Olive Groves, Gordon Little and the Carlyle Cousins, and visiting celebrities like George Grossmith, Clarice Mayne, Jessie Matthews, Sonnie Hale, Gena Gerrard, Phyllis Dare, Marta Eggerth, Huntley Wright, Florence Smithson, Harry Welchman, Elsie Randolph, Nelson Keys and Edith Day.

Requests from listeners have poured in, too, and out of the mass of tunes two numbers stand out as clear favourites among the Shows programmes: "Oh, Listen To The Band" (which the sapient Jack Hylton had chosen as his signature tune some years before), and the "My Hero" waltz from the "Chocolate Soldier."

Another great favourite has been the "King of Jazz" selection among films.

Meet Mr. Watt.

They are a "matey" crowd, the "Songs From" people. Since they are experienced "mike" artistes, they work well with Mr. Producer Watt, and rehearsals are pleasant in the decorative dungeons of Broadcasting House.

John Watt himself is a short, dynamic, dark young man, who is crazy about all sides of radio show business. He used to be an actor himself once. "A very bad one," he admits, with a grin. Then he was a newspaper man, a reporter in Paris and London, after which he came into radio in Belfast.

There isn't much in radio that he hasn't at one time or another tackled. He is cheerful, friendly and keen. Only complaint his friends have about him is that he smokes what they call "impossible" French cigarettes, specially imported for him. After smoking a great many of them—I still like John Watt.

A Special "Popular Music"
Interview

By H. W.
SHIRLEY
LONG

NEXT WEEK'S STAR ATTRACTIONS!

MOOD INDIGO. SCARECROW.

CUPID. FARE THEE WELL.

LITTLE BLACK SHAWL.

I LAUGHED WHEN WE PARTED.

BELLS OF NORMANDY (Chorus).

Gossip, Articles, Pictures.

LAZYBONES

Words and Music by

Tune Uke in D
A D F# B

JOHNNY MERCER and
HOAGY CARMICHAEL

Additional Lyric by HORATIO NICHOLLS

Slow Blues

mf

Key D || m .m :f .,r | s .,f s f | ma:r f|:-}

1. Long as there is chick-en gra-vy on your rice,
2. Nev-er in my life seensucha la-zy bones,

ma:r |f :r | d :-|:-| m .,m :r .,m |s ,f :s ,f | ma:r f|:-| ma:r |f :r |

ev-'ry-thing is nice Long as there's a wa-ter-mel-on on the vine, Ev-'ry-thing is
Sleeping all the day, Nev-er seen a fel-low who just sighs and moans When work comes his

d :-|d :m s | ta :t :l - || de:m | ta :t :l :-| l .,l :m .,m || l .,l :m .,m }

fine— You got no time to work, you got no time to play, Bus-y do-in noth-in' all the
way;— Why ev-en Farm-er Brown he had to turn you down, Good for you you're not re-sid-ing

* Symbols for Guitar & Banjo

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2107.

A7 F#dimC# Aaug D G Bb7 Eb75 A7 Bb7 Eb75 A7 D G D

l m : rel - : - | m , m : f , m | s , f : s , f | ma : r f | - : - | ma : r | f : r | d : - | - : ||

live long day You won't ev-er change no mat-ter what I say, You're just made that way.
in the town, Where they have to hus - tle 'till the day is thro' They can't shirk like you.

REFRAIN Slowly and Drowsily

D G D G Aaug D D7

l s : - m | d : - | m , f : fe , s | d : | m , f : fe , s | f : ma | d : d | s : - {

La - zy bones, Sleep-in' in the sun, How you 'spec' to get your day's work done?

Edim Adim E7 Ami Em1 Eb75 A7 G D A7 D G

m , f : m , f | m : f | r : - | - : - | r , ma : r , m | r : d | d : - | : | s : - m | d : - {

Nev-er get your day's work done, Sleep-in' in the noon-day sun. La - zy bones,

D G D G Aaug D D7 Edim Adim E7 Ami Em1

m , f : fe , s | d : - | m , f : fe , s | f : ma | d : d | s : - | m , f : m , f | m : f | r : - | - : - {

sleep-in' in the shade, How you 'spec' to get your corn meal made? Nev-er get your corn meal made

Eb75 A7 G D G D G Emi7 Emi Emi7 D A7

{r .,ma:r .,m |r :d |d :-|:-:} |d'.d': 1 |d' d':-||d'.d': 1 |d'.d':-||s :s |s f :m }

Sleep-in'in the eve-nin' shade. When'taters need sprayin'. I bet you keep prayin' the slugs fall off of the

D G7 F7 E7 A7 E7 A7

{s :-|s :-:} |s .s:-| |s s:-| |fe.fe:-| |f.f:-s |m :m |m r :d |r :-|:-:}

vine— And when you go fishin' I bet you keep wishin' The fish won't grab at your line.

-D G D G D G Aaug D D7 Edim Adim E7 Ami

{s :-m |d :-| m .,f :fe .,s |d :-| m .,f :fe .,s |f :ma |d :d' |s :-| m .f :m .f |m :f }

La - zy bones, loaf-in'thru the day, How you 'spec' to make a dime that way? Nev-er make a dime that

Emi E75 A7 D A7 D

{r .,f :l |m,r |:-:d |r .,m :r .,m |r :d |d :-| : |d :-|:-: |:-|:-: ||

(Spoken or sung)

way (well looky here,) He nev-er heard a word I say' say

R.H. rit. D.C.

World Radio History

I'M SOMEBODY'S SWEETHEART NOW

Tune Ukulele Bb Eb G C

HARRY ROY
BILL CURRIE & IVOR MORETON

Brightly

Piano

KEY Ab

I feel e-lated, I'm full of fun —

The rea-son's sim-ple, life's just be-gun. I nev-er thought it would

hap-pen to me — But now I'm some-one el-se's pro-per-ty, —

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Maurice Building, Denmark St., London. W.C. 2

CHORUS

} : s, | m :- r d | l, :- l, :- | l, :- l- :- | - :- l- : s, | m :- r d | l, :- l, :- }

I'm some-bod-y's sweet heart now _____ Oh boy, can she love and

p-f

| l, :- l- :- | - :- l- :- | f :- l m : r | l, :- l- : s, | m :- r d | s, :- l- : l, | t, : t, l t, : t, }

how? _____ Does she look neat got style and technique, Her lov-ing sweeps me

| d :- l d :- | t, :- l- :- | - :- l s, : s, | m :- r d | l, :- l, :- | l, :- l- :- | - :- l- : s, }

off my feet _____ Round this town I have played the clown _____ But

| m : m r : d | m : m l m : m | r :- l- :- | - :- l- : l, | f :- l m : r | f :- l- : f | m :- l d : d }

ev-'ry lov-ing mamma's turn'd me down _____ No won-der I'm gay For I'm back to

| t, :- l- : s, | l, :- l t, : d | r :- l m :- | d :- l- :- | - :- l : s, | d :- l- :- | - :- l : }

stay I'm some-bod-y's sweet-heart now _____ I'm now _____

World Radio History

WHAT BRITAIN IS DANCING

How do Birmingham's dancing tastes differ from those of Liverpool? What new dances are catching on in the big towns? Is there a dancing boom? These, and many other interesting questions, are answered by HORACE RICHARDS who takes you on a lightning tour of some of the important dance-centres.

I HAVE just completed a thousand-miles' tour of Britain's dancing centres. I have danced in halls famous and humble, large and small; have talked with band-leaders, managers, dance-partners and scores of dance-fans. This is what I saw and heard . . .

It was interesting to observe how taste in dancing differs in various districts. In some towns "hot" music sets toes a-tapping. In others, sweet melody still has the greater pull. Some dancers demand bands that can put over comedy. Many resent comedy as an interference with tempo.

But there is one thing common to dancers all over the country. Keen enthusiasm. Ever-increasing numbers of people are taking up dancing as a full-time hobby; not just as a means of filling an idle evening. And, more than ever, people are learning to dance.

Remember how it used to be? Hundreds of young men and girls content to shuffle gracelessly round the floor and pretend that they were dancing. But now the shuffle is dying an overdue death. Mr. and Miss 1934 are keen on the new steps, and they want to do them well. The standard of dancing all over Britain can now be rated high. Dancing is enjoying a boom.

But our fathers and mothers must be smiling gently up their sleeves! When ultra-modern dances such as the Charleston and the Yale Blues swept our ball-rooms we used to scoff a little at our parents' reminiscences of their dances. Fusty? Out-of-date? So we thought. But now they've staged a come-back. Old-time dances are to-day one of the most important and popular features of modern dancing.

Back to the Past.

I do not remember in any town a single hall where there was not at least one such dance on the programme. In most dance-halls one whole evening a week is set apart for "An Olde-Tyme Night." This has a double-barrelled effect. Not only do the young folk enjoy themselves, but middle-aged men and women are lured to public dances. What's the result? Parents are looking favourably upon dancing as a recreation for their sons and daughters, and dance-hall business increases accordingly.

Mr. Malcolm Munro, manager of the Grafton Rooms, Liverpool, claims to have started the Old-Time boom. Such dances have been a feature at this Merseyside Palais for six years, and now Mr. Munro runs them twice a week.

"We get charabane parties from all over Lancashire," he told me. "Whole families come together every week."

At the Grafton they've got a complete repertoire of music called "Melodious Memories," orchestrated to suit Hamer and his boys, who dispense sweet melody at this dance-hall.

The Oxford Galleries, Newcastle; Leeds Palais de Danse; Nottingham Palais-de-Danse;

and Tony's Ball-room, Birmingham are just a few of the halls that are catering for this throw-back to pre-war days. Mr. Phil Richardson, Edinburgh Palais musical director, says that "the Circle or Old-Time Waltz is here to stay." Elsewhere I found that the most liked of the old-time dances are the valeta, military two-step, the lancers, the schottische and the mazurka. For a real thrill watch two thousand couples revelling in the Barn Dance at the wonder Tower Ball-room, Blackpool!

The tango is still holding its own in the affections of dancers, but all over the country the thrilling rhythm of the rumba is becoming so popular that it may soon pass the tango in appeal. At the West End Ball Room, in Birmingham, for instance, Al Berlin and his band make a point of featuring at least one tango and one rumba an hour.

The Rumba Takes Hold.

Unlike last season, when only a few of the more expert dancers ventured on the floor when the rumba was played, nowadays packed floors are common for this dance in most halls. I thought, however, that despite this enthusiasm the rumba was not being danced so skillfully as the tango. But practice will change that.

Eddie Carney, whose Red Aces make gay evenings at Tony's, Birmingham, told me that the rumba is still much less popular at that hall than the tango, waltz, fox-trot and quickstep. Maybe this is because Tony's is one of the few halls whose patrons seem to prefer sweet melody to "hot" music.

From the Plaza, Glasgow, let's spring to the Plaza, Bradford, where Charlie Doubleday and his partner have been demonstrating a ball-room adaptation of "The Gaucho Dance," from the film, "Wonder Bar." It is not often that dances such as these penetrate permanently to our dance-halls, but it is refreshing to see that modern dancers are quick to appreciate something new, without forsaking the good old English dances such as the waltz and fox-trot.

What of the rivalry between "hot" music and sweet melody? The cult of Duke Ellington and Cab Calloway has caught on remarkably in the North. At the Oxford Galleries, Tyneside's most famous ball-room, Peter Fielding told me that though the waltz is the most popular dance, "hot" music is steadily increasing its hold. In fact, a "Hot Rhythm" club has been formed in Newcastle, meeting at the Oxford Galleries every Tuesday to play over and discuss the latest "hot" gramophone records. Here, Ellington arrangements are popular; they also are at Birmingham Palais-de-Danse.

In Manchester, Cab Calloway arrangements are enthusiastically received, and, as a further indication of this trend for "hot" music, Roy

(Continued in next column.)



AUSTIN KIRK, trombone player at the Havana Club, Edinburgh, used to be a piano-tuner. He is still called into action if the band's piano shows signs of temperament.

Add to hobbies of music stars: Pasquale Troise has a vast collection of all the various instruments in the mandolin family. Some are tiny. Some are bigger than Troise himself.

Marius B. Winter is a crack tennis-player. Has been his club champion. Also interested in growing hothouse plants and breeding dogs.

Here's another unusual source to find a musician—in the ranks of watch-repairers. That was the early job of Lew Foley, tenor saxophonist in Albert Dossor's band at the Plaza, Manchester. There should be no complaints about time in that band!



"Good Evening!" this is Larry Brennan. See page 16.

Reginald Dixon's great joy is his pet parrot, that can whistle Reggie's theme song, "I Do Like to be Beside the Seaside." If Polly is impressed by you she'll even whistle it in two distinct keys.

The musical saw is not often used in Palais de Danse bands, but Cyril Wookey, of Jack McCormick's outfit at the Rialto, Liverpool, specialises in it. Liverpool dancers are crazy about saw music, especially in tangos.

A pat on the back for Hamer, band leader at the Grafton Rooms, Liverpool. On a recent visit Christopher Stone commented on the fact that Hamer was the first man he had heard who had mastered the bandoneon. Hamer plays it for rumbas and tangos.

(Continued from previous column.)

Richards and his Commanders at Nottingham Palais de Danse have five different arrangements of "Tiger Rag" in their repertoire. And how dancing Nottingham loves them!

Which is the most popular dance all over the country? I shall take a chance and say the slow fox-trot. It is a dance that appeals particularly to the skilled dancer, for there is no hope of bluffing one's way through those steps. I asked why.

"The steps of the slow foxtrot take up less room than most other dances," I was told by Miss Carole Collin, one of the charming dance professionals who grace the New Victoria Hall, Nottingham, "and that's important with dance-floors packed as never before."

In my tour I saw some brilliant dancing, a great deal of efficient dancing, and very little indifferent dancing. But in only two halls did I see evidence of "flash" dancing; that is, dancing in which intricate steps that are unsound in technique are used to the inconvenience of other dancers. In fact, good manners were a characteristic of the halls I visited.



REFRAIN

U m :- m l s :- s l d :- d l f :- l t, :- t, l m :- m l l, :- l, l r :- l d :- l l :- l

Stars a-bove, they guide my way - roll - ing seas they seem to say HOME - WARD,

l r :- l s :- l s :- l - :- l - :- l m :- m l s :- s l d :- d l f :- l

HOME - WARD - On! Roads I tra - vel, as they wind,

l t, :- t, l m :- m l l, :- l, l r :- l d :- l l :- l r :- l s :- l d :- l - :- l

Lead me where my love I'll find - HOME - WARD, HOME - WARD On!

l - : : l d' :- l d' t l l m :- l f e :- l s :- l l s :- l - :- l - :- l l :- l l s f l

Life ev-er-y - where, as if it knew, seems ev-er to

|| d : - r : - l m : - f m - l - : - r e : - l m - m s : - s l d : - d l f : - l t. : - t. (m : - m)

point the way to you— and When I see you Bri - dalgowned, Hea - ven then I li

L.H.

|| l. : - ' l r : - l d : - l l. : - l r : - is. : - l s : - l - : - l - : - l - : - l - : - l - : - l -

know I've found. HOME - WARD, HOME - WARD - On! _____

|| d : - l d ³ l l d : - r : - l d : - l - : - l - : - l - : - l - : - l - : - l - : - l -

Lov'd one I am HOME-WARD Bound! _____ Bound! _____

f poco allarg

|| - : - l : - l d : - l - : - l - : - l - : - l - : - l - : - l - : - l - : - l -

Bound! _____

rit. fz

D.S

GOOD EVENING!

Words by
ROBERT HARGREAVES &
STANLEY J. DAMERELL

(BALLAD FOX-TROT)

Music by
TOLCHARD EVANS

Tune Uke G.C.E.A.

The musical score is arranged in six systems, each with a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a 'mf' (mezzo-forte) dynamic marking in the first system and a 'rit.' (ritardando) marking in the final system. The score includes various musical notations such as treble and bass clefs, time signatures, and dynamic markings. The lyrics are: 'Good ev . . 'ning! Good ev . . 'ning. My day you com plete Good ev ning! Good ev . . ning! It starts when we meet With you day is born Your smile is my dawn Good ev . . 'ning! Good ev 'ning Let's be hap.py till 'Good Night! Good Night!'

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World Radio History

STRING OF PEARLS

Words by
AL BRYAN,

Tune Uke in D
A D F# B

Music by
HARRY ROSENTHAL.

Valse lente.

Piano introduction in G major, 3/4 time, marked 'Valse lente'. The music is written for piano with treble and bass staves. It features a gentle, flowing melody with chords and single notes.

KEY G. || s :s :s | m :m :m | d :d :d | l, :- :- }

Vocal line for the first verse in G major. The melody is simple and lyrical, with lyrics written below the notes. Chord diagrams are provided above the staff.

You need - nt tempt me with beau - ti - ful pearls,
Your eyes can tempt me with glan - ces of love,

Piano accompaniment for the first verse, continuing from the introduction. It features a steady bass line and chords that support the vocal melody. A piano dynamic marking 'p' is present.

s, :l, :t, | r :r :s | m :- :- | - :- :- | s :s :s | m :m :m }

Vocal line for the second verse in G major. The melody continues with lyrics. Chord diagrams are provided above the staff.

My love is not to be sold..... I am not one of those
Your lips can tempt with a kiss..... Your arms can of - fer what

Piano accompaniment for the second verse, continuing the musical accompaniment for the vocal line.

d :d :d | l, :- :le, | t, :fe :m | r :se, :l, | r :- :- | re :- :- ||

Vocal line for the third verse in G major. The melody concludes with lyrics. Chord diagrams are provided above the staff.

but - ter - fly girls..... Who sells her heart just for gold.....
I'm think - ing of..... Your love is all that is bliss.....

Piano accompaniment for the third verse, concluding the piece with a final chord and melodic flourish.

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CHORUS.

I don't want a string of pearls a - round me,

The first system of the chorus features a vocal line in treble clef with lyrics "I don't want a string of pearls a - round me," and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The piano part includes a dynamic marking of *p-mf* and a circled '8' below the staff. Chord diagrams are shown above the vocal line.

All I want is lov - ing arms a - round me,

The second system continues the chorus with the vocal line "All I want is lov - ing arms a - round me," and piano accompaniment. It features a circled '8' below the piano staff and chord diagrams above the vocal line.

Your two arms just hold - ing me,

The third system of the chorus has the vocal line "Your two arms just hold - ing me," and piano accompaniment. A circled '8' is present below the piano staff, and chord diagrams are placed above the vocal line.

With their charms en - fold - ing me ten - der - ly.

The final system of the chorus shows the vocal line "With their charms en - fold - ing me ten - der - ly," and piano accompaniment. It includes a circled '8' below the piano staff and chord diagrams above the vocal line.

Pearls and tears will al - ways go to - geth er,

Pearls may fade, but love will last for ev - er,

Take your pearls a way from my breast, And let me feel your

ten - der ca - res. res.

D.C.

As I Know Them—

By "Recording Needle"

"CARLISLE EXPRESS"

She dresses very simply, yet never fails to look extremely smart. She is not tall, nor a follower of the modern cult of over-slimness. She is blonde, and her face expresses kindness, vivacity, and an ever-lurking humour. She speaks quickly, but never impatiently, in a voice so distinctive that even amongst a thousand others you would immediately recognise it, and say "There's Elsie Carlisle."

She is a friendly girl. Few ever catch her entirely alone for a quiet chat, though! Wherever she is you'll always find Micky by her side. Micky is really the most important person in Elsie's household. He is definitely the only one who has ever ventured to dictate to her. He travels everywhere with her, eats all his meals in her company, even shares her rooms. And in case you think this is unusual, let me hasten to explain that Micky is just the liveliest young terrier that ever scampered across Portland Place.

Year in and year out, Elsie has a frantically busy time. It is not unusual for her to put in five variety shows a day, with a morning gramophone session, and maybe a late broadcast to finish up.

Busy, I said? You should be on hand one morning to hear Elsie's 'phone ringing—she once had thirty-seven calls between breakfast and lunch. I often marvel at the pertinacity that enables her to keep any appointments at all.

She says that all this is nothing compared with the effort of keeping young Mick in order.

Besides retaining any number of amusing yarns, Elsie never loses an opportunity of telling one against herself.

Absolutely genuine herself, she hates all boasting and pretence, which she quaintly describes as "pseudo big time."

Perhaps this honesty of purpose comes about partly through the fact that Elsie hails from the North. Manchester's rainy skies are the ones under which she was born, although as she has been on the stage since the age of six, she has not seen a great deal of her home town in the meantime.

Elsie's mother and relatives are still in Manchester. When her touring programme is a bit less involved, however, Elsie is going to bring her mother to London. She hopes to gratify the ambition of many years and set up a home for the family—and Micky—somewhere in the area of happy Hampstead.

Unlike most stars, Elsie does not drive a car. She's a tiny bit nervous of present-day traffic conditions, for one thing. Just between ourselves, Elsie hates all travelling, with a particular aversion to any journey by taxi. In the same way she mildly dislikes seeing pressmen, and loathes photographers, although, strangely enough, she doesn't mind autographhunters, and says she's met some quite interesting people that way.

Whisper it, but Elsie still has just the slightest dread of the microphone at times. She is very glad that hers is not just a "microphone" voice. Often she sings in the theatre without any amplification at all, and feels happier when performing this way.

In regard to food, Elsie has few fads, and enjoys most things so long as they receive expert preparation. After long journeys she will probably plump for ham and egg and some very strong coffee. She believes that a radio

Micky takes Elsie for an early morning breather



star should smoke, eat and drink in strict moderation.

Apart from occasional visits to the golf course, and even rarer ones to some good film, she has no hobbies, but she loves dancing, and frequently gives supper parties in town to which the stars of the musical and show world are invited.

This sort of thing provides plenty of excitement, but probably Elsie's most thrilling moment is still when she stands in front of a tiny black box and waits for the little winking light that can change her from a care-free tomboy into a woman with a serious purpose.

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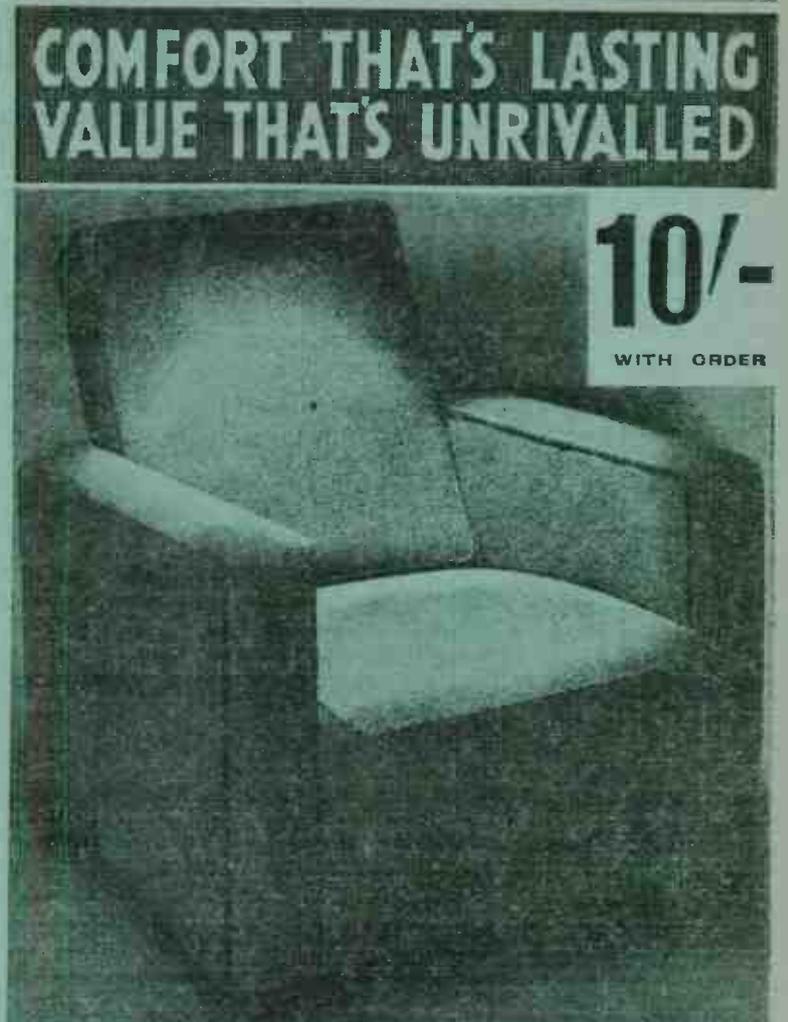
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POPULAR MUSIC, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100

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CUPID

SAM COSLOW'S SENSATIONAL SUCCESS

**MOOD
INDIGO**

CHORUS

Slow

Al-ways get that mood in-di-go, Since my ba-by said good - bye,

REFRAIN

Fare thee well, Till I can be be - side you once a - gain, My

**FARE THEE
WELL**

SCARECROW

CHORUS

SCARE-CROW! Scared t' go t' bed SCARE-CROW! You heard what I said Ought-a be a-shamed, you!

ALSO—

**I LAUGHED WHEN WE
PARTED**

&

BELLS OF NORMANDY
(Chorus)

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POPULAR MUSIC

Every Thursday.
Number 9, Volume 1.
December 8th, 1934.

**AND DANCING
WEEKLY**



EDITED BY

JACK PANNONE

SIX MORE "SMASHERS"

- As Long As I Live
- Little Dutch Clock
- When A Woman Loves A Man
- An Old Volga Lullaby
- What More Can I Ask?
- Sweetheart Bay

NO
9

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AS LONG AS I LIVE

Tune Ukulele: G C E A

Lyric by
TED KOEHLER

Music by
HAROLD ARLEN

Moderato

Piano

f

Doh is F s :m | d :r .m | f :r | t, :m .f | s :m :d | f :r | t, :- | l- :- | d :d' | s :fe .s }

What's the use, there is no ex-cuse To be hid-ing what's on my mind, Lov-in' you is a

mp

dim | t .l :f | t, :r | d :- | l : | : | : | s :m | d :r .m | f :r | t, :m .f | s :m :d | f :r }

secret I can't con-ceal. Since we met, I've been all up set, But I've really made up my

L.H.

| t, :- | l- :- | d :d' | s :fe .s | t .l :f | l m :m | d :- | l- :- | l : | : ||

mind To con-fess, just ex-act-ly the way I feel.

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 Maurice Building, Denmark St., London, W.C.2

World Radio History

CHORUS

m .f :m .m l- .f :m .m l- .f :m .m l- .f :m m l- :- it :- | l .l :- .la is .fe :f }

May-be I can't live to love you as long as I want to, Life is - n't long e-nough

mf-f

m :- it :- | s .s :- .fe lf .m :ma | r .t, :r .d l- :- | : :

ba - by, But I can love you as long as I live,

m .f :m .m l- .f :m .m l- .f :m .m l- .f :m m l- :- it :- | l .l :- .la is .fe :f }

May-be I can't give you dia - monds and things like I want to, But I can promise you,

m :- it :- | s .s :- .fe lf .m :ma | r .t, :r .d l- :- | . l, | ta, s :- .ta, ta, :- .ta, }

ba - by I'm gon-na want to as long as I live. I nev-er cared, but
 I'll ev-en wear long

Gmi Bbmi F Dmi

|| 1. f :- .l, l- :- .l, | la, f :- .la, l- :la, s, | - :- l- .t, :d .r | m l :- .m l- :m : }

now I'm scared I won't live long e-nough, That's why I wear my rub-bers
un-der-wear When win-ter breez-es blow, I'm gon-na take good care of

G7 Ebmi Bb C7

|| d' :l .m l- :- .m | s .,l :l .,s lf .,s :s .,f | m .,f :f .,m lr .,s :s }

when it rains And eat an ap-ple ev-'ry day Then see the doc-tor an-y-way.
me be-cause A sneeze or two might mean the flu, And that would nev-er, nev-er do.

F C Cmi D7 C D+ G7

|| m .,f :m .m l- .,f :m .m l- .,f :m .m l- .,f :m .m l- :- lt :- | l .l :- .la ls .fe :f | m :- lt :- }

What if I can't live to love you as long as I want to, 'Long as I promise you, ba-by,

Bb C+ F Gmi F dim C7

|| s s :- .fe lf .m :ma | r .,t, :r .d l- :- : | : || r .,t, :r .d l- :- - :- l- . : ||

I'm gon-na love you as long as I live. long as I live.



for SONG- WRITERS

Popular Music

Makes SENSATIONAL Offer To Musicians and Lyric Writers

£50
for the
BEST
FOX-TROT

TWO HUNDRED POUNDS for Fox-trots and Waltzes—that is the magnificent offer POPULAR MUSIC AND DANCING WEEKLY is making to its great mass of readers. Never before has such an opportunity been offered to the aspiring composers of this country. Here is *your* chance at last, and it might well mean that you will prove to be the British Irving Berlin or another Leslie Stuart.

There is melody in everyone. The simple little tune that came to you in the gloaming last evening may mean a fortune. Don't let it escape you! If you cannot write down the melody, find a musician who can. Some of the greatest composers of popular music cannot write a note—but they are always humming melodies. Perhaps you have the same talent. This competition will give you your chance.

Nor need the prizes in this contest end there. There may be greater rewards. Remember the stories of some of the big song "hits" of the present and the past. "Little Man, You've Had a Busy Day," "Unless," "Lady of Madrid," "Dearest," "It," made fortunes in a few months. "Isle of Capri" has sold over 250,000 copies to date and has made its creators rich and famous.

HOW TO SET TO WORK.

Perhaps you are already working with a friend who writes the words to your songs. Maybe you write the music but have no one with whom to collaborate. In this case find someone who has, or can write, a good lyric and then set it to music, or let your collaborator write words to the music you have composed.

In every part of the country there are musicians who can write down music, so if you merely have the tune in your head, as one says, obtain the help of one of these and together create a song that may sweep the country.

Above all things, remember that it is the simple haunting melodies allied to appealing and effective words that have so often achieved success. They are the songs that live! Look at the simplicity of "Little Man, You've Had a Busy Day"; regard the tuneful charm of "Let's Fall in Love."

All entries must reach us not later than the last post on January 1st, 1935. The result will be published in our issue dated February 9th, 1935, on sale on Thursday, February 7th, 1935. Below you will find the rules governing this wonderful competition for all song writers—amateur as well as professional—in Great Britain.

£50
for the
BEST
WALTZ

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SECOND BEST
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Each for Next
3 BEST
WALTZES

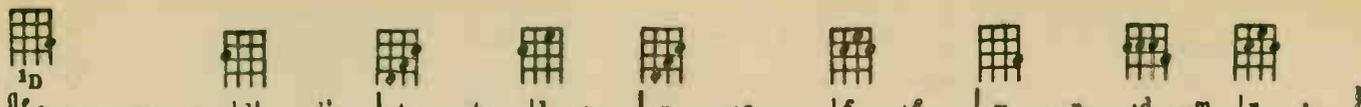
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FOX-TROT

£10
Each for Next
3 BEST
FOX-TROTS

— RULES —

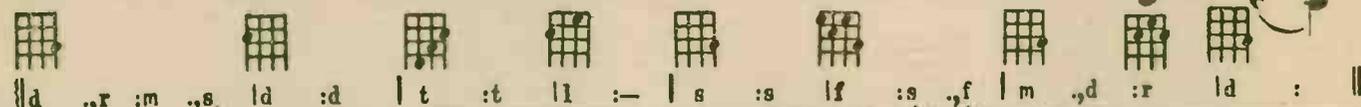
- 1.—All entries in both the Fox-trot and Waltz classes must be in the form of a complete song, i.e., words and music set together. MSS. may be written in ink or pencil.
- 2.—All entries must be sent with a stamped addressed envelope for return.
- 3.—It is understood that the Editor of POPULAR MUSIC AND DANCING WEEKLY does not hold himself responsible for any entry lost in the post or otherwise mislaid.
- 4.—The complete copyright, including performing rights in all winning songs, become the absolute property of the proprietors of POPULAR MUSIC AND DANCING WEEKLY. Should arrangements be made for any of the prize winners to be published in sheet form, royalties will be paid to the winners. Prize-money and any other payments will be paid in equal shares to author and composer.
- 5.—All entries should be addressed to Song Competition, "Popular Music and Dancing Weekly," 3, Carnarvon Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.).
- 6.—The Editor's decisions will be final and legally binding throughout, and he can enter into no correspondence regarding the competition. Employees (or members of their families) of the proprietors of POPULAR MUSIC AND DANCING WEEKLY are not eligible to compete.
- 7.—All entries must bear the name(s) and address(es) of both lyric writer and composer, and must be accompanied by a statement signed by both that the entry is original work throughout and the sole property of the entrants.
- 8.—All entrants will be deemed to have agreed to these conditions.

ENTRIES WILL BE JUDGED BY A SPECIALLY SELECTED BODY OF POPULAR MUSIC EXPERTS.



|| ḍ .,r :m .,s | ḍ' :ḍ' | t :t | l :l :- | s :s | f :f | m .,r :ḍ .,m | r : |

When the hour of Mid-night starts to chime, They've Twelve kiss - es,- seems they'll nev - er stop!



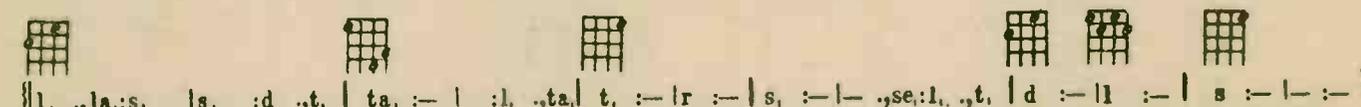
|| ḍ .,r :m .,s | ḍ :ḍ | t :t | l :l :- | s :s | f :s .,f | m .,ḍ :r | ḍ : ||

What a pret - ty way to pass the time, Those two have in a LITTLE DUTCH CLOCK!



|| : | : | : | : | : | : | : | : | : | : ||
|| ḷ .,ḷa :s | s :- | ḍ .,t :ta | ḷa :- |

Wooden Dutch Boy - Wooden Dutch Girl -



|| ḷ .,ḷa :s | s :ḍ .,t | ta :- | :ḷ .,ta | t :- | r :- | s :- | .,se :ḷ .,t | ḍ :- | ḷ :- | s :- | :- |

In the Dutch Clock on the wall! - Nev - er miss a chance - to further their ro - mance



|| 1. ,la:,s, ls, :- | d ,t, :ta, lta, :- | 1. ,la:,s, ls, :d ,t, | ta, : | ,ta:l, ,ta, | t, :- | r :- |

When the hour strikes, out they both whirl, Steal a kiss, - then, with a shock - A jealous spring goes



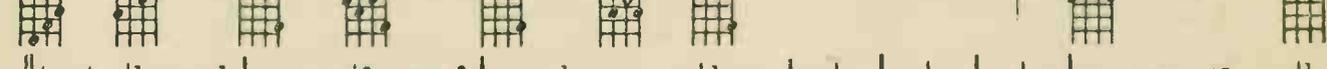
|| s : | :l, ,t, | d :d .d ls .s :s | d | || : | : | : | : | : | : | : | : |

"Click!" And they're back in the LITTLE DUTCH CLOCK!



|| d ,r :m ,s ld' :d' | t :t ll :- | s :s lf :f | m ,r :d ,m lr : | d ,r :m ,s ld :d |

How their little clock-work hearts would fret, If their kiss-ing ev-er had to stop; So we'll hope the Good Folks



|| t :t ll :- ,l | s :s lf :s ,f | m ,d :r ld : | : | : | : | : | : | : | : | s .s :s ll :

won't for-get, To always wind up the LITTLE DUTCH CLOCK. LITTLE DUTCH CLOCK!

World Radio History

Gaug G#dim A7 D7 G C#dim D7 E Gmi

MAN _____ She'll just string a-long _____ All thro'thick and thin _____ 'Till his ship comes in _____

Dmi E Ami7 D7 G Amib3 B7

It's always that way, WHEN A WOMAN LOVES A MAN. _____ She'll be the first one to praise him when _____

Amib3 B7 E7 G#dim E7 E G A7 G A7

he's go-ing strong, The last one to blame him when ev-'ry-thing's wrong, It's such a one-sid-ed game that they play, _____

Ami7 D7aug G C#dim D7 E Gmi

But wo-men are fun-ny that way Tell her she's a fool _____ She'll say "yes, I know, But I love him so," _____

Dmi E Ami7 D7 1 G G#dim Ami7 D7 2 G

And that's how it goes, WHEN A WOMAN LOVES A MAN. _____ MAN. _____

AN OLD VOLGA LULLABY

WALTZ

English Lyrics by
PETER MERRICK

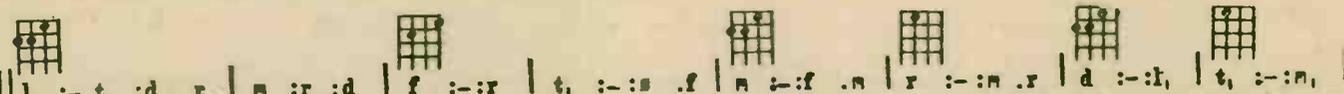
Music by
CARL RIESS

TUNE USE IN E♭ 

4th 3rd 2nd 1st
B♭ E♭ G C



VERSE
Key Ab



Moon a-cross the Vol-ga is shin - ing bright, As the day fades a-way In-to sil - ver night; My
Fa - ther on the riv-er our bread must earn, Who can say? an - y day He may not re - turn, But





lit - tle Russ-ian ba - by To sleep must go, To a sweet cra-dle song, Soft and low, So
when we go a - sail-ing, I'll have no fear, At the dawn of the morn, You'll be here, Dear,



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139, 141, 143, Oxford Street, London. W. 1

1116

on till morn is nigh, To an old Vol-ga Lul - la - by. Just - by.

fair - y stream the ri - ver will seem, To the eyes of my sweet one dream - ing, So slum - ber

In a dream-boat we shall glide. As we sail far a - way on the Vol - ga tide; A

Just close your eyes to my lul-la - by, While the pale Russ-ian stars are gleam - ing.

mf *f*

REFRAIN



Lovely Anna Neagle one of many famous stars who have started in the chorus.

ONE of the most successful and best-liked men in the song and dance world is Ray Noble. He composed that beautiful number in this issue, "What More Can I Ask?" His is one of the best "how-they-got-there" stories I know. At present he is, I hear, settling down in Hollywood doing music for Bing Crosby films, after setting Broadway alight with gossip and speculation about his future.

Yet he started as the organist in a London suburban cinema only a few years ago. Then he won a nation-wide competition for arranging and orchestrating, sponsored by a famous firm of music publishers which led to a job in Charing Cross Road—Tin Pan Alley—as an arranger.

The Rise of Ray.

Very soon the treatments that he was giving the tunes of the day attracted the attention of Jack Payne, and Ray did some arranging for the old Savoy Hill outfit.

Then the H.M.V. gramophone people took notice, and Ray Noble went over to the vast Hayes plant as resident orchestrator and arranger in the dance music department. Do you remember those attractive musical comedy selections by the New Mayfair Orchestra? Ray was behind them. He did the arranging, and gathered together a crack team of the best dance band players, under his baton to record them.

New Cars For Old.

But all this was anonymous work, and it wasn't until Ray burst forth with such compositions as "Good-night, Sweetheart," "Love is the Sweetest Thing," "What More Can I Ask?" "Brighter Than The Sun," that people discovered him.

Then he became chief dance music orchestrator, conductor and song composer for H.M.V., and was sitting on top of the world.

Everybody likes Ray Noble in the show world. He is modest, unassuming, cheerful. He still remembers old friends. Probably his only extravagance is motor-cars; he loves them. Always changing the present one for a new one.

"Thank You, Jack!"

If Marjorie Robertson had never mixed with American chorus-girls; if Jack Buchanan had not had a retentive memory and an infallible "nose" for talent, and if Herbert Wilcox had not dropped in to the London Hippodrome to see "Stand Up and Sing"—then Anna Neagle might still be Marjorie Robertson, and would

THE SONG and DANCE PARADE

"Hit! Hit! Who?—Ray!"

The Way of A. Neagle!

Harlem's "Wishing Oak"

probably never have created "What More Can I Ask?" and become one of Britain's leading song-and-dance personalities. Anna started in the Charlot chorus, and then became a "Mr. Cochran Young Lady"; in fact, C. B. C. hailed her as "The Perfect Chorus-girl." She played in "One Damn Thing After Another," "This Year of Grace," and "Wake Up and Dream," for C. B. C., understudying Jessie Matthews both here and in New York. Whilst in America she was so impressed by the American chorines' "get-on-or-get-out" spirit

that she decided that she had had enough of chorus work. So she went to see Jack Buchanan, who was looking for a leading lady for "Stand Up and Sing."

the Institute of Amateur Cinematography, and has made some brilliant films of his friends. The other night I went over to his house, and "Tolch" gave me a private screening of some of his efforts. There is one which features Harry Tilsley, the tubby and genial part-composer of "Let's Have a Basinful of the Briny," and other hits, in an amusing interlude which reveals him as a screen comic of great promise. Leslie Sarony, on Margate front, also "does his stuff" in this film, to the delight of a large crowd of passers-by.

Touched For Luck.

In Harlem, whence comes Elizabeth Welch, who sings "When a Woman Loves a Man," they had to cut down, not long ago, the famous "Wishing Oak." This was an old oak tree in the New York negro quarter, and the folk there all believed that if they touched it they would



On page 20 you can read about the New Victoria Ballroom where Jack Padbury and his broadcasting band, herewith, delight Nottingham dancers.

"I sang and danced for him," Anna told me, "but I was so nervous that I could hardly stand." Then, suddenly, Jack turned to her and said: "I've seen you somewhere. Weren't you in the chorus of 'Wake Up and Dream' in America? Well, you're the shyest person I've ever met, but I think you'll do!"

And, overnight, Marjorie Robertson "died" and Anna Neagle was born.

Considerate Anna.

A paragraph is inadequate to do justice to the charm of this lovely person. Soon we must turn the "lynx-eye" of "Recording Needle" on to her personality. But here is a story that reveals the real Anna. I met her at Westcliff one Sunday, and with her were half a dozen of her "gallery-girl" fans whom she was entertaining. Anna was clad in a simple, inexpensive frock and white beach shoes. I learned—not from Anna—that she had had that cheap frock "run-up" specially, so that the girls should not feel that she was trying to impress them.

No, there's nothing "ritzy" about Anna.

Tolch "Shoots" The Stars.

Tolchard Evans, England's "Signature-Tune King," is wildly enthusiastic about his hobby of home-movies. He is a prominent member of

have good luck. Negro actors, singers and dancers all rubbed its bark and "wished" when they were on their way to auditions.

Now the tree has been felled. Harlemites flocked to secure a lucky chip from it.



Elizabeth Welch, renowned singer of "blues" numbers.

(H.M.V. Picture)

Song hit from the British & Dominion Film "THE LITTLE DAMOZEL"

WHAT MORE CAN I ASK?

Words by
ANONA WINN

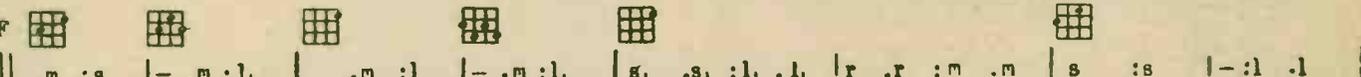
Music by
RAY NOBLE

Tune Ukulele in C  4th Brd 2nd 1st
G C E A

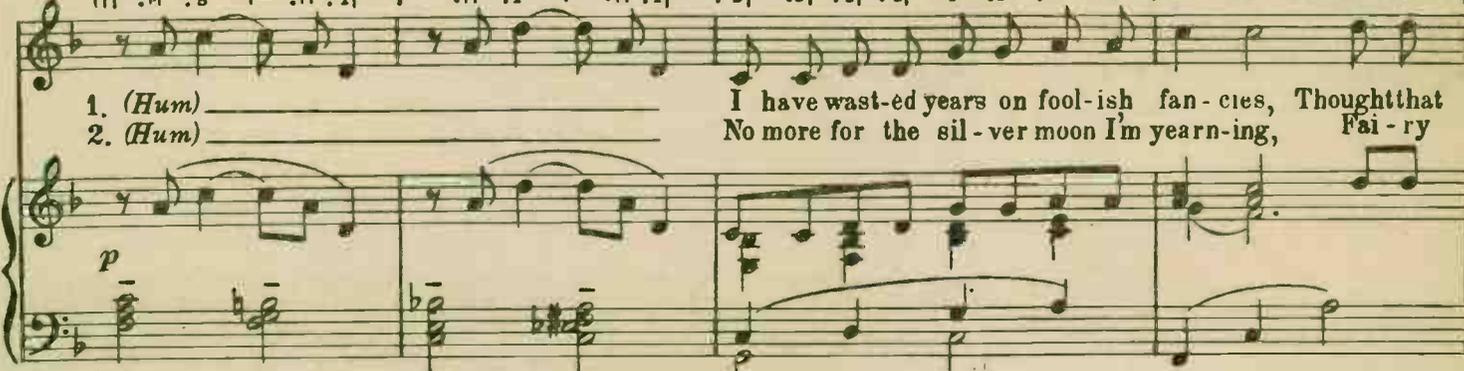
Ballad tempo (*Tenderly*)

PIANO *mp* L.H.



Key F 

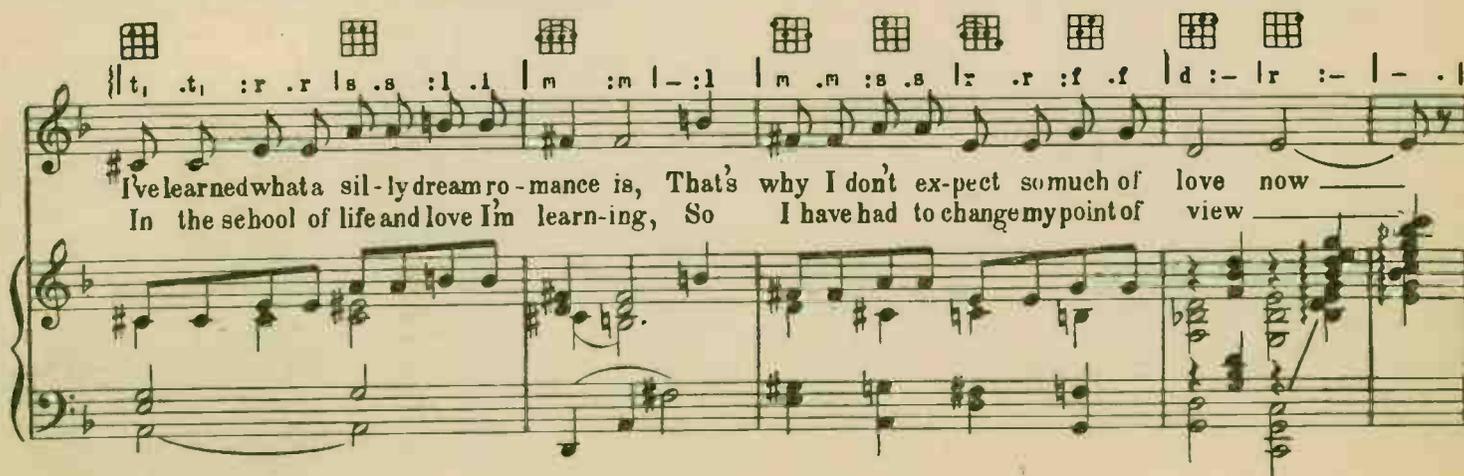
1. (*Hum*) _____ I have wast-ed years on fool-ish fan-cies, Thought that
2. (*Hum*) _____ No more for the sil-ver moon I'm yearn-ing, Fai-ry



love would all be diff-'rent some - how; _____ (*Hum*)
tales, I know, can nev-er come true; _____ (*Hum*)



I've learned what a sil-ly dream ro-mance is, That's why I don't ex-pect so much of love now _____
In the school of life and love I'm learn-ing, So I have had to change my point of view _____



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THE LAWRENCE WRIGHT MUSIC CO

Denmark Street, London W. C. 2. Cables "Vocable London" Telegrams "Vocable Westcent Lon"

2059

REFRAIN (In a slow, easy rhythm)

WHAT MORE CAN I ASK — Than your arms a-round me? — What more do I need — Now your lips have
 found me? — Ev-en though we may re - a - lise — We're living in a
 fool's Pa-ra - dise. — What's sweeter to hear — Than love's old sweet sto - ry? — What mat-ter, my
 dear, — if you're not sin - cere? — For when the moon's a - bove — you whisper words of love,
 — This must be Hea - ven, — WHAT MORE CAN I ASK? — WHAT MORE CAN I ASK? —

The musical score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written in a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The piano accompaniment is written in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). Above the vocal line, there are several guitar chord diagrams. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piece concludes with a 'D.C.' (Da Capo) marking.

As I Know Them

By "Recording Needle"

ANONA (Versatile) WINN

She stands close to the microphone, but even with her head tilted upwards she is still several inches below it. If you were to stand a yard or two away I doubt whether you would hear all that she was singing. But on your radio set at home her voice comes over crystal clear, for Anona Winn is one of the best microphone artistes in the business.

To her the mike has a personality of its own. She plays to it all the while, wheedling it, cajoling it, putting herself across to the listening audience. She much prefers not to have a studio audience, anyway.

Anona will tell you that she first appeared before the public as a child entertainer. That was in her native Australia. She was eighteen years old at the time. . . .

A natural thing really, because she is a petite girl, very blonde and blue-eyed, and she must have looked like a small girl on the stage.

Her Sussex Retreat.

Being born in Australia still has a lot of effect on Anona, for she loves the open-air things you can do with such ease "down under." Riding, for instance. Anona can ride almost any quadruped. Then swimming, and tennis, all "smshiny" things like that.

Being a radio star in constant demand, a recording star, a variety artiste, and a film player does not leave you a lot of time for anything, but it takes a great deal to make Anona miss an early morning ride. In London it will be in Richmond Park; in Sussex it will be on the Downs round about Angmering.

I suppose it is her memories of Australian beaches that make her fly to Angmering as often as possible, but, at any rate, that's where you will find her, in a lovely country house near the sea. There she can play tennis, swim, ride and laze in the sun. But riding is her favourite,

and if you see a small, confident figure in riding-breeches, riding-boots, sweater and a hat set at a perky angle, you will know it is Anona. Very smart she looks, too, on a horse.

Anona divides her life between her two homes and the various studios. Town home is a flat in St. John's Wood, convenient for Broadcasting House, of which she is one of the best-known "inhabitants." The other home is at Angmering, complete with horses and dogs. There she goes every week-end when John Watt or John Sharman do not require her at the mike.

Last year Anona married one of the best-known theatrical agents in London, a man who moves behind the scenes of many big deals in the entertainment business, and is a familiar figure in the West End. He, too, likes escaping to their Sussex retreat.

Not that Anona is purely a "horsey," sporty type of girl. She plays a good game of bridge and reads almost every book that comes her way, good satisfying fare particularly. In the winter, too, she likes to go skating.



Anona Winn enjoying one of the very few restful interludes in her busy life

But there are two things she does daily. Eats ice-cream. And does a few high kicks.

Anona is a cheerful volatile person, keen and intelligent about her job and the affairs of the world, and with a sense of humour. I like her story, for instance, of the taxi-man who drove her to the B.B.C. one day, and while he searched, cabby-fashion, for change, said: "You're Anona Winn, aren't you?" Anona confessed, to which the driver made answer: "Lumme, miss, it's funny how its always the plain people who are cleverest."

A very clear-cut definite person, with nice crisp likes and dislikes is Anona. For instance, she is terribly irritated when she has to sit in a car or taxi during a traffic hold-up. It's one of her chief "hates." Then there are people who spell her name incorrectly, and people who want to snap pictures of her at odd and unpropitious moments.

Among her best "likes" are gardening, the wearing of shorts, and ice-cream. And that very important person, "Woggles," her dog.

Trained in Opera.

She does not like to be considered a crooner solely. She started out at a conservatoire in Australia to be an opera singer, and might have been one very easily but for the fact that she preferred the gayer, more exciting life of musical comedy. So she ran away and took the plunge into commercial music. In Australia she played in revue, variety, musical comedy, pantomime. Then she wandered off into straight acting.

The next move was to India, where she toured in all sorts of rôles. That led her to this country in 1927, and she played at Daly's and the Hippodrome. In 1928 came her first radio engagement. The rest is radio history.

Anona can croon, sing, do imitations and impressions, play light comedy, and act straight. And I'm not forgetting her film acting, her scenario writing for movies, her dancing—tap or high-kick. Nor the fact that she wrote the lovely lyric for "What More Can I Ask?"

THE ENDLESS BANDSMAN

By B. A. YOUNG

There was quite a lot of unpleasantness at a recent band contest over this question of borrowing players. From what I could make out, what was going on was roughly this: If a band had an ophicleide-player, say, of more than average ability, he was passed round from one band to another and blew the ophicleide parts for all of them. (This is known as the Endless Band system.)

A hat was naturally passed round after him; partly, of course, for him to hang over the bell of his ophicleide when the music said "con hatto," or whatever it is the music does say to make people do that sort of thing; and partly for a much better but less artistic reason.

It was here, apparently, that the trouble came in, as it was an amateur band contest, and, of course by playing for money the ophicleidist lost his amateur status. Even that would have been all right if they could have kept it dark; but in the middle of the Giggleswade Silver Band's performance the referee suddenly noticed a very familiar face behind (or under, or through, or inside) the ophicleide, and promptly blew his whistle.

This caused quite a little bother by itself, as this was the pre-arranged signal for the next band to begin the

test-piece. They were admittedly caught off their guard, but they did their best to make a duet of the thing until they were stopped by the expression on the judge's face.

"Hey," said the judge to the familiar face, "are you twins?"

"Is that a riddle?" asked the ophicleidist, fencing for time.

"Are there two of you?" insisted the judge.

"No," admitted the musician. "Only late on Saturday nights."

"Then what are you doing here?" asked the judge. "You belong to the Biggleswick Prize Band."

"Oh, no, I don't," answered the musician.

"But I saw you playing for them," said the judge. "Ah!" said the musician mysteriously.

Anyway, the long and short of it was that he was drummed out by side, bass and tenor drums and tympani in C and G, and was never able to hold up his ophicleide again in amateur musical circles. The Biggleswick and Giggleswade bands were both disqualified, three more bands he had played for flew protest flags, and the remainder had to finish with the ophicleide parts omitted. The ultimate winners were the Hoggleswash Colliery Band, because their side-drummer could "do" an ophicleide marvellously by saying "Bom, bom, bom" into a bowler hat held there for the purpose, and thus filled in the blanks. Still, what's an ophicleide more or less? What's an ophicleide, anyway?



ON A DREAMY AFTERNOON

REFRAIN.

Words by Robert Hargreaves and Stanley J. Damerell. Music by Montague Ewing.

On a dreamy af . ter . noon When the sky is blue and ten . der

And you linger in a gar . den fair With the girl of your heart . On a dreamy af . ter .

. noon To your pleading she'll sur . ren . der . When the languid flow'rs per .

fume the air On a dreamy af . ter . noon

World Radio History

{ m :- | t :- | m :- | t :- | m , se : se , | t . r' :- d | t :- | - :- | s :- | r' :- }

Swing high! Swing low! Both up on that old gar den swing. Swing high!

{ s :- | r :- | s , l : t , d' | r' . ma' :- d' | r' : m , f | fe , s : t , ta | l :- | - :- }

Swing low! With the drowsy rhythm of Spring To your words of love a . tune

{ - : s , se | l , le : t , m' | r' :- | d' :- | : d' , t | r' , d' : l , m | s : s | s :- | - : s , se l , le : t , m' }

... All the birds will gladly ren der That's the time to tell her of your dreams. On a dreamy after .

{ d' :- | - :- | : m , f | fe , s : t , t || d' :- | - :- | - :- | - :- | - :- | : | : | : | : }

. noon On a dreamy after . noon

f *mf* *p* *rit.*

World Radio History

SWEETHEART BAY

Arrangement for "Banjulele" Banjo and Ukulele by ALVIN D. KEECH

Written and Composed by

JOS. GEO. GILBERT and NOEL GAY

Tune Uke in D 4th 3rd 2nd 1st
A D F# B

Moderato

PIANO

KEY G

You've giv - en your heart to me dear, I've giv - en
And when our wed - ding is o - ver, And all our

my heart to you. Let's weave our dreams, -
dreams have come true. We'll not re gret, -

And plan our schemes, We'll make a Hea - ven for two. -
We'll not for - get How love came to me and you. -

World Radio History

8
D.S.
As we go drifting on Sweet-heart Bay.

And planning our wed-ding day,

Hell know — that we are mad-ly in love,—

— will wink his eye. — Hell know — what we are both thinking of, —

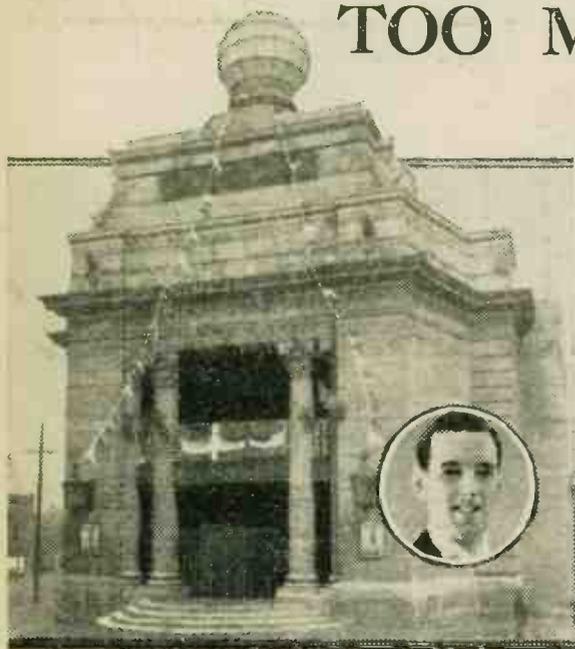
you. — Drift-ing on Sweet-heart Bay, — The moon on high —

Drift-ing on Sweet-heart Bay, — In our ca - noe, — just me and

REFRAIN

Nottingham's Dancing Problem Is . . .

TOO MANY GIRLS!



Nottingham Palais de Danse with (inset) S. J. Fallon, the manager.

THERE are supposed to be, roughly, four girls to every young man in Nottingham. This lack of balance is the one thing that spoils dancing in a town which, for keen enthusiasm, has no peer. It is a common sight to see parties of girls numbering four, six or even eight, arriving at a dance-hall together, and being compelled to dance with each other throughout the evening.

Apart from that, Nottingham is well served, with the choice of two fine dancing-halls, the Palais and the New Victoria Ball-room, with Roy Richards' and Jack Padbury's bands.

The town also has the advantage of having in its midst a dancing "live-wire" in the person of Mr. S. J. Fallon, manager of the Palais de Danse. He is a man who, besides being an accomplished dancer, is an astute business man, and one who realises that the first move in making a town "dancing-conscious" is to get people into the ball-rooms.

When he first came to Nottingham about five years ago, he was perturbed to find the shortage of men in the dance-halls. He realised that part of the reason was the one I have indicated, a lack of equality in population; but he realised also that men were a bit afraid to dance. So he set about the task of getting the Palais de Danse filled. He organised a Terpsichore Club, dancing lessons, pole-squatting competitions, miniature cycle-races. Anything, in reason, to get the Palais de Danse talked about, and to lure people into it. His optimism and hard work has had its effect. Now, "The Handsome Palais," as he—and people from all over the country—justly term it, is thronged with dancers.

"If She's Beautiful—She Dances!" is the subtle slogan with which he lured both men and girls into his Palais. Now, by engaging only the best bands, insisting that they keep to a high plane of melody and tempo, he is able to do away with "stunts." People now visit the Palais for the sheer joy of dancing.

The huge illuminated globe that flashes up Parliament Street surmounts one of the finest halls in the country. Eight hundred dancers can dance with ease on the floor, which is sprung with steel; moreover, one dances with the grain of the floor, and the enthusiastic dancer knows the value of that during the course of a hard evening!

The fountain in the centre of the hall—an idea that seems popular in many dance-halls—is carried a step farther here. The water rises to a height of twenty feet, and is illuminated by a rainbow lighting system, so that it constantly changes colour.

Roy Richards, "The Band-leader with the Smile," and his Original Commanders provide the music. This is Roy's fifth resident season at the Palais, interspersed with seasons at many other prominent halls in the country.

"Tangoes and rumbas are very popular here," Roy told me, "and our dancers also like plenty of comedy and 'hot' music. Nat Gonella was a great success when he visited us. The dancers are tremendously keen. It is nothing to get as many as a hundred people at our Saturday morning coffee sessions, for instance, especially since Boots, the chemists, have inaugurated a five-day week, leaving the girls free on Saturday mornings."

The New Victoria Ball-room is the friendly rival of the Palais. It is just across the way, and, though smaller, holds four to five hundred dancers comfortably.

Meet Eric Pilkington, the manager. He's only in his twenties, but has been in show business all his life, and has been a rolling stone all over the world.

"The New Victoria Ball-room used to be a power-house," he told me, "though it seems incredible when you look at it now. We're proud of the fact that we've worked it up to its present position entirely by our own efforts. We started more or less with a hall and the proverbial five-shilling roll of admission tickets! Now, the ball-room is one of the established dancing centres of the Midlands. The B.B.C. have used it as a sub-station, the best bands and cabaret acts have visited us, and Jack Padbury and his boys are considered one of the finest bands in the country."

The New Victoria is a long, narrowish hall, with a capacious balcony. The decorations on the walls are paintings of waving palms and oases, and the general effect is bright.

"Our policy here," Mr. Pilkington said, "is to give top-price attractions and facilities at a small admission fee. We've found that occasional visits from such bands as Billy Cotton's, Roy Fox's, Lew Stone's, and so on give a big fillip to our attendances, and once we've persuaded a dancer to pay us a visit we do not fear the result. He or she will come again."

Jack Padbury is a man of experience in the dance-music world. He was trained at a music college, has played the 'cello in a Queen's Hall orchestra, and has since devoted his career to dance-music. He has played at such places in London as the Cosmo Club, The Princes' and the Piccadilly. He was also with the old Savoy Orpheans in the days of Rudy Vallée, and has also worked for Ambrose.

Jack Padbury told me that the dancers at The New Victoria, unlike those of the Palais, are not too keen on comedy stuff. They love clever arrangements of "hot" numbers.

"Of course, we put all the latest dance-hits into our programmes, but there's still a great deal of affection amongst our dancers for the tunes of a few years back. Numbers like "The Wedding of the Painted Doll," and "Ramona," for instance.



ROY RICHARDS wanted to be a jockey, but instead became a band-leader. Now at Nottingham Palais. Height five feet exactly. Weight, 7 stone 4lbs. Claims to be the smallest band-leader in the business. Any challenges?

Norman Vickers—hear him play the drums in Berlin's band—is Jack Hyllton's brother-in-law. Husband to Dolly Hyllton, singer, who recently made her first London appearance.

Ex-journalist Symon Stungo, the genial musical director at the Havana Club, Edinburgh's gayest spot, is a Master of Arts. And particularly has he mastered the art of syncopated piano-playing.

Admittedly "red-nose" comedian, Wally Barker, famous in Margate and other seaside resorts, is an avid reader of Dickens and Shakespeare. Wally is now recovering from an accident caused through a slip at golf.

Norah Williams, Dave Appollon's popular vocalist, will not be returning to America with the band. She likes England, and England likes her, so she's staying for a while.

Phil Rome, who "trumpets" for Al Berlin's band at the West End Ball-room, Birmingham, is nicknamed "Butch." He had the honour of being christened this by Welly (Viva Villa) Berry when the band were playing at Biarritz.

By the way, Al Berlin must be one of the youngest Palais band leaders. He's only twenty, yet his band has toured all over the Continent and broadcast several times. Al's bass player is his elder brother, N a t. He's twenty-one.



Norah Williams

Jack Jackson, Jack Payne, Les Allen, Marie Goldberg, Sid Bright and Norman Phillips are a few of the "ace" dance music personalities who made a start at the Birmingham Palais de Danse. This Palais was one of the two first Palais de Danse ever opened. Hammersmith Palais, London, was the other.

Will Hurst, broadcasting band-leader from the Palace Ball-room, Blackpool, got his first engagement as a violinist in a provincial orchestra when he was only eight!

Enthusiastic card-player is Val Rasing. Will play any card game at any time. Must have a small flutter on the game, unless it is bridge. This he'll play without stakes, simply for the mental relaxation.

Jack ("Shout for Happiness") Hart, composer and band-leader, began life as a circus performer.

Jack Ansell, leader of Louis Freeman's band at the Playhouse Ball-room, Glasgow, has a sad memory. Was conducting a dance band on a liner off Cuba, when a storm arose. The band played for hours on end, though all the members were stricken with mal de mer. Partial collapse of Jack when a misguided humorist requested "He Played His Ukulele as the Ship Went Down!"

Come Dancing
Around Britain
No. 3 By
HORACE RICHARDS

PURSUED BY A SIGNATURE TUNE

The Untimely Fate of Red Cabbage and his Hot Dogs related by B. A. YOUNG, over whom we have no control.

WHEN Buddy This and Al That make their opening announcements behind a battery of muted brass playing "Aloha Oe" or "St. Louis Blues," you (and I) may legitimately wonder why they are both necessary.

Well, among us musicians there are two good explanations for this practice: (i) if Buddy's voice is drowned by the band, you can tell what he's saying by the tune they're playing, and (ii) if the band is drowned by his voice that you can't hear what they're playing, you will be able to find out instead by listening to Buddy.

Now I want to tell you about my friend Red Cabbage and the unfortunate experience he had in connection with his signature tune.

Red Cabbage and his Hot Dogs were as good a combination as ever battered a microphone. You've heard their interpretation of the "Rhapsody in Pink," of course . . . Oh, well, pretend you have, or you'll spoil the story. Red's boys had the kind of broadcasting contract other people dream about; and his fan mail grew so unmanageable that he had to take on a Business Manager.

Now, at this time Red didn't have a signature tune; when the spotlight glowed he just used to say in the old-fashioned way (poetry, my Gad!): "Hello, folks, this is Red Cabbage and his Hot Dogs broadcasting from the studio," and leave it at that.

But his manager, whose name was Hooper—not that it matters—couldn't see that at all; so it wasn't long before Red found himself announcing in opposition to "Roses of Reno" played softly by the boys. Well, that went on for a bit, and then Hooper struck again. "Your fan mail," he said, "is down ten per cent. It's that signature tune of yours. It's got no character to it. And what the heck have we got to do with Reno anyway?"

So the upshot was that next week Red changed his accompaniment to "I Left My Heart in Sunny Devon" which lasted a month.

"Say," said Hooper, "I don't like that tune. It's got no character to it. Why don't you write one yourself?"

"O.K.," said Red; and next week he had another tune. But Hooper wasn't satisfied yet.

"You see," he said patiently, "it hasn't got any character to it."

At this point Red led him gently to the piano and pointed out that the tune had, in fact, got quite a lot of character: to be exact, the notes were C, A, B, B, A, G, E, and what could be more personal than that? But Hooper still said it sounded like a nursery rhyme, and who the heck was going to spell it out on the piano, even if they had one?

Well, at this point they went in to a rehearsal, and Hooper had an idea. As it happened, the first alto sax was practising slurs on the clarinet (having lost a cigar-butt about two-thirds of the way along the bore), and Hooper said: "That's the very thing!"

"What, that noise?" asked Red, a bit surprised.

"The Rhapsody in Pink!" explained Hooper. So from then on Red's announcements were always prefixed by a two-octave slur on the clarinet, and he usually got as far as the bit where the trumpet comes in by the time he'd finished announcing his first two numbers.

Hooper was pretty pleased because the fan mail went up; but he wasn't sure how pleased to be, because the letters all said: "Why do you stop in the middle? Why not give us a bit more?"

So Hooper got Red on one side and suggested that he made his announcements a bit longer.

"Spin 'em out a bit," he advised, "so that they can hear the music good and proper."

"Why can't we just play the thing without the announcement?"

Red asked him. But Hooper just said, listen, he was manager, wasn't he? Well, then. So Red bought a book called Jokes for All Occasions, and the announcements went on growing until they covered all the "Rhapsody in Pink," and he had to engage a new star pianist.

Well, the "Rhapsody in Pink" takes about a quarter of an hour if you're going to do it justice, so what with the "Hello, folks" announcements at the beginning and the "Good-night, folks" ones at the end, that left very little time for playing the night's dance-music.

But the fan mail still went up, and Hooper was pleased; so after a time they took to playing nothing but the "Rhapsody in Pink" time after time all through the broadcasts, with running commentaries by Red Cabbage, who had to buy three new joke books in six months. Which just shows the harm a signature tune can do.

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Edited by

SIR LANDON RONALD

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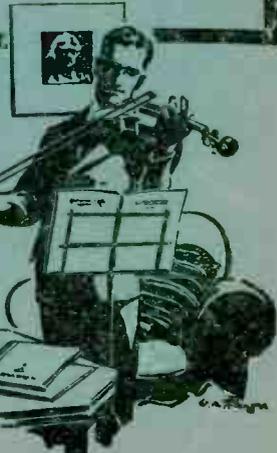
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KICKIN' THE GONG AROUND

CHORUS

Tell me where is Min-nie! (*Where is Min-nie*) I want Min-nie (*I want Min-nie*) Has she beehavers

VERSE

5. Now these lit-tle pigs they had cur-ly tails, these lit-tle pigs they had to be stuck, these lit-tle pigs they made some nice ham, these lit-tle pigs they made the best ba-con

Snort

THE OLD SOW

SPELLBOUND

CHORUS

SPELL-BOUND, I am simply SPELL-BOUND, Everytime I gaze in-to your eyes,

REFRAIN

I can hear you OLD MON AS-TERY BELL, ring ing out from the House of the

OLD MONASTERY BELL

HUMMING TO YOU

REFRAIN

HUMMING TO YOU *ummm* STRUMMING TO YOU *ummm* Playing the tune to

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